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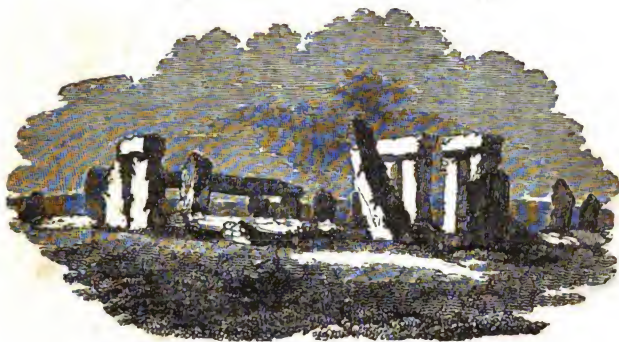
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THE
CAMBRO-BRITON.

NOVEMBER, 1821—JUNE, 1822.

CYMRU VU, CYMRU VYDD,
TALIESIN.



Vol. III.

London :

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1822.

NOV 11 1964
CLUB
VILLAGE

TO
THE RIGHT REVEREND
THOMAS LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

MY LORD,—What apology can I offer to your Lordship for my boldness in thus prefixing your name to the Third Volume of my humble work? I am fully sensible, that to a person of your Lordship's distinction in the field of literature the CAMBRO-BRITON can present no attractions: to a mere literary character it never aspired. But, as being especially devoted to the support of that cause, in which your Lordship's services and example have been conspicuous, the work may not be entirely unworthy of your notice, I will not add—of your patronage.

The first volume of the CAMBRO BRITON was inscribed to the President of the Metropolitan Institution, formed for the cultivation of Welsh literature; and the second to the most distinguished Welsh scholar of the present age, or, perhaps, of any preceding one. Upon the same principle, I take the freedom of dedicating this Third Volume to your Lordship, as having, in an eminent degree, contributed to the national spirit, which at present pervades your adopted country; for it can never be forgotten, that your Lordship's name holds the first place amongst those of the patriotic individuals, who establish-

ed the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN DYVED. And thus, my Lord, it has been your peculiar praise—if I may be allowed to say so without presumption—to open in the rock that living fountain, from which the waters of patriotism have since extended their fertility over the land.

But, it is not merely for literary benefits that Wales is indebted to your Lordship: your promotion of her moral and religious interests, in the exemplary discharge of your high functions, more peculiarly entitles you to her liveliest gratitude, and will, assuredly, be felt by posterity. *Quatenus nobis denegatur diu vivere*, says a celebrated Roman writer, *relinquamus aliquid, quo nos vixisse testemur*. This enviable lot—it is no flattery to say—your Lordship has amply and honourably secured.

For myself, (if I may be allowed to descend, for a moment, to so humble a theme), I shall ever retain the proud consolation of knowing, that the CAMBRO BRITON has been, in some degree, instrumental in effecting the purpose I at first contemplated. And, whatever fate may attend my exertions, if they should but possess your Lordship's approbation, I shall not be wholly without my reward.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

With the truest feelings of respect,
Your Lordship's very obedient humble Servant,
THE EDITOR.

London, May 29th, 1822.

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THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

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Preliminary Notices.

THE readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON are requested to observe, that, although the work continues at the former price, an addition of *sixteen pages* has been made to its size, which, we trust, will prove auspicious to its future career.

Our Welsh subscribers are referred to the "Address," with which this Number commences, for the reasons that have induced us to substitute, in our spelling of Welsh, *v* and *f* for *F* and *FF*, an alteration, to which, after the laudable example of the "*Greal*," we shall hereafter adhere. Such of our Correspondents, therefore, as may favour us with any Welsh communications, would oblige us by keeping this circumstance in recollection.

We ought to apologize, perhaps, to our English readers, for having admitted into this Number a somewhat unusual proportion of Welsh articles. This, however, has been, in some degree, unavoidable, in consequence of the accumulation of our Welsh correspondence during the late suspension of our labours: and the articles admitted bear but a small proportion to those we have felt it necessary to reject. Welsh communications will, of course, be always acceptable, but more especially so when accompanied by an English translation.

HEDDMOLWYNOG has our thankful acknowledgments for his letter, and we wish we could be satisfied that an insertion of the "*Englynion*" would tend to support the fame of their distinguished author. We much doubt this, however; and, at all events, we should not wish to insert them without a translation. Perhaps our correspondent may be able to supply us with some other remains, more worthy, and more characteristic, of the author of "*Dissertatio de Bardis*." If he could, we should feel the favour most gratefully.

L's packet has come to hand, and we regret that none of its contents, however interesting in themselves, are precisely adapted to the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON. It is not sufficient for our purpose that a writer be a Welshman, if what he writes have not some reference to the objects contemplated in this work, and which, as L must feel, is not the case with reference to the "*Extracts*" he has had the kindness to send us.

J. J. will find a part of his obliging communication inserted in this Number; the rest was anticipated in the 17th Number, p. 218, &c. When we offered a few remarks in the last Volume, p. 238, respecting a "*Cimbric Lexicon*," we were not ignorant, as J. J. seems to suppose, of the existence of M. Bullet's work, which, however valuable, does not embrace the full idea we had in view.

We are sorry that the anecdotes, transmitted from Caerwys, are not of sufficient interest for the CAMBRO-BRITON. Perhaps the writer can favour us with something more congenial with our plan.

We are indebted to our valuable friend MERVINIUS for an interesting "*Excursion through North Wales*," which we intend commencing in the next Number.

CYMRŌ's *morceau* has been received; but we are not sure that we shall be able to make use of it. It has already, we believe, appeared in some publication connected with Wales, though with a much earlier date than 1819.

S. R. JACKSON has our best thanks for the continuance of his valuable aid. His two "*Melodies*" shall appear next month.

JEFFERY LLEWELYN shall hear from us on the subject of his last favour.

"*SUM CUIQUE*" in our next.

THE CAMBRO - BRITON.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

RETRO-PROSPECTIVE ADDRESS.

THE resumption of the CAMBRO-BRITON, after a pause of five months, seems to invite, if not to require, a review of those principles upon which the work was at first undertaken : nor will a recurrence to the origin of our labours be more apposite to the occasion, than a prospective glance at that course which it is our wish hereafter to pursue. The past and future being thus brought under the same view, the reader will be able to judge how far we have redeemed the pledges of the one, or in what manner we propose to fulfil the hopes of the other; nor will it be less satisfactory to ourselves to know, in what way we have executed a task, that was undertaken with an ardour, of which we can affirm, at least, that we now feel no diminution. On the contrary, like a refreshed traveller, after a period of invigorating repose, we continue our journey with an anticipation of new enjoyment from the remainder of our career.

Such of our readers, as have kindly accompanied us from the goal at which we started, cannot, we hope, have forgotten the objects, which were more especially contemplated in the establishment of the CAMBRO-BRITON; but, as others, who peruse this, may not have had the same opportunity, it may be of use briefly to recapitulate the general nature of our design. It had often occurred to us as a subject of surprise, and indeed of regret, that the various treasures of learning and genius, and those for the most part of high antiquity, for which Wales has been so long famed, were not more generally known to the literary world; and that the cultivation of the language itself, remarkable as it is for so many excellencies, should be confined within its own mountain barriers. To atone, in some degree, for a neglect, with which our countrymen might too justly be charged in this instance, was the principal incentive to our undertaking; and the objects, we proposed to ourselves,

were necessarily in accordance with this main purpose. The translation of our ancient remains, whether of prose or poetry—historical, biographical, and antiquarian researches,—with illustrative dissertations on the Welsh tongue,—became, naturally, the paramount aim of our labours; and to these we were desirous of adding such notices of modern literature, connected with the Principality, as might conduce to the accomplishment of our general views.

Such were the prominent features of our plan at the commencement of this work; and we may refer, with some confidence, to the past, for proofs of the fidelity with which we have adhered to our original purpose. If, indeed, all has not been done, that may have been expected, it has been chiefly, we hope, because the limits, to which we have as yet been confined, have been unequal to the full variety of the subject. Much, however, we trust, will still be found to have been achieved. A translation, and the first in any thing like a complete form, has been supplied of those interesting and valuable memorials of ancient times, the Historical Triads, as well as of a considerable portion of the “Triads of Wisdom,” and of the “Wisdom of Catwg,” both of them remarkable for the concentration of that aphoristic knowledge, which distinguished the bardic lore of the Cymry. The Welsh language, not more respectable for its antiquity than for its innate and inexhaustible resources of beauty and energy, has been vindicated in many of its most important properties, through much undoubtedly remains to be effected towards a complete exhaustion of this fertile topic. Some account has been given of the lives and writings of our more ancient and more celebrated bards; while the effusions of others, both ancient and modern, together with a copious selection of those national stanzas, known by the name of *Pennillion*, have been published, accompanied by such poetical versions, as the peculiar characteristics of the Welsh muse enabled us to supply. An English translation of the renowned Laws of Hywel has also been commenced; and several new publications, some of them of remarkable merit, have received a critical notice. Some original letters, of considerable interest to the lovers of Welsh literature, have also been made public, together with many valuable illustrations, from the pens of various intelligent correspondents, of the antiquities, history, music, topography, and

miscellaneous literature of the Principality. Such, in a word, are the general features of the two volumes of the CAMBRO-BRITON already before the world, to say nothing of their less important contents; and we hope we shall not be accused of any undue share of national exultation, or, what we should much more regret, of any overweening conceit of our own exertions, if we refer to them as containing satisfactory evidence of those literary treasures of ancient times, which we originally claimed as the property of our native hills.

From the past it is now time to turn to the contemplation of the future; and this we do with a satisfaction, which the enlarged size of the work, and the consequent accession of facilities for the cultivation of its peculiar objects, may naturally be supposed to communicate. Our original design, indeed, as far as it regards Wales, remains unaltered, because we deem it incapable of any material amendment: the same national topics, the same interesting relics of former days, will still be the objects of our pursuit. But, although in its essential characteristics the same, the work, in its exterior form and plan, as well as in its minor details, may be found open to some improvement; and we have only on this point to observe, that whatever suggestions may offer themselves in this respect will immediately be adopted.

Our primary views, in so much as Wales is concerned, remain, as we have already stated, unchanged; but we feel an anxiety, and, we trust, not without the prospect of its gratification, to embrace, within the scope of our work, an attention to the interests of CELTIC LITERATURE in general. Wales, indeed, as hitherto, must occupy the fore-ground of the scene; but there is no reason why other nations, of the same family, may not find an occasional niche in the perspective. Brittany, Scotland, and Erin, claim a kindred descent, and an alliance, of greater or less proximity, in their respective languages. The primitive characteristics of these countries, and their literary peculiarities, as connected with their national tongues, cannot be foreign to the purpose of the CAMBRO-BRITON, but must, on the contrary, tend greatly to elucidate those inquiries, to which it is more immediately appropriated. The Celtic scholar, of whatever nation, will, therefore, always find in the pages of this work, a hearty welcome, as well as a congenial repository of the lucubrations with which he may favour us.

We might here close our *prospective* remarks, and, with them, our ADDRESS, were we not desirous of offering a few words in defence of a peculiarity, which will, in future, distinguish the CAMBRO-BRITON, and which, although not affecting its general plan, is of sufficient moment, perhaps, to justify this prefatory notice. We allude to the substitution, in all Welsh words, of the v and f for the f and ff, so preposterously introduced, and so obstinately retained, in our modern orthography. At what time this unmeaning corruption had its origin we are not precisely aware; nor is the fact of much importance, since it is well known, that it was, at first, an innovation upon the early mode of writing the Welsh tongue. This is a circumstance familiar to all persons acquainted with our ancient MSS., as well as our earliest printed books*. The introduction of the v and f into the CAMBRO-BRITON is, therefore, to be regarded only as a restoration of the ancient and proper orthography, and as being, moreover, in strict conformity with the usage of other languages, and with the most obvious suggestions of reason. That the letter f should ever have usurped the sound of v is itself a sufficient anomaly; but, that the last mentioned letter, so appropriately and so generally adopted, should have been wantonly expelled from the Welsh tongue, is an absurdity too gross for any rational solution. Yet, such is the fact; and the inveteracy of the abuse is now, unfortunately, too strong a security for its continuance. It will be obvious, however, we trust, to every reader of candour, that, in abandoning, after a mature reflection, this common error, we are so far contributing to remove from the appearance of our language the orthographical deformities with which it has too justly been charged. And, in a work, expressly designed to promote a cultivation of the Welsh tongue amongst those who are now strangers to it, it becomes us peculiarly to adopt, as far as may be, the orthographical analogies of other languages, and especially where that may be done, as in this instance, by the renunciation of a practice avowedly corrupt and indefensible.

* Among other early publications in the Welsh language, the first edition of the Welsh Bible, we believe, retained the use of the letter v, which was also sanctioned by the celebrated Mr. Llwyd, in his *Archæologia Britannica*, notwithstanding the injudicious example set by Dr. Davies, both in his Grammar and Dictionary, and who, as far as our present recollection serves us, was the first to give any sort of authority to the corruption of which we are speaking. See more on this subject in the second volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 325.—ED.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS.

THE *Bonedd y Saint*, or Genealogy of the Saints, which has been often a subject of reference, as it may be hereafter, in this work, is a record, which, taken as a whole, throws considerable light upon the history of the Britons through a period of seven or eight centuries, from the first introduction of Christianity among them. We have, therefore, deemed it advisable to recommend it to the attention of our readers, by publishing a translation of it, in a condensed form, divested of most of its various readings.

The copy, inserted in the *Archæology of Wales*, from which work this is taken, is a collation, made from several manuscripts by our indefatigable antiquary, Lewis Morris, in 1760, under the title of *Bonedd y Saint*, or *Achau Saint Ynys Prydain*, that is, the Genealogy of the Saints or the Pedigrees of the Saints of the Isle of Britain, and of which several manuscripts he gives the following account:—

1. One of the books, out of which this has been collected, was the work of Thomas Wyn ab Edmund ab Rhys ab Robert ab Ieuan Vychan, A. D. 1577, and which is generally called the Book of Watkin Owain, from its being the property of that person, who lived near Gwydir, near Llanrwst. Thomas Wyn compiled it out of the following manuscripts—a book that first belonged to W. Salesbury of Plas Isav, near Llanrwst, and then to Mr. Wyn of Bod Ysgallen—the Book of John Brook, of Mawddy—the Book of Robert Davies, of Llanerch, and which was of vellum, very old, and the greater part whereof was *Brut y Breninoedd*, or Chronicle of the Kings.

Besides the Book of Watkin Owain, above described, these following were made use of by Lewis Morris.

2. The Book of Bod Eulwyn, in Mon, the property of Ieuan ab Sion Wyn, written in 1579.

3. The Book of Henry Rowland

4. The Book of Llywelyn Ofeiriad

5. The Red Book of Hergest, in Jesus College, Oxford

6. The Book of Pedigrees, by Robert Vychan, of Hengwrt

7. The Book of Llywelyn ab Meredydd, or Llelo Gwta

8. The *Achau y Saint*, belonging to Dr. Thomas Williams,

written between 1578 and 1609, transcribed from the Book of Thomas ab Llywelyn ab Ithel, of the county of Flint, and which was a transcript of the Book of Llanerch, with additions from other copies.

9. A book compiled by Dr. Thomas Williams himself out of various manuscripts, with several valuable notes.

BONEDD Y SAINT*.

A.

AELGYVARCH, one of the sons of Helig ab Glànog,

AELHAIARN, the son of Hygarvael ab Cyndrwyn, of Llysdyn Wennan, in Cegidva, a district of Powys. There is a church called Llan Aelhaiarn, near Pwll Heli, in Arvon.

AVAN, or **Avan Buallt**, the son of Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, whose mother was Tegwedd, the daughter of Tegid Voel, of Penllyn, in Meirion. The following churches are dedicated to him; Llan Avan Vawr and Llan Avan Vach, in Buallt, and Llan Avan Trawsgoed, in Ceredigion, or Cardiganshire; his grave still remains in Llan Avan Vawr, with this inscription thereon—

HIC IACIT SANCTUS
AVANUS EPISCOPUS

Lewis Glyn Cothi has a poem containing his legend.

AIDAN, the son of Gwrwyw, the grandson of Urien Reged. It is not known whether this was Aidan Vrenin, Aidan the King, or Aidan Voeddog, that gave name to Llan Aidan, in Mon; or that church may have been dedicated to Nidan.

AILVYW, the son of Dirdan, whose mother was Danadlwen, the daughter of Ynry of Caer Gawch.

AMAETHLU, the son of Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini. He is otherwise called Maethlu, of Carneddor, in Mon.

AMO: there is a Llan Amo in Radnorshire; Rhosyr, or Newborough, in Mon, is called Llan Amo in an old manuscript at Hengwrt, but it is called Llan Anno in the neighbourhood.

ANE, the son of Caw Cawllwg. There is a chapel called Coed Ane in Mon.

ANHUN, the handmaid of Madryn, the daughter of Gwrth-cvyr, or Vortimer, king of Britain.

* See Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 26—30.

ARDDUN, stiled Penasgell, or Wing-head, the daughter of Pabo Post Prydain; she was the mother of Tysilio.

ARIANWAN, the daughter of Brychan, the wife of Iorwerth Hirvlawdd, and the mother of Caenog Vawr, to whom the church of Clog Caenog, in Denbighshire, is dedicated.

ARTHEN, the son of Brychan: he lies buried in Manaw, or the Isle of Man. There is a place, near Aberystwith, called Rhiw Arthen.

ARTHNE: the church of Cydweli, in Caermarthenshire, is called Llan Arthne.

ASA, the son of Sawyl Benuchel ab Pabo Post Prydain, whose mother was Gwenaseth, the daughter of Rhun Hael, of Rhyvoniog. St. Asaph and Llan Asa, in Flintshire, are named after him.

B.

BACH, the son of Carwed. It is said that Eglwys Vach, in Denbighshire, was built by him.

BAGLAN, the son of Dingab ab Nudd Hael ab Senyllt ab Cedig ab Dyvnwal Hen ab Ednyved ab Macsen Wledig, and whose mother was Tebri, the daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog of Din Eidyn in the North. Baglan lies in Coed Alun. Llan Vaglan, near Carnarvon, is dedicated to him; he had brothers, the founders of churches, called Lleuddad, Eleri, Tegwy, Tyvriog, and Gwytherin.

BERRYS: the church called Llan Verrys, in Denbighshire, is dedicated to him.

BEUNO, the son of Bugi, or Hywgi, ab Gwynlliw ab Glywis ab Tegid ab Cadell Deyvndlug; his mother was Teneu, or Perferen, the daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog of Din Eidyn, in the North. The monastery of Clynog, in Arvon, was founded by Beuno. There is a poem extant on his curious legend.

BIGEL: Llan Vigel, in Mon, is dedicated to him. Maen y Bigel, a rock in the sea, on the coast of Mon; also another, so called, near Enlli, or Bardsey Island.

BODA, otherwise called Bodvan, one of the sons of Helig ab Glânog, of Tyno Heli, whose land was overflowed by the sea, and forms the present Lavan Sands, near Bangor. The brothers of Boda were Aelgyvarç, Brenda, Brothen, Celynin, Gwynyn, and Rhychwyn. Bodvan lies at Aber Gwyngyngreawdr, Upper Arllechwedd, in Arvon.

BRENDA, the son of Helig ab Glànog, of Tyno Helig.

“Gwir à ddywed Sant Brenda,

“Nid llai cyrchir drwg no da.”

True is what is said by Saint Brenda,

Not less is evil resorted to than good.

BRID, Saint y Brid, or St. Bride, to whom there are churches dedicated in the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, and Pembroke, and Radnor; she is otherwise called San Fraid, and San Fraid Leian. There are twelve churches dedicated to her in South Wales, and two or three in North Wales, but in the latter under the name of Fraid.

BROTHERN, the son of Helig ab Glànog of Tyno Helig, whose land was overflowed by the sea.

BRYCHAN, or Brychan Brycheiniog, the son of Anllech Goronog, King of Ireland; his mother was Marchell, the daughter of Teudrig ab Tithfalt ab Teithrin ab Tathal ab Amun Ddu, king of Greece. Brychan had three wives, namely, Eurbrawst, Rhybrawst, and Peresgri; his children are one of the three holy lineages* of the Isle of Britain; the other two are the children of Cunedda Wledig, and the children of Caw of Prydyn †.

The names of the Sons of Brychan :

- | | | | |
|-------------|---------------|-------------|------------|
| 1. Cynog | 7. Dyvnan | 13. Pabiali | 19. Cynin |
| 2. Cledwyn | 8. Gerwyn | 14. Llechau | 20. Dogvan |
| 3. Dingad | 9. Cadog | 15. Cynbryd | 21. Rhawin |
| 4. Arthen | 10. Mathaiarn | 16. Cynvran | 22. Rhun |
| 5. Cyvlevyr | 11. Pasgen | 17. Hychan | 23. Cledog |
| 6. Rhain | 12. Nefai | 18. Dyvrig | 24. Caian |

The Daughters of Brychan :

- | | | | |
|--------------|----------------|----------------|-------------|
| 1. Gwladus | 8. Eleri | 14. Tydiau | 20. Dwynwen |
| 2. Arianwen | 9. Lleian | 15. Elined | 21. Ceinwen |
| 3. Tangwystl | 10. Nevydd | 16. Ceindrych | 22. Tydvyl |
| 4. Mechell | 11. Rhieingar | 17. Gwen | 23. Envail |
| 5. Nevyn | 12. Goleuddydd | 18. Cenedlon | 24. Hawystl |
| 6. Gwawr | 13. Gwendydd† | 19. Cymhorth § | 25. Tybie |
| 7. Gwrgon | | | |

* The Triad, which records the three holy families, may be found in the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 169. but, instead of Caw of Prydyn, as here mentioned, the chieftain, there joined with Brychan and Cunedda, is Bran ab Llyr Llediaith.

† Prydyn is the name generally applied to North Britain.

‡ Or Gwawrddydd.

§ Or Clydai.

BRYNACH: he is called Brynach Wyddel, or Brynach the Irishman, in the Triads. There is a church named after him in the county of Brecon.

BUAN, the son of Ysgwn ab Llywarch Hen.

[*To be continued.*]

ANCIENT LAWS.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE MEN OF ARVON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—The following copy of the Privileges of the Men of Arvon, with the curious reason for their being granted, is extracted from the text of the Laws of Hywel the Good, in a manuscript apparently written before the close of the twelfth century, as printed in the *Archæology of Wales*, vol. iii. p. 383. The manuscript is in the library of the Welsh school, in London. You will observe, that the translation is almost a literal one, and it is sent without any illustration, with a view of leaving you, Mr. Editor, to say what you may deem necessary.

There are other copies extant of these privileges; but whether any one of them has the eighth, which is a blank in this copy, I cannot recollect, and have not now the opportunity of ascertaining.

The reader will observe, that this document gives a quotation out of some verses by our celebrated bard Taliesin, which, it is to be regretted, are not now, most probably, in existence; and the subject of those verses, as the quotation seems to indicate, was the privileges here submitted to the notice of the reader.

HANESAI.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE MEN OF ARVON*.

In former times was slain Elidyr the Courteous, a man of the

* Notwithstanding that a translation of these ancient and curious "Privileges" has already appeared in print, we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to present to our readers another, and, in some particulars, a more correct, version than that which has been published in the *Cambrian Register*; and we wish we could comply with our correspondent's sug-

North: and after he was slain the men of the North came here to avenge him. The following were the men, who came as their leaders,—Cludno Eiddyn, and Nudd the Generous, son of Senyllt, and Mordav the Generous, son of Servan, and Rhydderch the Generous, son of Tudawal Tutclyd; these came to Arvon*. And, in killing Elidyr in Aber Meweddus, in Arvon, they burnt Arvon, in excess of revenge. And after that, an armament was raised by Rhun, son of Maelgwn †, and the men of Gwynedd with him, and they came as far as the banks of the Gweryd, in the North; and there they remained long disputing who ought to take the lead through the river Gweryd ‡. Then Rhun dispatched a messenger to Gwynedd to ascertain who possessed the lead. Some said, Maeldav the Elder, chieftain of Pénardd, and adjudged it to the men of Arvon; Iorwerth, son of Madawg, by authority of record, assigned it to Idno the Old, that is, to the men of the black-headed posts §. And thereupon the men of Arvon went in the van, and they conducted themselves well there: and thus Taliesin sang—

Behold, by the heat of their blades,
With Rhun as a reddener of armies,
The ruddy men of Arvon becoming free ||.

gestion, by offering at the same time a satisfactory illustration of this singular document. But the remoteness of the age to which it relates, and the want of cotemporary information respecting it, necessarily lays bounds to our inclination in this particular. Arvon, the English reader should know, embraces, in a popular sense, the county now called Caernarvon, and implies the country opposite Mona, or Mon.—Ed.

* Of the four Chieftains, here mentioned, Nudd, Mordav, and Rhydderch are celebrated as the three “generous princes” of Britain, in a Triad, translated in the first volume of this work. The last mentioned is also often commemorated by the earlier bards for the possession of the same quality.—Ed.

† Maelgwn, Prince of Gwynedd, and finally of the Britons, died about 560; and his son Rhun reigned till 586. Consequently these “privileges” were granted to the “Men of Arvon” during the latter part of the sixth century.—Ed.

‡ This halting of the armament at the river Gweryd is a singular proof of the military etiquette of the ancient Britons, and of which we are not aware that any other memorial is in existence.—Ed.

§ The original words, here translated “black-headed posts,” are *pyst penddu*, the true signification of which it is now perhaps impossible to ascertain. The words appear, however, from the context, to have had a reference to the inhabitants of Arvon.—Ed.

|| The following is the original of this fragment of Taliesin,—

Then from the length of time that they remained in the war, their wives slept with their bond-servants; and for that reason Rhun gave them fourteen privileges.

The first is, precedence before a wife; namely, a man's precedence in his tame horses, his swine, his geese, and a car, with any two oxen he may like among his kine, and the carful of such furniture as he may choose.

The second is, the lead of Gwynedd in armaments.

The third is, that he pays not for his beast.

The fourth is, to settle the limits of the countries bordering upon Arvon.

The fifth is, if there be a dispute between two manors, of the nine that Arvon contains, that the seven shall determine the dispute of the other two, without the assistance of any person from another place.

The sixth, that there shall be no Serjeant therein*.

The seventh, that it shall be a free right of fishing in the three rivers that are there.

The eighth * * * *

The ninth, that they shall not be restrained to the nearest mill.

The tenth, that they may not drink half-brewed liquor.

The eleventh, that there is no abatement of their suits till the third word.

The twelfth, that there shall be no payment of guest horses, nor men on circuit†.

Cyglyu, wrth wres eu llavnau,
Gân Rhun yn rhudder byddinau,
Gwyr Arvon rhuddion yn rhyddâu.—

And it deserves to be remarked, that the words and mode of expression, employed in it, are at this day in common use, which adds one to the numerous proofs of the indestructibility (if we may so say) of the Welsh tongue.—ED.

* The Serjeant, or Rhingyll, is mentioned with much respect in the Laws of Hywel, wherein his privileges and duties are particularly defined. The name is still in use in Carmarthenshire, and is synonymous with an apparitor or summoning officer, attached to a Court of Justice. Hence the exemption of the "Men of Arvon" from the presence of this important character may have been of the same nature with the freedom from arrest claimed by certain privileged persons in these days.—ED.

† The exemptions, embraced in this "privilege," seem to have reference, in the first place, to the *arian y gwestrau*, or entertainment money, which the people paid in commutation for the provisions with which they were bound to supply the prince and his retinue on their journey, and, se-

The thirteenth, that they shall not be obliged to go to another lodging out of the hall.

The fourteenth is, that whosoever shall reside in it one day and a year, if he be a man of property, he becomes of the same privilege as a man of the country.

If there be any who question any of these privileges, the college of Bangor and that of Beuno are to defend them*.

ANTIQUITIES.

I. DRUIDICAL MONUMENT IN GUERNSEY.

WE insert, with pleasure, the following communication respecting a supposed Druidical relic in the Island of Guernsey, though it does not appear, that the Druidical character of the monument in question has been ascertained with a precision sufficiently satisfactory. However, as the investigation of the antiquities of the Cymry, of whatever country, forms a leading object of this work, all inquiries, tending, however remotely, to this end, cannot fail to be welcome to the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON. For this reason, our Guernsey Correspondent's Letter merits a grateful acknowledgment; and we should be glad, if, at a future opportunity, he could supply us with some less equivocal proofs of the peculiar character which he ascribes to this remnant of ancient days, by comparing it with such others as are acknowledged to be of Druidical origin. In the mean time we recommend the example he has offered to general imitation, since it is only by the hearty and patriotic co-operation of our readers, in this, as in every other, branch of our inquiries, that we can hope to arrive at any satisfactory result.

condly, to the gifts customarily bestowed upon bards and musicians in their triennial circuit, or *cyleh clera*. Both these ancient customs are particularly specified in the Laws of Hywd, a translation of which was commenced in the last volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

* The colleges of Bangor and Beuno were founded respectively in the years 525 and 616, the former by Deiniol, son of Dunawd ab Pabo, or, according to some, by Maelgwn, and the latter by St. Beuno, the founder of several other religious institutions in Wales. Bangor still retains its original name; and the college of Beuno is now called Clynog Vawr.—ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—The CAMBRO-BRITON, which was introduced to me soon after its commencement; afforded me so much pleasure (for I ever took an interest in ancient British affairs), that it is now regularly supplied to me by the first conveyance immediately after its publication.

The following account of a curious monument, discovered some time since on this Island, may probably be worth inserting in your excellent work, which would oblige

Your's, &c.

Guernsey, June 23, 1821.

LOUIS JOS. DE CAISNE.

ON the top of a hill about one mile from the Vale Church, on the border of the sea, on this Island, stands one of those remarkably curious remains of the primitive religion of Gaul and Britain, viz. that of the Druids, and the only thing of the kind to be found in the Island.

The discovery of this monument was in consequence of a plan in contemplation to build a tower on the spot, in digging for the foundation of which this discovery took place; and it was, by order of Sir John D'Oyle, immediately cleared of the sand and earth, which covered it, and the project of building a tower was then relinquished.

The monument is composed of rough granite stones, in number eighteen, of which fourteen are erect, about six feet above the surface; the other four compose the whole of the roof, and are of an immense size. On the within side the stones are perfectly smooth, and, on the out-side, rounded. The flooring is composed of remarkably curious small pebble stones, the whole of which, being nearly of one size, are about three inches long and one in diameter, and remarkably regularly set.

The entrance is at the narrowest end, and a person may enter by stooping, it having been filled up, in a great measure, by the sands and washing of the sea.

It has not yet been ascertained what depth these stones are in the earth; but this much is certain, that there is, at least, as much length within the earth as without.

It may be observed, that this monument is surrounded by a kind of wild rose, which supplies the place of grass. These are in general of the height of three inches, and of a fine straw colour. The rose itself is particularly large, and its leaves remarkably small.

THE following letter of Argus, which relates to the inscription recently discovered at Pentravoelas, and of which a fac-simile appeared in the last volume, is inserted, not because we assent implicitly to the propriety of his interpretation, but because, as he justly observes, a variety of conjectures may tend to elicit the truth; we cannot help premising, however, that ARGUS appears to be in error with respect to the letter in the first line, which he calls S., and which seems obviously to be an E., corresponding with the same character in other ancient inscriptions; and it deserves also to be noticed, that it bears no resemblance to the letter, acknowledged to be an S., in the word EJUS, in the last line.

II. INSCRIPTION AT PENTREVOELAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—IN the last volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, page 410, there appeared a *fac-simile* of an Inscription discovered at Pentrevoelas, in Denbighshire. I was much gratified with the opinions of the two learned antiquarians on the subject.—P. B. W. decyphered it “*Brohomael*, or *Brochmael*, hic jacit et uxor ejus Canne;” but the letters I. A. T., at the commencement of the second line, were left out. Mr. W. O. Pughe added the three preceding letters to *Brohomael* (or it may be read *Brychymael*), which renders it *Brychymaeliat*; but, after all, the letter S., in the first line, is overlooked*. Independent of this, the word *Brychymaeliat*, which signifies a descendant of *Brychmael*, must be allowed to be rather too ambiguous, according to the simple and plain style of the ancient inscriptions. The Inscription, I grant, cannot, with certainty, be decyphered at this distance of time, without some information respecting the event; but, however, as reiterated conjectures sometimes bring out the truth, permit me to offer another to the list; “*Brych. o Mâslliat hic jacit et uxor ejus Caune*,”—*Broch* or *Brych*, an abbreviation of *Brychan*, and *Mâslliat*, probably a corruption of *Maesllwyd*. Hence the Inscription might be read—“Here lies Brychan of Mâsllwyd and his wife Caune;” and, as it has been a prevailing custom amongst the Welsh, from time immemorial, to be nominated after their places of residence, so far may this interpretation lead to a farther inquiry.

May, 1821.

ARGUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

OWAIN GLYNDWR*.

And he was once the glory of his age,
 Disinterested, just, with every virtue
 Of civil life adorned—in arms excelling:
 His only blot was this, that, much provoked,
 He raised his vengeful arm against his sovereign.

THOMSON.

OWAIN VYCHAN, or Vaughan, usually called Glyndwr†, was born on the 28th of May, 1349, “a year,” we are informed, “remarkable for the first appearance of the pestilence in Wales, and for the birth of Owain Glyndwr‡.” He was a lineal descendant from the princes of Wales, and lord of considerable possessions, near Corwen in Merionethshire. He received his education in England, and appears to have been admitted a student in one of the Inns of Court. But he soon quitted the profession of the law for one more congenial with

* This biographical sketch of the celebrated Welsh chieftain is from the same pen as the account of his revolt, which appeared in a former Number (vol. ii. p. 448): a circumstance, which we think it proper to intimate, on account of the coincidence in some particulars between the two sketches, which might, otherwise, be ascribed to a wrong cause. On the former occasion the writer dwelt only on a detached part of the hero's life, of which he has now given, and with considerable felicity, a more comprehensive view. Perhaps, however, it might yet be possible, from the remains of the Bards of Glyndwr's time, and especially of those who partook of his princely patronage, to raise a biographical monument to our hero still more worthy of his renown. A few interesting particulars, derived from this source, and relating more immediately to Glyndwr's place of residence, may be found in the first volume of this work, 453 *et seq.*—ED.

† The family name of this hero was Vychan, or Vaughan; he is styled Glyndwr from his patrimony of Glyndyvrddwy, or the Bank-side of the Dee. No name, perhaps, has been so variously spelt. He is called indifferently, Glendour, Glendowr, Glendower, Glyndour, Glyndower, and Glyndwr. In one statute (4 Henry IV. ch. 34) he is described as “Owen ap Glyndourdy, traitour a nostre Sr. le roy.”

‡ M.S. *penes* Mr. Lewis Morris. Holinshed relates a circumstance attending the birth of this chieftain, which is intended, doubtless, to bear some allusion to his sanguinary and turbulent career; “Strange wonders,” he says, “happened at the nativity of this man, for the same night that he was born all his father's horses, in the stable, were found to stand in blood up to their bellies!”

his ardent and sanguine disposition; and, during the tumults, which agitated the country in the reign of Richard the Second, he did not remain an inactive spectator, but espoused the cause of the king, to whom he was sincerely and affectionately attached; and, as a reward for his loyalty, he was created a knight, and appointed *scutiger*, or squire of the body, to that monarch. When Richard was deposed, Owen retired to his estates in Wales, deprecating and lamenting the downfall of his beloved master.

At Glyndyrvdwy, then, four centuries ago, lived this Cambrian hero, dispensing numerous blessings amongst his happy and devoted tenantry; and probably with no loftier wishes than those of contributing to the comfort and happiness of his dependants. But he was roused from this peaceful inactivity by oppression unendurable by a Briton. Lord Reginald Grey of Ruthin, whose lordship was contiguous to Glyndyrvdwy, wishing to confine his neighbour within the bounds of the Dee, claimed the hills on his side the river, and took possession of them, although they had long been the property of the Glyndwr family. This unjust seizure produced a suit in the courts of law, in which the Welshman obtained a restitution of his lands; and Lord Grey became, in consequence, his most inveterate and deadly enemy.

On the accession of Henry the Fourth to the crown, Grey, relying on the favour and protection of his monarch, again seized the lands, which had been legally awarded to Owen; and, when the latter laid his case before the Parliament, he obtained no redress, nor was his application even noticed. This contumely was aggravated by an insult of greater, and, eventually, of fatal consequence. When Henry went on his first expedition against the Scots, Owain was to have accompanied him with a certain number of his retainers. A writ of summons for this purpose was entrusted to Lord Grey, who designedly and rashly withheld it till the time for Owain's appearance had elapsed; and it was impossible for him to obey the royal mandate. Grey represented his absence as an act of wilful, and, therefore, of traitorous, disobedience; by which wicked and treacherous transaction he procured from Henry a grant of all Owain's lands; the knight himself being, at the same time, declared a traitor. This was not to be patiently

endured by the aggrieved and choleric Cambrian; and a short time from this period saw Owain Glyndwr with a trusty and gallant band of Britons, spreading fire and desolation through the territory of the presumptuous Grey. He soon recovered the lands of which he had been so unjustly deprived, and, actuated by the *lex talionis*, took possession of a large portion of the domains of his enemy. Nor did the consequences rest here. Ambition now entered the mind of the infuriated Chieftain; he called to his recollection his high and princely lineage, and, directing his arms to a nobler cause—the freedom of his country,—involved both nations in a war, which lasted some years, sacrificed many thousand lives, and drenched both countries in blood.

Although the Welsh were at first despised as a bare-footed rabble*, and their disaffection ridiculed, they were soon found to be a formidable and dangerous enemy. The intelligence of Glyndwr's retaliation on Lord Grey no sooner reached the court, than the king immediately dispatched some troops, under the command of that nobleman and the Lord Talbot, to chastise him; and they arrived with such speed and diligence, that they nearly succeeded in surrounding his house before he gained intimation of their approach. He contrived, however, to escape into the woods, where he did not long continue; but having raised a band of men, and caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales on the 20th of September, 1400, he surprised, plundered, and burnt to the ground, the greater part of the town of Ruthin (the property of Grey) at the time when a fair was held there. Having achieved this, he retired to the mountain-fastnesses, and directed his attention to the speedy augmentation of his forces.

The disturbance in the Principality had hitherto been chiefly considered as a private quarrel between Grey and Glyndwr, and the government did not appear to be much concerned as to

* John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, foreseeing the danger of driving it to desperate measures a person of Owain's interest, spirit, and abilities, advised more temperate proceedings, adding, that Owain was by no means a despicable enemy, and that the Welsh would certainly be provoked into a general insurrection; his advice was rejected, and he was answered by an English nobleman in the House of Lords, "Se de illis scurris nudipedibus non curare." Pennant, vol. iii. p. 319, and Barrington's Observations on Ancient Statutes.

its issue. Now, however, it assumed a more serious aspect, and became altogether a national contest. The proclamation, issued by Owain, alarmed Henry, who determined to march in person into Wales, to curb the boldness of the rebel chieftain, and to crush, if possible, a revolt daily becoming more extensive and momentous. For this purpose he assembled his troops, and hastened into Wales. But Glyndwr, whose forces were not yet sufficiently powerful, retreated to the hills of Snowdon, and Henry was compelled to return to England without obtaining any material advantage.

That the Welsh might have no plea of undue severity to urge, the king, on the 30th of November in the same year*, (1400), issued a proclamation, offering to take under his protection all Welshmen, who would repair to Chester, and there make submission to his son Henry; after which they should be at full liberty to return to their respective homes. Few, however, availed themselves of the monarch's clemency. The martial spirit of the Welsh was once more kindled into action; and Glyndwr soon found his cause espoused by numbers of his countrymen. Multitudes from all quarters flocked to his standard, and contributed to make him a most formidable opponent—so formidable, indeed, that Henry, notwithstanding some very urgent affairs which had detained him in the capital, resolved to march again into Wales, and, entering the Principality about the beginning of June, 1401, he ravaged the country in his progress, but was finally forced to retreat, his men suffering severely from fatigue and famine.

The misfortunes which befel the king, greatly encouraged the rebels, and a comet, which ushered in the year 1402, infused new spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, and

* Henry had previously, on the 5th of this month, escheated all Glyndwr's estates, and made a grant of them to his own brother, John, Earl of Somerset, in whose hands, upon the reverses of Owain, they continued for some time. Thirty-three years, however, after the original grant, Sir John Scdamore, who had married Alicia, daughter and heiress of Glyndwr, brought an action for the recovery of them, but was successfully opposed by the Earl of Somerset, then a prisoner in France. This happened in 1433: upon the attainder of the Duke of Somerset, however, in 1463, the possessions of Glyndwr were alienated from that family, and, after passing through various hands, are now the property respectively, of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. and of Gruffydd Hywel Vaughan, Esq. as mentioned in a subsequent part of this sketch.—ED.

imparted additional vigour to their exertions. A victory, also, which Glyndwr obtained, about this time, over a powerful band commanded by Lord Grey, strengthened their hopes of success, and gained the Chieftain many friends and followers. By this event Grey fell into the hands of the insurgents, and was secured in close confinement, till a ransom of 1000 marks, and a promise to marry one of the Chieftain's daughters, released him from captivity*.

The Welsh patriot now extended his designs, and plundered the domains of such of his countrymen as were inimical to his interests, spreading fire and sword through the lands of his opponents. He revenged, also, in some degree, the indignities inflicted on the unfortunate Richard. John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had voted for the deposition of that king, became a marked object of his resentment; and the cathedral, episcopal palace, and canon's house, belonging to his see, were completely destroyed. His ravages became now so considerable and were so fearlessly committed, that Henry was once more compelled to march into Wales; and, to insure success, it was determined that the English army should enter the Principality in three different quarters. The rendezvous of the first division, headed by the king in person, was to be at Shrewsbury; that of the second, under the joint command of the Earls of Stafford and Warwick, and the lords Aberga-venny, Audley, and Berkeley, at Hereford, and that of the third, under the direction of Prince Henry, at Chester: the forces were to be assembled at each place by the 27th of August.

Owain beheld these formidable preparations without dismay, and continued to devastate the country, destroying the principal towns in Glamorganshire,—the inhabitants of that district having refused to embrace his cause, and receiving from all other parts of Wales fresh succours and supplies.

At the time appointed, Henry and his generals advanced towards the Principality; and Glyndwr, too prudent to hazard an engagement with a force so superior in every respect to his own, again retired to the fastnesses among the mountains,

* His release, however, was not effected till Henry appointed a Commission, dated the 10th of April, 1402, empowering Sir William de Roos, Sir Richard de Grey, Sir William de Willoughby, Sir William de la Zouch, and six other persons to treat with Owain about the ransom, when the sum, specified in the text, was agreed upon, and his Lordship liberated.

driving the cattle from the plains, and destroying every means, by which the enemy could procure food for themselves, or forage for their horses.

The Scots now took advantage of the king's absence from the capital, and, under the command of the renowned Douglas, invaded England with an army of 13,000 men. It is probable that they acted in concert with the Welsh. Both nations had been rendered tributary to the English,—both entertained a common hatred for their conquerors,—and both had groaned under their oppressive domination. Be this as it may, the revolt in the North was of no small advantage to Glyndwr; for this event, and the adverse state of the weather, contributed to compel Henry once more to relinquish his design of reducing the Welsh rebels; and for the third time he quitted the Principality, without having accomplished any part of his purpose.

Three times did Henry Bolingbroke make head
Against the Welsh: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, did they send
Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home.

About this time, also, the powerful and wealthy family of the Percies conspired to throw off its allegiance to Henry. A dispute between the Earl of Northumberland and the King, respecting the exchange of some prisoners, appears to have been the primary cause of this disaffection; and, perhaps, the desire of becoming entirely independent, might have contributed in no small degree to the same effect. At all events this family and its numerous adherents joined Glyndwr, and added very materially to the power of the Welsh. The rebels gained another important ally this year, Sir Edmund Mortimer, whom Glyndwr had taken prisoner in an action with the English. He procured the alliance of this knight by insinuating that it was in his power to seat him on the throne of his ancestors,—a temptation not to be withstood by the youthful captive,—and Glyndwr and the gallant Percies entered into a confederacy to overthrow the house of Lancaster, and to advance to the sovereignty of England the descendant of the princes of the house of York. So confident were the rebel Chieftains of success, that they determined before hand to divide the empire between

them, so that, when they had subdued their opponents, no discord might arise as to a division of the booty. Henry Percy was to possess the district north of the Trent; Sir Edmund Mortimer all the country from the Trent and Severn to the eastern and western limits of the island; and Glyndwr, the whole of Wales westward from the Severn.

It was on this occasion that Owain to animate his followers, reminded them of the ancient prophecy, which predicted the fall of Henry, under the name of *Moldwarp*, or, "cursed of God's own mouth;" and, to revive those pleasing and heroic sentiments, which are always associated in the mind of a Briton, with the achievements of the mighty Uthyr Pendragon, (the father of the immortal Arthur), he adopted the title of the Dragon; Percy was styled the Lion; and Mortimer the Wolf: and now, in the meridian of his glory, he assembled the states of the Principality at Machyulleth in Montgomeryshire, where he was formally crowned, and acknowledged Prince of Wales*.

At this assembly the newly-crowned prince narrowly escaped assassination. A gentleman of Brecknockshire, called David Gam, (afterwards knighted for preserving the life of Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt) was among the Chieftains who attended the coronation of Glyndwr. He had been long in the service of Bolingbroke, and, notwithstanding his relationship to Owain (for he married one of his sisters), was firmly attached to the king. Instigated by his attachment to Henry, or, as some say, by the personal exhortations of the monarch himself, he formed the base design of murdering his prince and brother-in-law. His plot, however, was timely discovered, and he was immediately arrested and imprisoned. He would have met with the punishment due to the crime he meditated, had not the prince's most zealous friends exerted their influence in his behalf. He was pardoned, therefore, on conditions that he would adhere in future to the common cause of his country,—a condition he had no opportunity of observing, as he was kept in rigid confinement till the rebellion was quelled.

The affairs of Owain now bore so prosperous an aspect, that

* The building, now converted into a stable, in which this memorable synod was convened, is still to be seen.

Charles, king of France, entered into an alliance with him*, and compensated in a slight degree for the loss of the gallant and high-spirited Hotspur, who fell in the battle of Shrewsbury, about a year before. But he did not reap any very extensive advantages from this union. When it was contracted he appears to have arrived at the very acmé of his career, and the crisis was any thing but favourable. Although fortune had hitherto smiled upon him, the time was not far distant when he was to experience her capricious mutability; and, in an engagement between a party of his adherents (in number about 8,000) and some English troops, the former were defeated with the loss of nearly a thousand men. To repair this misfortune Glyndwr instantly dispatched his son Gruffydd with a strong force, and another battle was fought five days afterwards at Mynydd y Pwll Melyn in Brecknockshire, when the Welsh again sustained a defeat; the prince's son being taken prisoner, and his brother Tudyr slain. The latter resembled the prince so closely, that it was at first reported that Glyndwr himself had fallen; but, on examining the body, it was found to be without a wart over the eye, by which the brothers were distinguished from each other.

After this defeat many of the Patriot's followers deserted him, and he was compelled to conceal himself in caves and desert places, from which he occasionally ventured forth to visit a few trusty friends, who still adhered to him, and who supported him with food and other necessities†.

It is possible that our Chieftain's career would have terminated without further hostilities, had not his new ally, the king of France, afforded him assistance. A fleet carrying an army of 12,000 men, sailed from Brest, and reached Wales after a favourable voyage. But this succour, seasonable and liberal as it was, served only to prolong the war, without being eventually of any important service. Glyndwr never recovered the

* This treaty is dated from Dolgella, in right royal stile: "*Datum apud Dolgellum, 10 die menses Maii, 1404, et Principatus nostri quarto;*" and begins "*Owenus, Dei gratia, Princeps Walliæ, &c.*"

† There is a cavern, near the sea-side, in the parish of Llangelynin, in Merionethshire, still called *Ogov Owain*, or the Cave of Owen; here the Prince is said to have concealed himself, being secretly supported by Ednyved ab Aron, the representative of the royal tribe of Ednywain ab Bradwen.

defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn. From that time he acted chiefly on the defensive, or meditated nothing more than marauding excursions: his followers were daily forsaking him, and he was at length obliged to seek refuge among the mountains, from whence he never emerged to perform any exploit of consequence. Notwithstanding his ill fortune, however, he was still considered so terrible an enemy, that Henry the Fifth condescended to propose terms for a cessation of hostilities, and a treaty to this effect was concluded a short time before his death,—which happened on the 20th of September, 1415,—and afterwards renewed with his son Meredydd, on the 24th of February in the year following*.

The most prominent features in the character of Owain Glyndwr were boldness and activity, ambition, bravery, and no small portion of military skill. Hospitable to profuseness†, the patron and liberal encourager of bards‡,—eager and faithful in his friendship—unforgiving and revengeful in his enmities—patriotic, enthusiastic, and irascible—in him were combined all the characteristics of the warm-hearted Cambro-Briton; and his gallant spirit, undaunted and unsubdued to the last, achieved those exploits, which are familiar at this day to

* This contradicts the general opinion that the Cambrian Patriot died in extreme distress; it was immediately after the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn that he experienced those calamities usually attributed to a later period of his life, and we have every reason to suppose that he died, weakened, indeed, in spirit, but unsubdued. [He died in Herefordshire, at the house of one of his daughters: Rapin says, that he did not die till the year 1417, but the Welsh accounts, to be preferred in this case, place the event in 1415, as above stated.—ED.]

† Speaking of his hospitality, one of the old Welsh poets (Iolo Goch) relates, that within his mansion were nine spacious halls, each furnished with a ward-robe containing clothing for his retainers; on a verdant bank, near the castle, was a wooden building, erected on pillars and covered with tiles, it contained eight apartments, designed as sleeping-chambers for such guests as graced the castle with their company; in the immediate vicinity was every requisite for the purposes of good eating and drinking; a park, well stocked with deer, a warren, a pigeon-house and heronry, a mill, an orchard, and a vineyard, with a preserve well filled with pike, trout, and salmon. The hospitality of the Chieftain was so boundless, says the bard, that no one could hunger or thirst in his house.

‡ The Rev. Evan Evans in his "Dissertatio de Bardis," thus speaks of Owain's liberality to the then persecuted race of poets; "Hoc ævo multi claruere Bardī, inter quos Iolo Goch, (Iolo the Red) Oweni magnificentiam et victorias ad sydera tulit; fuit enim Owenus Bardorum fautor et Mæcenās, et eos undiquāque ad aulam liberalitē provocabat." p. 89.

the mountain peasant of Merionethshire. He was deeply imbued, too, with the superstition of the times. The fearful omens, which were supposed to have happened at his birth, had, no doubt, considerable influence on his future life. At his nativity, he informs us,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clamorous in the frightened fields.
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
 And all the courses of my life do shew,
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea,
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
 Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
 And bring him out that is but woman's son,
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 And hold me pace in deep experiment?

Shakespeare, indeed, has glowingly delineated the portrait of this extraordinary man. His belief in supernatural agency,—nay more, his exulting boast that *he* could “call spirits from the vasty deep,” and his ill-constrained choler at the taunts of the provoking Hotspur, are admirable illustrations of what we may suppose to have been the character of the Cambrian Chief; and, although, in this enlightened age, we cannot but regard with detestation the cruelties he often committed on those who fell into his hands, yet we must admire his heroism, and admit that his incitement to arms, in the first instance, was a just and powerful extenuation of the illegality of his conduct. But it is of little importance now, whether he was justified or not in the course he pursued. Years have rolled on, and repaired the ravages which he committed;—the bones of his brave warriors have mouldered into dust,—and no traces of his valiant exploits remain, save such as tradition will supply in the minds of his admiring countrymen*.

MERVINIUS.

* The Vaughans of Nannau, Hengwrt, and Rug, in Merionethshire, all branches of one family, are lineally descendants of Glyndwr; and Gruffydd Hywel Vaughan, Esq. of Rug, possesses now a large portion of those domains which once belonged to his ancestor. This gentleman has also in his possession an elegant and highly-prized memorial of the Chieftain: it is a

EXCERPTA.

LANGUAGES OF BISCAY, IRELAND, AND THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

OUR readers will not perhaps have forgotten the principle, upon which we proposed to publish an occasional article under the head of *EXCERPTA*, as explained in p. 101 of the last volume. This was more particularly to preserve, in a work appropriated to their reception, such fugitive essays as were before only to be found amongst an heterogeneous mass of uncongenial matter : among other works of this description, the Magazines, and particularly the more early ones, occupy a prominent place, and from which therefore we derive our best hope of these occasional gleanings. The following *excerptum*, it will be seen, is taken from the source alluded to, and GWILYM is entitled to our best thanks for this second instance of his friendly readiness to promote our views. With respect to the *excerpt* itself, the opinions of the writer may be considered somewhat problematical; and certainly the instances he adduces of the consanguinity of the various languages are not always sufficiently conclusive, to say nothing of the verbal inaccuracies into which he has occasionally fallen. But the subject will still be allowed to be extremely curious and well worthy the investigation of the Celtic student. It has, indeed, already undergone the partial, though, we think, prejudiced, examination of the learned Gen. Vallancey*; but much

case, containing a dagger, knife and fork; the three are in the same sheath but each in a separate compartment, richly ornamented with silver; the knife and fork are rather slender, and the dagger is about 17 inches long, 12 of which constitute the blade, which tapers to a point; at the end of the handle is the family coat of arms—a Lion rampant, and three Fleur-de-lis, very curiously and neatly engraved. The principal part of the handle is inlaid with black and yellow wood and hooped with silver; the haft is a piece of the same metal: the knife and fork are obliged to be sheathed first, when the hilt of the dagger covers them, consequently the latter must be drawn first. In these days of form and ceremony it is some consolation to know, that the worthy proprietor of Nannau, Sir Robert Vaughan, has not departed, as far as hospitality is concerned, from the steps of his heroic ancestor; long may he live to exercise that benevolent hospitality which so well becomes the genuine Welsh gentleman!

* See his "Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language," in which he strenuously denies the existence of any affinity between the Irish and the Biscayan: but this treatise, it must be owned, is full of hypotheses.—ED.

remains to be done, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that the CAMBRO-BRITON will always be open to any judicious speculations upon the subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In the second volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, page 350, you favoured me by the insertion of a curious *excerptum*; the following, which is from the same source, you will probably deem not less interesting, and worth re-printing in your valuable Miscellany.

Your's, &c.

London, August 27th, 1821.

GWILYM.

"To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine."

August 8th, 1759.

"MR. URBAN,—In the Magazine for last September, p. 436, you gave us an account of a book entitled "Some Enquiries concerning the first inhabitants, language, learning, and letters of Europe," and some remarks on an anecdote, which you then extracted from it, appeared in your next Magazine, p. 482: the design of the anecdote was to prove a most surprising likeness, or rather sameness, in the language of Biscay and Ireland, and that of the remarks to insinuate that they had probably no resemblance at all. Neither the enquirer, however, nor the remarker, was sufficiently acquainted with the subject to give a satisfactory account of the matter; this I am the more surprised at, as it is a point long since determined by writers, whom I don't see how the enquirer could avoid consulting, if he intended to prosecute his enquiries with success.

"No books can promise greater assistance to a person, who has chosen, for his subject, the first inhabitants, language, learning, and letters of Europe, than those which treat professedly of some one or more of the ancient languages of Europe; but, if the enquirer had been acquainted with many of these, he could scarcely have been at a loss for the affinity which exists between the languages of Biscay and Ireland. Among the books, which he ought to have been no stranger to, on this occasion, I shall only mention Mr. Edward Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, (printed at Oxford in 1707,) as this one volume says enough of the languages in question to have prevented the appearance of the anecdote.

“For my part, I am so little used to speculations of this nature, that I should never have interfered in the present dispute, if any person, tolerably qualified for doing it, would have set the matter in its true light; but, as I have hitherto expected this in vain, I now venture to send you the following hints.

“Mr. Lhuyd justly observes (*Arch. Brit.* p. 269.) ‘that there is nothing in which languages more generally agree than in the *numbers*, and yet, (says he) except in one or two words, we find no agreement, from 1 to 10, in the Basque, or Cantabrian, with any other European language;’ a sufficient proof that the languages of Ireland and Biscay are not much alike as the anecdote supposes.

“What likeness there really exists between them Mr. Lhuyd has, in his preface, attempted to discover; it was his opinion, that the present Irish are partly descended from a Spanish colony, and he has endeavoured to support it by observing, that on perusing the New Testament, and some MS. papers, written in the Biscayan tongue, he was satisfied of the affinity of *one part* of the Irish with the ancient Spanish. On this occasion he selects 100 Irish words and compares them with as many Biscayan, which he supposes to agree so well with them in sound and signification, as to render it probable, at least, that they have the same original.

“As no one can be a proper judge of this specimen of the likeness of the two languages, who is a stranger to the book in which it is found, I refer those who are desirous of seeing it, to the book itself: on the whole, however, it appears from it, that the resemblance in question is a distant one, and (in my opinion) such as might be easily accounted for, without supposing a colony from Spain to have settled in Ireland. Certain I am, it is such, as proves it far enough from possible, for a Biscayan and an Irishman to understand each other, who are unacquainted with any but their respective languages. Nor do I think it evident, that the language of Biscay is remarkably nearer to the Irish than the Welsh, Cornish, or Armoric.

“In one or other of the languages just mentioned I have endeavoured to find words which are probably of the same original with the Biscayan words proposed by your correspondent C. D. Whether I have succeeded or not every reader must determine for himself, and he will also be able, from the specimens here given, to form some kind of judgment how far the likeness is

peculiar to the Irish, for I shall mention the parallel words in each language, when any such occur*.

B. Andria—Eng. Woman: I. Aindear, both akin to G. *amg* acc. *ardga*

B. Bi.—Eng. Two: L. Bi, Bis: I. Beit: Eng. Both

B. Echea, Etche: Eng. House: C. Tohyi: I. Teagh: W. Ty and A. Ti

B. Edera: A. Dereat: Eng. Handsome

B. Gorri: W. Gwridog: I. Ceara: Eng. Red

B. Guison: C. Guag: Eng. Man

B. Ibay: E. Avin: W. Avon: I. Avan: C. Auan

B. Itturi, Ytturia, Ithuria, a spring, fountain, or well, probably related to Ahuedhur, Duor, Dur, which have the same meaning and original as G. *vdag*: C. Dour: I. Dovar: W. Dwvr: Eng. Water

B. Oddola, Odda, Blood: W. Uaed, Guaed: C. Guyd: W. Gwaedlyd: Eng. Bloody.

B. Sarra: Eng. Odd: possibly the same with I. Sean: for the Bisciaianeers, says Lhuyd, seem to have affected the letter R. beyond all other Europeans, as we find in the Bedleian Library, by their New Testament, wherein I observed that, in Latin words, they frequently changed the L. and N. into R. as in L. Cœlum, B. Cern: L. Oleum, B. Orisa: L. Argentum, B. Urreguria: L. Anima, B. Arrimea: L. Senex, Sene, B. Sarra.

“I cannot find that the other four words, proposed by C. D., resemble any in the Irish or British languages; but, I think it pretty evidently appears, from the specimen already given, that there was some affinity between the most ancient languages of Spain and the British Islands. What inferences are to be drawn from hence I leave others to determine.

“And now, Mr. Urban, having said so much of the likeness of the old Spanish to the most ancient languages of these kingdoms, I cannot forbear taking notice of a more surprising affinity between the last mentioned languages and that spoken by the natives of the Isthmus of Darien, in America. For my knowledge of

* Here the writer, in the original, desires the reader to notice that in the following list of words, A. will stand for Armoric; B. Biscaian; C. Cornish; D. Darien; E. Erse; Eng. English; G. Greek; I. Irish; L. Latin; M. Maux; S. Syriac; and W. Welsh.—G.

this I am indebted to the Rev. David Malcolme, who, about twenty years ago, published a number of small detached pieces, which I have seen bound up together, under the title of 'An Essay on the Antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland.' They seem chiefly intended to procure encouragement for a larger work of the kind, but perhaps were not very likely to answer this purpose: there are, however, some things in them which are really curious, and among these I reckon what he has said of a passage in Wafer's History of the Isthmus of America: 'My knowledge of the Highland language' says Wafer, 'made me more capable of learning the Darien Indians' language, when I was among them, for there is some affinity in the pronunciation, not in the signification, but in the pronunciation, which I could easily imitate, being spoken pretty much in the throat, with frequent aspirates, and much the same sharp or circumflex tang or cant.' But, though Wafer could see no likeness with respect to the meaning of the words in the Darien and Highland languages, yet, from the specimen he has given of the former, (containing about twenty-four different words) Mr. Malcolme has been able to discover one.

"This gentleman, it must be owned, is too sanguine; for there is but one word in the specimen which is not, in his opinion, related to some word or other in the Irish, or its sisters, the Welsh, Cornish, or Armoric; but, without going such lengths, and indeed, without the assistance of fancy, there appears a greater likeness than one could possibly expect in the languages of people so remote from each other as the inhabitants of Darien and the British Islands.

"As I do not know that this subject has been treated by any but Mr. Malcolme, and his book is in but few hands, I imagine the following illustration of it will be acceptable to many of your readers.

D. *Caapal*, a hammock: I. *Caba*, a cloak; and not only our Highlanders, (says Malcolme,) but the Americans and Africans use their cloaks for coverings by day and for beds by night: however this may be, we find I. *Cuchliachail*, a bed-room

D. *Copal*, drink: I. *Ceobach*, drunkenness

D. *Cotchah*, sleep: W. *Cwsy*: I. *Codal tach*, sleepy

D. *Doolah*, water: I. *Tuil*, a flood: W. *Dwrr*, water

- D. *Eenah*, to call or name: W. *Enwi*
 D. *Eetah*, to get or receive: I. *Ed*.
 D. *Mamabah*, fine: I. *Maith neab ba* (or according to Malcolme, *ma ma ba*,) i. e. good, good, good
 D. *Nanna*: I. *Naing*, or *Nain*: W. *Mam*, mother
 D. *Nec*, the moon: M. *Nest*: I. *Re*
 D. *Neenah*, a girl: Mr. Malcolme says, the Scotch and Irish frequently use a word in this sense which they pronounce *Necan*
 D. *Pa*, an interrogative: W. *Pa*
 D. *Ponook*: I. *Bean*, a woman
 D. *Tautah*: W. *Tad*: A. *Tat*: C. *Taz*, father

"There are perhaps other words in the specimen which might be properly enough produced on this occasion, but the instances I have given, appear to me the most remarkable, and are, I believe, sufficient to prove a real affinity between the language of the Darien Indians and those which anciently prevailed in the British Islands.

"I have written the Darien words exactly as Mr. Malcolme has quoted them from Wafer; but, in comparing them with the other languages, I have sometimes followed my own judgment.

Your's, &c. E. F."

I have now before me the work, entitled "Enquiries concerning the first Inhabitants, Language, &c. of Europe; by a Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London," in which appeared the anecdote, which caused this letter in the Gentleman's Magazine. I transcribe it, in case you should think proper for it to accompany this communication.

"I sometime since received this from a most learned and worthy friend, the Rev. John Reynold, canon of Exeter and Fellow of Eton College:—

Eton, Jan. 22, 1755.

"In my middle age, at a particular friend's house, I found a near relation of his, one Mr. Hutchins, of Frome, just come in England out of Spain from Bilboa, where he had belonged to the Factory the better part of twenty years, who, among other things, told us, that, while he was there, some time after the Protestants became entire masters of Ireland, there came over to Bilboa an Irish Roman Catholic priest, that knew nei-

ther English nor Spanish. The person, to whom he was recommended, being at a loss what to do, brought him to the English Factory, to see if any one there understood Irish, but to no purpose, till some Mountain Biscayneers, that used Bilboa market, coming to the house where he lodged and talking together, were perfectly understood by him, and in accosting them, to the great surprize of all that knew it, as well Spaniards as English. The narrator of this fact, in his own knowledge, I am satisfied, was too sensible to be imposed on himself, and too honest to impose on others; and as he was no scholar, he had no hypothesis to serve. And the matter of fact itself is, I take it, so considerable in regard to British Antiquities, that it were a pity it should be buried in oblivion, and therefore I am glad of this opportunity of communicating it to you. "What now must we think," adds the author of the Enquiries, "of a certain great master of languages? Not one word says he of the Irish tongue agreeing with the Cantabrian or Biscayan, which is the true old Spanish."—*Hist. of Druids*, p. 133. That great genius, Mr. Edw. Lhuyd, was of quite a different opinion; for he has given us 100 Irish words, that agree with the Biscayan, and could have added more but for want of room. See *Arch. Brit.* Oxon. 1707.—"At y Kymry," or "Pref. to the Welsh." The writer continues, "If we may believe our newswriters, who seem to believe it upon good authority, the soldiers of a Highland regiment, lately sent into North America, were received by the savages, as brethren and countrymen, upon account of their garb, manners, and a surprising agreement in their speech."

It may be as well to observe, that the Essay, by the Rev. David Malcolme, was published, in several detached pieces or letters, at Edinburgh, in 1738. In one of his pieces Mr. Malcolme observes, that the inhabitants of St. Kilda, the most western Isle of Scotland, have a dialect, which is near akin to the Chinese language.

GWILYM.

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

THE admirable translation of PARADISE LOST, by Mr. Owen Pughe, has already, as was anticipated in a former part

of this work, had an influence extremely favourable on the cultivation of the Welsh tongue. It has not only exhibited it to the world in all the force, richness, and variety of its powers, but it has induced others to follow the learned writer's example, by adapting it to the translation of such other works of celebrity, as afford the most ample scope for developing the varied capabilities of our native language. If this practice be generally followed by men of learning and taste, it cannot fail to be productive of the most beneficial results, by giving to the language a sort of classical character, which, it must be confessed, it has hitherto wanted, and, consequently, by inducing foreigners to bestow their attention upon it, when they find it susceptible of all those beauties, which they are so much accustomed to admire in other tongues.

It is for the foregoing reasons that we shall ever hail with pleasure any effort to second the patriotic exertions of Mr. Pughe; and, although every one must not expect to be as much at home, as much *utrimque paratus*, in this respect, as the author of *Coll Gwynva*, still the merit of the *prodire tenus* must not be overlooked in a case where a successful rivalry is hardly to be anticipated. With these prefatory observations, we have great pleasure in giving publicity to the following brief specimen of a version of PARADISE REGAINED, which we understand to be designed for publication as soon as completed. It is the work of Mr. Harris, jun. of Swansea, and is highly creditable to his talents, especially when the youth of the writer is taken into consideration. We propose to give an additional extract in the next Number; at present we have only room for the translation of the first forty-three lines of the original.

“ ADVEDDIANT GWYNVA.”

“ CAN I.”

“ MYVI, à gyntav ganwn am yr ardd,
 Trwy gam un dyn a gollid, canav nan
 Am Wynva ennillodig i'r holl ryw,
 Trwy uvyddâad un dyn a brovid gân
 Bob provedigaeth, ac yr hudydd hyll
 Gorchvygai yn ei holl ddichellion blin,
 Ac Eden derchai mewn anialwch ;

“ Ti, Ysryd gwir, hwn á arweiniaist y
 Didryvydd ardderch hwn i'r anial, ei
 Vuddygawl vaes, yn ngwrth yr andras erch,
 A dygai ev oddiyno, trwy brawv wyt
 Heb ddadl Vab Duw, màl gnotai iti gynt
 Vy nghân, O ! ysbrydola, neu hi mud ;
 A dyga di drwy uchder neu drwy is,
 O dervyn anian, àr adenydd llwydd
 Llawn hwyl, i wedyd am weithredoedd uwch
 Gwronawl, er y gwnaed mewn cîl, ac heb
 Gofaad y bu dros oesedd lawer iawn,—
 Teilyngai cynt arwyrain pell wrth hyn.

“ Gorlevai weithion y Cyhoeddydd mawr,
 Gan lais mwy sŷn no banllev udgorn croch
 Am ediveirwch, a bod teyrnas nev
 Yn wng i drochedigion ; a chàn vraw
 Y tŷrnt idd ei vedydd mawr pob gwlad
 O amgylch oedd, a chyda hwynt y doai
 O Nasareth à dybid mab à oedd
 I Joseph, i Jorddonen liv môr dêg ;
 Anhysbys a di nod y doai ev :
 Ond ev yn vuan y Bedyddiwr clan
 Canvyddai, gân o vry rhybyddid oedd,
 A thystiolaethai mai tulyngach oedd,
 A mynai roddi iddo ev ei swydd
 Nevolaid, ac nid hir yn oedd y wiw
 Dystiolaeth hywir heb ei chadarnâu ;
 Gân wedi ei vedyddio yn y lliv,
 Agorai Nev, ac, val colomen deg,
 Yr Ysryd Glan disgynai àr ei bèn,
 Tra o Nev hyglwyid llais y Tad,
 Yn hoeddi mai ei anwyl Vab oedd hwn :
 Hyn clywai yr Esgarant, hwn a oedd
 Hyd hŷn yn tramwy cylch y byd, ac yn
 Yr enwawg gyhurdd hyn ni vynai eve
 Yn olav vod, a chàn y dwyvawl lais
 Y delwai ; y goruchel ddyn i hwn
 Y tystiolaethid gyvuwch, a tros dalm
 Dremyniai eve yn sŷn, ac, wedi hyn,

Gàn gynddeiriogrwydd a chan ddygas dwvn,
 Eheda idd ei le, heb orphwys, ond
 Yn nghanol entrych vry i gynghor dwys
 Ei gyvurddolion grymus galwa eve,
 Dàn orchudd o gymylan tewdor ac
 Huddedig gàn dywyllwch, cethin du—
 Cyveistedd erch oedd hwn—ac yn eu plith,
 Gàn olwg sŷn, a phrudd dywedai eve.”

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XIV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I have sent you an account of a *Cyvarvod Cymhorth**, which I had from an old woman at Llangollen; and, if you think it deserving of a place in your publication, it is at your service.

Your's, &c.

Oxford,

J. J.

I. CYVARVOD CYMHORTH

Was a meeting held for the benefit of a poor person, at whose house, or at that of a neighbour, a number of young women, mostly servants, used to meet by permission of their respective employers, in order to give a day's work, either in spinning or knitting, according as there was need of their assistance; and, towards the close of the day, when their task was ended, dancing and singing were usually introduced, and the evening spent with glee and conviviality. It was customary, however, during the earlier part of the day, for the women to receive some presents from their several suitors as a token of their truth or inconstancy. On this occasion the lover could not present

* *Cyvarvod Cymhorth* implies, literally, a Meeting of Aid, and was, therefore, as we believe it still continues, in some parts of Wales, an assembly of neighbours upon the principle of mutual assistance and good fellowship. The Welsh have also their *Cwrw Cymhorth*, or Ale of Contribution, and *Priodas Cymhorth*, or Marriage of Contribution; both of them meetings upon the same plan, and at which the guests are expected to make contributions, to aid, in the one instance, the poverty of their entertainers, and, in the other, to enable a new-married couple to begin the world.—ED.

any thing more odious to the fair than the sprig of a *collen*, or hazel-tree, which was always a well known sign of a change of mind on the part of the man, and, consequently, that the fair could no longer expect to be the real object of his choice*. The presents, in general, consisted of cakes, silver-spoons, &c. agreeably to the respectability of the sweet-heart, and were highly decorated with all manner of flowers; and, if it was the lover's intention to break off, he had only to add a *collen*.

These pledges were handed to the respective lasses by the different *Caisars*, or Merry Andrews,—persons dressed in disguise for the occasion, who, in their turn, used to take each his young woman by the hand to an adjoining apartment, where he would deliver the *pwysi*, or nose-gay, as it was called, and immediately retire upon having mentioned the giver's name.

P. S. If the *Cymhorth* was held in the night, which was often the case, then the servants were not expected to ask leave of their employers.

II. EPITAPHS IN LLANGOLLEN CHURCH-YARD.

1. In memory of MARY (the wife of JONATHAN HUGHES, poet,) who was buried July 25th, 1781.

I'r ddaear vyddar ve aeth,—y ddirym
Ddaearol naturiaeth;
A'r enaid o'r wahaniaeth
Mae'n llaw Duw y man lle daeth. J. H.

2. Also, of the said JONATHAN HUGHES, who died Nov. 25th, 1805, aged 84.

Am ddawnus govus gyvan,—wir sulwad
A'i sylwedd doeth gynghan;
Odid vawr yn llawr y llan,
Byth nythu bath Jonathan. T. E.

3. Here lyeth the body of SARAH, daughter of THOMAS

* The presentation of the *collen*, or hazel-twigg, was, as here mentioned, always an ill omen amongst lovers, and that of the *bedw*, or birch, the reverse. Sion Tudur appears to allude to this custom in the following couplet:—

“ Canmawl bedwen heb weniaith
Collen vydd diben ei daith.”—ED.

WILLIAMS, of Kysyllte, who was buried the 10th day of September, 1769.

Einioes o vŷroes a vu—mesurwr
 Amseroedd pob teulu;
 Yrrodd arch ïm cyvarchu
 I orwedd yn ei âr ddu.

J. H*.

4. Under this tomb lyeth the body of EVAN EVANS, who was buried the 9th day of August, 1753, aged 82.

Er môr sad cload gwaith clau—maen cadarn,
 Vo'm codir yn ddiau;
 Yn nydd Brawd daw newydd brau
 Gollyngir vi o gell angau.

CAMBRIANA.—No. III.

WE intend devoting this Number of the CAMBRIANA to some selections from the Letters of Mr. Lewis Morris; published in the first and second volumes of the Cambrian Register. Mr. Morris has often been the subject of praise in the course of this work for his extensive knowledge in Celtic literature and antiquities, as well for his zealous and well directed exertions towards promoting their cultivation by others. But we have not time now to dwell longer on his character, to which, we hope, some time or other, to do more ample justice. In the mean time the following fragments of his Celtic studies cannot but be acceptable to the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, and especially as the work, from which they are extracted, which was published about twenty-five years ago, is now become scarce.

ETYMOLOGIES OF ENGLISH WRITERS†.

“ Etymology requires a good deal of modesty, and not to run headlong, as Camden and others have done, when they

* J. H. stands for Jonathan Hughes, and T. E. for Thomas Edwards, or *Twm o'r Nant*, by whom the stone was placed there, and the letters cut, The *third* line in the first *Englyn* stood thus in the original,

“ A'r enaid ar ol marwolaeth,”

and was altered as above by Thomas Edwards.—J. J.

† Camb. Reg. vol. i. p. 339.

had but very little knowledge in the language they treated of. A native of Wales must look upon the great Camden with an eye of indignation, when he finds him asserting, that the Gaulish *Bagandæ*, certain bands of men who strove in Gaul against the Roman power in the time of Dioclesian, were so called from *beichiad*, which, he says, signified, in the Welsh, *swineherds*; but every Welshman knows, that *beichiad* never signified *swineherds* in our language: the word is *meichiad*, from *moch*. So Llywarch Hen, about 1200 years ago, said,—

“*Bid lawen meichiad wrth uchenaid gwyn*”,

because of the fall of the acorns in that case. What then must become of Mr. Camden's swineherds? Might not ploughmen and tradesmen form an army as well as swineherds? But Mr. Camden should have told us, that *Bagaudæ* and *Bagodæ* had been also written by some authors *Bagadæ*; and we know, that *bagad*, in the Welsh tongue, is a multitude. And in the Armoric British, to this very day, *bagad* signifies a troop or battalion; and, to put the matter out of dispute, in the Irish, or old Gwyddellic British, *bach* is a battle, and *bagach* warlike.

“I shall only mention one thing out of Baxter's Glossary, who, not content with murdering and dismembering old British words, murders and annihilates our very saints, men noted in the primitive church of Britain for planting our religion. In the word *Corguba*, because it sounds like *Caer Gybi*, he makes *Caer Gybi* to be read *Caer Corb*, which, he says, is an old English word for a cohort, and denies the very being of a saint of the name of *Cybi*. But neither his *Corb* nor his *Cyba* are to be heard of any where else. Kebius, called by the Welsh *Cybi*, was the son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall: all our ancient MSS. agree in that. He was not only founder of this church, but of several others in Wales: Llan Gybi in Lleyn, Llan Gybi in Cardiganshire, and Llan Gybi in Monmouthshire, all of which exist. Are all these to change their names to please the whim of Baxter? *Cybi* lived at the time of the dissolution of the Roman empire in Britain, and was cotemporary and in great friendship with St. Seiriol. What sets the matter above all dispute is, that there are two ancient inscriptions upon stones in the wall of the church of *Caer Gybi* (Holyhead) where Kebius is acknowledged the patron saint. There was no such scarcity of saints in those days, as

to put them to the shift of inventing fictitious names for their churches. Fynnon Gybi, Eisteddva Gybi, in Anglesey, and the ancient tradition and proverb, to this day, in that island, about '*Seiriol wyn a Chybi velyn*,' are also evidences of the strongest kind; so we are as sure there was once such a man as Cybi, as that Dewi, Teilo, Padarn, Curig, Padrig, &c. were once founders or patrons of those churches, which bear their names*.

"When men of as great learning as Camden and Baxter can advance such incoherent stuff, is it a wonder that every smatterer in history thinks himself equal to them, and even that witticisms and puns take place of solid knowledge, and that etymology has so little credit? As for my part, I am very cautious, how I meddle with these things, and can say nothing positive; and I abominate a fanciful derivation of an ancient name."

WELSH DICTIONARIES †.

"Though the Welsh is my native, or mother, tongue, and that I was brought up in Anglesey, where it is spoken in great perfection, and admired by the natives, and where Welsh poetry and antiquities are much in vogue, yet I learn something daily in reading the ancient poets, after an acquaintance with them for near fifty years. This is chiefly owing to our want of good dictionaries. Dr. Davies's Dictionary, the very best we have, was a hasty work, and doth not contain above half the body of our language, which consideration hath set me, these forty years past, to make such additions to it, for my own benefit, as I could pick up in my reading. Mr. Edward Llwyd, in his *Arch. Brit.*, has done a little that way; but all the rest of our dictionaries are mere trash. T. Richards, whom you mention in one of your letters to Dr. Phillips, was not equal to the task; he has taken in even the faults of Dr. Davies, and has added many of his own, and of his correspondents, whose names he has foolishly entered among his venerable ancient authors, as if Quarles and Cibber had been hoarded up with Horace and Virgil. Richards was laborious, but very ignorant and heavy. Dr. Davies was a man of deep learning in

* See vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, pp. 323-4.—ED.

† Camb. Reg. vol. i. p. 370.

languages, a tolerable Welsh poet, and a great master of our language, as appears from notes in his hand-writing in my possession; but he was thoroughly ignorant of natural philosophy, and I will venture to say, that he knew no animals except his own cattle and fowls. He translated the names of his animals, vegetables, and fossils, from bad dictionaries in the infancy of natural philosophy; therefore he is hardly to be relied upon in an article on that head, and his book is like a child born in the sixth month. Mr. Edward Llwyd was inferior to no man in Britain in natural history, and had a prodigious knack in languages. His knowledge in Welsh poetry was none at all; for I have by me some attempts of his that way, which shew he was not born a poet any more than Cicero. This hindered him from making any additions out of the poets; for he had but a poor taste of their excellencies, or of the force of the proofs from them peculiarly; but his *Archæologia Britannica* is a valuable treasure of the Celtic language, and would have been more so, if he had not had so many irons in the fire. His additions to Dr. Davies's Dictionary, which T. Richards has swallowed by wholesale, are by no means authentic; for it is plain to me, the authors, Pryse, Salisbury, Vaughan, &c. had not put their last hand to that paper. Richards's Additions, from Dr. Wotton, are really Moses Williams's, who was the Doctor's assistant, and they are in want of sufficient weight. I shall say nothing of his other additions, picked up amongst his correspondents; they are too recent and weak. So much for dictionaries."*

PABO POST PRYDAIN †.

"Our British historians and poets redound with the praises of one Pabo Post Prydain (*i. e.* Pabo the Pillar of Britain), who lived about the time the Saxons came into Britain, or soon after. Dynawd Vyr, the son of Pabo Post Prydain, is

* Since the time when this account was written by Mr. Lewis Morris, (1761), several dictionaries of the Welsh language have been published, the principal of which are Walters's English Welsh Dictionary, and the Welsh English one of Mr. Owen Pughe, both of them of great merit, and the latter peculiarly valuable for its extensive addition of words, as well as for its analytical and etymological view of our language.—ED.

† Camb. Reg. vol. ii. p. 486.

mentioned in *Brut y Breninoedd* to have been one of the noblemen, that attended king Arthur at his great feast at Caerleon, after the conquest of the island. The Latin editions of Galfrid, 1508 and 1517, call him Domandus Map Apo. That of Tornetine, 1587, calls him Dynawt Map Apo.

“ There was an ancient tradition in the parish of Llanbabo in Anglesey, that Pabo, with his son and daughter, was buried in that church-yard, opposite to certain faces that were carved in the wall and to be seen at this day. In King Charles's time, or thereabout, as I was informed, the sexton, happening to dig a grave against one of these carved faces, at about six or seven feet deep, found a flat grave-stone, one corner of which he picked and demolished a few letters, before he knew what it was. The stone was then removed into the choir, where it hath remained ever since, and of which I have a copy amongst my papers. It hath on it the figure of a man in long robes, with a coronet on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, with a long beard, and a Latin inscription neatly cut, *basso-relievo*-wise, on one edge of the stone in the very letters that you call Saxon—‘*Hic jacet Pabo, &c.*’ I copied it with my own hands, but I have not the inscription by me. We have several other ancient inscriptions in this character in North Wales. These evidences prove something in our opinion in Wales; if our English antiquaries think otherwise, I should be glad to know how they can get over these things*.”

ETYMOLOGY OF ‘LONDON †.’

“ Your derivation of London from *Luna* and *Din* is one of the best. *Luna* is by the ancient Britons called *Llun*; so that *Llunddin* (the city of Luna), and not *Llundin*, is the true writing of this compound, because the *D* must be mollified or aspirated in forming the genitive case. Most British words, compounded of *din*, begin with *din*, contrary to the Latin,

* This extract is from a letter, written to Mr. Carte the historian, and the object of the proof, here alluded to, was that the Saxons had borrowed their alphabet from the Britons, which Mr. Morris maintains in a previous part of his letter, and he afterwards adduces this circumstance of Pabo's monument as one of his evidences.—ED.

† Camb. Reg. vol. ii. p. 483.

where these compounds end with *dinum* or *dunum*. Thus Din-dryval, a triangular fort, Din-mor, a sea-fort, Dinllwyden, Din-mael, Dinorweg, Dinlle, Dinlleyn, Dindaethwy, Dinam, Din-sulwy, names of old forts in Wales. There are few names of places that terminate in *din*, but then the D is softened for the above reason, as Brynhyrddin, Brodorddin, Caervyrddiu. So, if London were derived from *Llong*, a ship, and *Din*, the compound, according to the nature of the British language, would be *Llongddin*,—so, from *Llun*, *Llunddin*; both which are not far from the present name *Llundain* *."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CYWYDD Y DILUW, yn Dair Rhan; Gan DAVYDD IONAWR.
DOLGELLAU, 1821.

THOSE, who would found their notions of Welsh poetry upon the general poetry of Europe, whether ancient or modern, will be apt to arrive at a very erroneous conclusion. It has, we may almost affirm, nothing in common with the strains of other countries, save that inspiration, which must always, to a certain degree, characterize the effusions of the muse. Yet, even in this particular, the poets of Wales appear to us to possess features peculiarly their own. In vain should we look in their pages for the uniform sublimity, which distinguishes the strains of Homer, for the unvarying majesty and propriety of the Virgilian sentiments, or for the regular and well sustained flight of Pope's philosophic muse. The true characteristics of Welsh poetry are of a nature essentially different: not that we mean to insinuate, that it is not often pregnant with glowing thought, with dignified sentiments, with tender feeling, and with fine moral sense; but it rarely, if ever, happens, that the Welsh poet holds "the even tenour of his way" in one uninterrupted strain of feeling, whether of sublimity or of pathos. It is the irregular flash—the coruscation—of genius, rather than its full

* Perhaps neither of the etymologies of 'London,' here offered, is the true one; and it were vain now to speak with any certainty on the subject. However, we have been favoured with a very ingenious one, which we propose to insert on some future occasion, in company with other similar conjectures respecting the names of old English towns and other places.—ED.

and steady blaze, that imparts a splendour to the *aven* of Wales; and hence it is, that our native country is far more likely to supply rivals to Pindar or Gray than to Milton or Lucretius. And the lyric excellence of some of our bards, especially the more ancient, forms a practical illustration of this hypothesis,

To trace to its various sources this distinguishing attribute of Welsh poetry would lead us into a discussion, for which we can at present afford neither space nor time. It shall be our business, however, to return to the subject hereafter. In the mean time it may be of use briefly and generally to remark, that the poetry of Wales is less the poetry of thought than of expression; a peculiarity, which is to be ascribed, as we think, principally to two causes. The first of these is, the formal strictness of the prosody, by which it is governed, and which, whatever may be its metrical advantages, has too often the effect of rendering sense subservient to sound, and of sacrificing the force of imagination and sentiment to the beauties, real or fancied, of its favourite *cynghanedd*. Hence it happens, that the dearth of the beautiful or sublime, when that is found to prevail, is not so much to be imputed to a want of taste or genius in the poet, as to the imperative necessity, he is under, of expressing himself according to certain prescribed laws, and of consulting rather the metrical capabilities of the language in which he writes, than the peculiar inspirations of the theme on which he is meditating. Another cause, and by no means the least important, may be found, as we conceive, in the harmonical properties of the Welsh, and the consequent association of its poetical strains with the enrapturing powers of music. Upon the prevalence of this practice, and more especially formerly, it is unnecessary to insist; and it can hardly be doubted, that this has greatly contributed towards forming the rigid code of its metrical laws. From the cause, of which we are now speaking, it has resulted, that a certain harmony of diction has been frequently studied at the expence of imagery and sentiment, and that a desire to inform the mind or charm the fancy has had less influence with the poet than an anxiety to pour his metrical fascinations upon the ear. Such are the chief causes, that appear to us to have imposed on the Welsh bard those shackles, which too often impede the flight of his muse,

but from which he occasionally emancipates himself with all that instinctive energy, which is inseparable from true genius.

We have been seduced into these prefatory remarks by the work, of which the title is prefixed to this article, and which is among the most recent specimens of our national poetry. The subject, our English readers should be apprised, is the Deluge; and the author is Mr. David Richards, or, according to his bardic appellation, Davydd Ionawr, whom his previous Poem on the Trinity (*Cywydd y Drindod*) has already ranked high among the modern votaries of the *awen*. His present effusion is one of unequal merit, yet presenting some passages, that are written with considerable felicity. A few of these we shall select for the benefit of our Welsh friends; and it may not be uninteresting first to give, in the author's own words, the Argument of the Poem.

“The Poem consists of three parts: the first part contains a brief account of the idolatry, violence, and most enormous vices of the antediluvians; the pathetic preaching of Noah, and the universal contempt and ridicule with which he was treated, which brought down the long-threatened vengeance of heaven, an universal Deluge, upon incorrigible sinners. The second part contains a description of the Deluge. Noah and his family having entered into the Ark,—at the command of the Almighty, myriads of water-spouts, from the Southern Ocean, ascended into the clouds, which were driven and carried on the wings of the South wind over the surface of the earth, where they poured down their contents in unceasing cataracts for forty days and forty nights: at the same time, the central waters, the fountains of the great deep, enraged, rushed through the strong barriers of their capacious prison, and poured forth their numberless overwhelming forces in the day of wrath and universal destruction, till the whole earth was overflowed with waters, as at the Creation. In those violent convulsions of nature many extensive parts of the strong shell of the earth, of different magnitudes, were torn from the continents and precipitated to the central abyss. The third part contains a description of the restoration of the World to its present form: the North, with its collateral winds, those winged messengers of heaven, proclaimed aloud the commands of the Almighty, that the waters, having fulfilled their commission, should retreat to their former receptacles. The tumultuous waters heard all around, and instantly obeyed the dread commands of the Supreme Lord of the Universe. As the waters gradually retreated to the fountains of the great deep, the fragments of the earth, precipitated thither, gradually ascended from the central abyss, and became permanently fixed upon the surface of the Ocean, whereby numerous islands, of various dimensions, were formed. At the time appointed, the earth and the air being reduced to a proper temperature, Noah and his family came out of the Ark, built an Altar upon mount Ararat, and offered an acceptable sacrifice to God, their Creator and Preserver. Such is a faint outline of CYWYDD Y DILUW.”

The following lines form the exordium, and will therefore serve as an introduction to the extracts, that follow.

"V'AWENYDD, clyw vi unwaith,
Cyn awr dyvyn i'r hir daith;
Cynnyg blethedig ganiad
I Ner a'i Gyviawnder vâd,
I rwyddion Drugareddau
Duw'r Hedd, sy'n rhyvedd barhau:
Y Diluw dwn diwaelod
A vu, a'r achos o'i vod,
Boed hyn yn dervyn dy waith
Nerthol, anvarwol vawrwaith."—p. 7.

The next passage, describing the lawless and sinful condition of the Antediluvians, the immediate cause of the Deluge, is ably and nervously written.

"Fôdd mwynber Gyviawnder vâd,
A'i Cheraint, Hedd, a Chariad,
I nodded eu cain haddev,
I wlâd anwyllvâd y Nev;
Ag edlym ryvel gwaedlyd,
Mewn arvau, drwy barthau 'r byd
A gerddodd yn agwddwawr,
Yn anverth o gydnerth gawr;
Bloeddiodd, ymwylltiodd am waed,
Taer oedd am dywallt rhuddwaedd:
Taniodd, cynhyrvodd cyn hir
Hagr wynnlas gawri enwir:
Cawri anverth ceg-hiriawn,
Gorphwyllog, bygythiog iawn,
A vilain chwyn ryvelant,
Troi 'r byd yn waedlyd a wnant.
Daeth, ysywaeth, oes haiarn,
Drwy 'r holl vyd, yn dra hell varn.
Cyrph meirwon geirwon gawri
Yn ddarnau, restrau heb ri',
Diluw o waed a welir,
(Byd tôst) hyd wynec y tir.
Cai llovrudion geirwon gau
Eu dewis megis duwiau."—pp. 13, 14

We shall leave the four short extracts, that follow, to speak for themselves, merely premising, that they are more or less remarkable for their merit.

"E ddirywiodd yr Awen
Nevol-bêr o'i harver hen;
Mewn cnawdol vasweddol swm
Ennynnodd hon yn Annwn:
Ynvydion vu 'r beirddion bäs
Yn uyddu mawl anaddas;

Nid mawl i'r gorsseddawl SANT,
O gu enaid, a ganant,
Ond mawl am anverthawl vâr
I gau dduwiau y ddaear."—p. 18.

"Rhybuddion, bygythion gant,
Dwysion, a lwyr wawdiasant;
Dyhoftent bob peth difaith,
Meddyliau, geiriau, a gwaith :
Yn ddiau hwythau, cyn hir,
A vythawl lwyr ddyvethir."—p. 19.

"Wele vâd gennad geinwawr,
Cennad o'r Nev wenvad vawr,
A'i bêr wyneb eirianav
Mor burlan a huan hâv,
Ar gyver y gwr gwiwvawl
Yn gu yn gwenu mewn gwawl."—p. 42.

"Yn ei olwg anwylav,
Hardd gennad anwylvâd Nav,
Gwir dadawl gariad ydoedd
A mād gydymdeimlad oedd;
Llavarai'n hoywgain hygar,
Val cyvaill wrth gyvaill gwâr."—p. 44.

The next passage comprises a part of the description of the Deluge, and, whatever it may suffer in comparison with some other descriptions of that awful event, is still drawn with considerable power and skill, as the Welsh reader will be at no loss to discover.

"Miloedd sydd o gymmylau
Tewion yn hyllion amlhau;
Du y wybren a dybryd,
Tywyll ac erchyll i gyd!
Golau ronyn nis gwelant,
Ond cochyion vellt gwylltion gant;
Taranau trwy y wiwnev,
Cevnlli o fenestri Nev!
Rheieidr vyrddiwn yn rhuaw
Yn frydiawg o lidiawg wlaw!
Gan amllder, llawnder a llid
Y gwlaw, yn synn e glywid
Ar gyhoedd, drwy gymmoedd gant,
Arw hyll verw y lliveiriant.
Avonydd â'u holl-rydd hynt,
A chynnwrv mawr, wreichionynt;
A'r awyr yn adruaw,
A mawr drwst gan y môr draw:
Ymwriaw mae'er môr mawrwyllt
Mewn bâr yn ei garchar gwyllt,
Drwy ewynawg darann
O'r llyngelyn didervyn du."—pp. 56, 57.

With one other extract from the second Book we shall conclude our specimens of the "*Cywydd y Dihu*," leaving it to our readers to form their own judgment of the poem, of which, we repeat, we have endeavoured to select some, and some only, of the most favourable parts. The reader, who is disposed from this brief account to take up the volume, will, no doubt, find many other passages equally worthy of his regard.

"Parod oedd byddinoedd Ion,
Rhoddwyd y byllt yn rhyddion:
Chwyrn dervysg, dychryd dirvawr,
Goleuo mellt drwy'r gwlaw mawr.
Yn addig dw'r a than oeddynt
Yn clynion gwylltion gynt;
Ond yn awr unwyd eu nerth,
Cawri agwrdd cywirgerth;
Gwelir hwynt, ar y galwad,
Yn veibion dewrion un Dâd."—p. 58.

We have no inclination to lessen the value of whatever meed of praise we have felt it our duty to bestow on this production of Mr. Richards; but we trust to his candour to pardon the remark, that a more copious use of the inexhaustible stores of our venerable tongue would have given to his style a variety of expression, and a richness of phraseology, which it obviously wants at present. He seems to have travelled too much in the beaten track, without attempting to profit by the admirable resources which our language presents for improving the force and elegance of its diction, and particularly in the use of those compound terms, which, for their expressive energy, are not perhaps to be surpassed even by those of the Greek tongue. We would also notice, as minor blemishes, that the author evinces occasionally too great a partiality for certain inelegant and unsightly abbreviations, which, however common at one time, no writer of taste ought now to retain,—and that he also adheres to the practice, exploded among the best modern writers, of using a duplication of letters, where a single one is not only more pleasing to the eye, but more grammatical. Such are the words *synn*, *gwynn*, *Anwn*, &c. more properly written *syn*, *gwyn*, *Anwn*; and some other instances may be seen in the foregoing extracts. But these trivial eye-sores, (for they are, perhaps, at last, little more,) ought not to detract from the general merit of the Poem, which we may safely recommend to the notice of our countrymen as a work, worthy of the author of *Cywydd y Drindod*.

Awen Cymru.*A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.***PENNILLION.****XCII.**

VE gŵn yr haul, ve gŵn y lleuad,
 Ve gŵn y môr yn dônau irad,
 Ve gŵn y gwynt yn uchel ddigon,
 Ni chŵn yr hiraeth byth o'nghalon.

XCIII.

Os â vy nghariad i y Werddon,
 Av i làn y mor i'w danvon,
 A, chyn canwyv yn iach iddi,
 Av i Werddon i'w phriodi.

J. H.**XCIV.**

Medi gwenith yn ei egin
 Yw priodi glas vachgenyn,
 Wedi ei hau, ei gau, a'i gadw,
 Dichon droi 'n gynhauav garw.

J. H.**TRIBANAU.****I.**

NID twyll yw twyllo twyllwr,
 Nid brad bradychu bradwr,
 Nid lladrad, mi wn yn dda,
 Lladrata ar ladratwr.

II.

Tri pheth ni saiv yn llonydd,
 Yw mochyn ar ben mynydd,
 A malwoden mewn lle llwm,
 A thavod Twm melinydd.

III.

Tri pheth sy'n anhawdd nabod,
 Dyn, derwen, a diwrnod;
 Y dydd sy'n hir, y pren yn gau,
 A dyn yn ddau-wynebog.

YMSON CATO*.

RHAID yw mai hyn—Plato, darbwili di
 Yn wiw—os amgen, py hwn obaith myg,
 Hon hof eidduned, yr hiraethiant hyn
 Am anvarwoldeb? ynte o ba le
 Hwn arswyd cudd, y cryd tumewnawl hwn
 Rhag syrthiaw idd y dim? Py idd ei hun
 Y cilia Enaid, y brawycha rhag
 Divancoll? Yw y Duwdawd yn cyfroi
 Sydd ynnom; nev ei hun a arwyddâa
 Ryw vyd âr ol, a bod tragwyddawl oes
 I Ddyn. Tragwyddawl! ti, y syniad cu,
 Ovnadwy! trwy ba amryw vod heb brawy,
 Pa droion, pa gyvlyrau newydd sy
 Raid ini drwyddaw! mae äangder wedd
 Dieithav rhagov; ond cysgodion ynt,
 Cymylau, a thywyllwch oddiar hyn.
 Attaliav yma. Od oes GALLU vry,
 (Ac Anian, trwy ei holl weithredion maith,
 Goralwa vod,) mewn rhinwedd hofa eve;
 A hyn â hofa rhaid mai dedwydd yw.
 Ond pa bryd, neu pa le? Y byd hwn gwnaid
 I Caesar. Blinav âr amcanion mwy—
 Mae rhaid i hwn ddiweddu arnynt byth.

Mâl hyn amarvawg wyv—My marw ac
 Fy myw ynt rhagov addien ac iachâad.
 Hwn haiach dyga ddiwedd arnav vi;
 Ond hon mynega byth nas byddav marw.
 Yr Enaid, cadarn yn ei hanvod, gwena âr
 Y llevnyn noeth, dirmyga hi ei vlaen:
 Divlanant hwy y Ser, yr Haul ei hun
 Gân oed á welwa, Anian sodda mewn
 Blynnyddau; ond tydi blodeui drwy
 Anvarwawl ieuant, heb eniwed gân
 Elvênau brwd o var, devnyddion briw,
 A bydoedd âr ymgolli yn eu frwch.

Awt 23, 1821.

IDRISON.

* Our readers cannot fail to be gratified with this excellent version of CATO's SOLILOQUY, and will be at no loss to recognize in it the hand of a master.—ED.

English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

XCII.

THE sun and moon to rise are seen,
 Old ocean too in wild waves dress'd,
 The wind full high will rise, I ween,
 But ne'er will longing from my breast.

XCIII.

When Lucy sails for Erin's land,
 I'll see her safe to yon sea-strand,
 And, sooner than bid her adieu,
 I'll with her go, and wed her too.

XCIV.

Just like reaping the green wheat
 'Tis, to wed a boyish swain ;
 When tis cut and housed, as meet,
 Barren crops are all your gain.

TRANSLATION OF THE TRIBANAU*.

I.

No cheat it is to cheat the cheater,
 No treason to betray the traitor,
 Nor is it theft, I'm not deceiving,
 To thief from him who lives by thieving.

II.

Three things there are that ne'er stand still ;
 A pig upon a high-topt hill,
 A snail the naked stones among,
 And Tom the Miller's rattling tongue.

III.

Three things 'tis difficult to scan ;
 The day, an aged oak, and man :
 The day is long, the oak is hollow,
 And man—he is a two-fac'd fellow.

* The following Translations will serve to give the English reader a faint, though, perhaps, but a faint, idea of the Welsh TRIBANAU, which are most of them, like these, remarkable for their quaintness, as well as for the epigrammatic point in which they terminate. There are some preserved of considerable antiquity, and which it is our intention hereafter to publish. The three, here inserted, have not, it is believed, before appeared in print.—ED.

OWAIN GWYNEDD*.

Owen's praise demands my song.—GRAY.

FROM Coed Eulo's bloody ground,
 Heralded by trumpet sound,
 And the hollow roll of drum,
 Breathing death, the Normans come;
 Reckless that their boasted blood
 Soon shall be the raven's food;
 Fiery Henry at their head,
 Raging for his vassals dead.
 Was the bittern's cry too harsh
 From her bed in Saltney-Marsh?
 Haughty monarch, did it tell
 Their death who at Hawarden † fell?
 Did it prophecy his doom,
 That thou seek'st him, man of gloom!
 Him, who doth thy pride alarm,
 Owain of the mighty arm?

On they rush, in Cownsyllt's strait
 Silent Cambria's warriors wait,
 Fill its dark defile within;
 Then was heard the horrid din:—
 Wrathful shouts and painful cries
 From their ambushade arise,
 As, like madd'ning wolves, they go
 Headlong on the wond'ring foe;
 So come forth the eagle's brood
 From their barren solitude,
 And, with force and sudden shock,
 Goad the hunter on the rock.
 So the wild wolf, in his lair,
 With his howl affrights the air,
 Rushing forth, in hot career,
 Heedless on the barbed spear.

* See volume i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 231, for a brief notice of the events, upon which these lines are founded. They occurred in the twelfth century, and have before formed the theme of the muse both in England and Wales.—ED.

† This word is now pronounced "Harden," but the pronunciation, here adopted, is perhaps more poetical.—ED.

Stones and arrows fly around,
Dying warriors bite the ground;
Wrested from their rugged bed,
Broken rocks around are spread;
All, that hate can grasp in wrath,
Checks the Norman in his path.

Nought avail'd proud Henry then
His armed steed, and mail-clad men,
'Gainst the naked-bosom'd few,
To their king and country true,—
Men, for valour known afar,
Unsubdued, till now, in war;
Pent within the narrow strait,
'Cumber'd by their iron weight,
Hesitating how to meet
Their foes, unknowing to retreat,
Or resist, they fall beneath
The thirsty steel that asks their death;—
Vain is now the strength and speed
Of the Saracenic steed,
Reckless of the spur and rein,
He gnaws the bloody earth in pain.

Wav'ring the tide of combat flows,
With Cambria now, now with her foes.
Proud De Courcy's bubbling blood
Is curdling on the underwood;
And the soul of stout St. John
To the realms of air has gone:
Low has sunk the battle cry
Of Montford, and Montgomery:
Haughty Pulford's sable shield
Shiver'd lies upon the field;
And his cross, so white before,
Reddens with its owner's gore.
But the blade of Vernon yet
Gleams, with gore of Cambria wet.
Fiery Dutton, on his knee,
Still maintains it gallantly:

And the cry of battle swells
Of Humfreville and Venables;
Though their great and haughty one,
Henry, from the fight has gone.
Thanks unto the noble beast
That bore thee, King, thou ow'st, at least.

Like the vermin, from the wood
Scar'd by fire, the Norman brood,
In confusion, seek the plain;
Terror holds awhile her reign:
Hark! the hollow trumpet's bray
Speaks, at once, their wild dismay,
And the fortune of the day,
Heralding the victor;—now
Proudly tow'rs the Cambrian's brow,
Brightly flashes Owain's eye
As he sees the boasters fly.
See the hand of Essex' earl,
Feeble as a pining girl,
Drop to earth the standard there—
Hark! the cry that rings through air!
Hark! the thrilling voice of dread
From the foe,—the King is dead!
Like a fire, from man to man,
Swift the sound of terror ran;
Proud above his native bands,
Like the vulture, Owain stands,
Darkly watching o'er his prey,
Where to pierce their thick array;
Joyful he beholds the foe
Scattering on the plain below,
Down upon them from the steep
Fierce they rush, with furious sweep.
As the lightly waving corn
Rudely on the field is borne
By the blast that lately slept,
So the foe from earth were swept,
Till the dark'ning cloud of night
Spread o'er heav'n, then ceas'd the fight.

August 31st, 1821.

S. R. JACKSON.

Monthly Register.

[UPON the first publication of the CAMBRO-BRITON it was our intention to embody, in this department of our work, all intelligence of any interest relating to the modern state of Wales, whether immediately connected with its literature or not. Experience, however, soon taught us, that, within the limits, to which we are necessarily confined, this was quite impracticable, without sacrificing the more important objects, that we had in view in this undertaking. And it has moreover occurred to us, upon a mature deliberation, that to render our pages the mere echo of the newspapers was, by no means, in accordance with the true spirit of the work, the aim of which was, as it still continues, the cultivation of our national literature in all its singular and interesting varieties. We have accordingly, as our readers may have remarked, contracted, for some time past, our original plan, by digesting under the former head of "WALES" such intelligence only as bore some reference to our main design. To this new, and, we think, improved, arrangement it is still our intention to adhere; and we look with confidence to the approbation of all those, who thoroughly comprehend the nature of our enterprise. In future, then, the work, in this department, will be confined to such articles of intelligence, as may harmonize with its general character, and promote its original views. Yet, while we thus propose to render our gleanings more choice than before, we design at the same time to open a wider field for our operations, by associating with Wales those nations, that are generally allowed to claim a kindred descent. Intelligence of interest, therefore, connected with the national characteristics of Ireland, Scotland, and Brittany, will always find a welcome reception in the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.]

CARNARVON EISTEDDVOD.

ON the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th days of last September the first EISTEDDVOD, or Bardic Session, of the "Cymmrodorion in Gwynedd" took place at Carnarvon, under the auspicious presidency of the Marquis of Anglesea. A numerous assemblage of nobility and gentry also honoured the meeting

with their presence, and communicated to the occasion an *éclat*, which has seldom been surpassed in the Principality.

The business of the EISTEDDVOD was opened on the 12th by an appropriate address from the noble President, who extolled, in strong and ardent terms, the national objects, which they were assembled to promote, and which, he observed, should never want his most zealous encouragement. This address was afterwards delivered in Welsh by Mr. D. Thomas (Davydd Du o Eryri), and seemed to make a deep impression upon those, who had not understood it from the mouth of the noble President.

The Rev. Mr. Bowen, of Bath, was the next to bespeak the attention of the meeting by the perusal of an Essay on Welsh Music, which was received with considerable applause. The chief object of this Essay was an historical review of the *Awen* of Wales from the earliest period down to the time of Glyndwr, when the voice of song was stifled in the unpropitious events of that troubled age. After the conclusion of Mr. Bowen's Essay, the musicians of the "Bath Harmonic Society," who had accompanied that gentleman, played a Welsh air with great skill. Three copies of Welsh verses on the occasion of the EISTEDDVOD were now recited, and experienced a very favourable reception: the writers were Mr. D. Thomas, Mr. John Howels, of Llandovery, and Mr. Thomas Roberts of Conway. After appropriate and animated addresses from Col. Parry and the Bishop of Bangor, the Judges of the Prizes proceeded to declare the successful candidates, of whom the following is an account.

1. The AWDLON "Minstrely."—Premium twenty guineas.—Mr. RICHARD JONES of Llanwnda, Carnarvonshire.

2. The CYWYDD on "The Accession of the Family of Tudor to the Throne of Great Britain."—Premium, ten guineas.—Mr. W. EDWARDS of Waen Vawr, Llanbeblig.

3. The ENGLYN on "The Birth of the first Prince of Wales of English blood at Carnarvon Castle."—Premium, five guineas.—There were fifty-one competitors for this prize, but none of the compositions were adjudged of sufficient merit to obtain it.

4. An ENGLISH ESSAY on the "Art of Alphabetical Writing amongst the Celts, and on the form and number of their Characters."—Premium, ten guineas.—Mr. I. H. PARRY, London.

5. An ENGLISH ESSAY on the "Ancient Orders of Bard, Druid and Ovate."—Premium, ten guineas.—No Candidate.

After the announcement of the prizes a premium of two guineas was proposed for the best Welsh poetical composition on the "Exploits of the Marquis of Anglesey in the service of his country." The subject was announced in Welsh, but, upon being afterwards explained in English, the compliment was delicately declined by the noble Marquis, who proposed, in its stead, that the subject should be "The Benefits likely to arise from the visit of our most gracious king to his subjects." This theme was finally selected; and the compositions, which were not to exceed twenty lines, were to be delivered before nine o'clock the following morning.

The proceedings of the first day closed with a vote of thanks, proposed by the Dean of Bangor, to Sir Charles Morgan, who was present on the occasion, and who, in acknowledging the the honour done him, took the opportunity of saying, that he should use his best exertions to have an EISTEDDVOD next year in the province of Gwent*.

On Thursday, the 13th of September, the meeting was resumed, and held by adjournment in the Court of the Castle, the assemblage having become too great for the County Hall. The Gwyneddigion Prize Poem on the 'Fall of Llywelyn,' which had been adjudged to the Rev. Walter Davies, was this day recited by Mr. David Thomas; and a programme in English, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the original, was read by the Rev. Mr. Rees, of Cascob, whose active zeal on this, as on every former, occasion had been evinced in a remarkable manner. The Premium of two guineas, for the best Ode upon the King's Visit of his Subjects, was adjudged to Mr. Richard Jones, who recited the successful effusion. And this appears to have terminated the proceedings of the second day, as far as they related to the EISTEDDVOD.

On Friday, September 14th, the Meeting reassembled at the Castle; and the musical competition on the Welsh harp immediately commenced. There were eleven competitors; and the order, in which they were to play, was decided by lot in

* This, we believe, has since been determined upon, and Brecon is said to be the place selected for the occasion.—ED.

the following manner:—1. Margaret Edwards, of Corwen, a blind woman. 2. Richard Pugh, of Dolgellau. 3. W. Hughes, of Welshpool. 4. John Morgan, of Carnarvon, a blind man. 5. Edward Williams, of Bangor. 6. Robert Rowlands, of Beddgelert, blind. 7. Evan Jones, of the Abbey, Llanrwst. 8. Mr. Benjamin Connah, of Rhiwabon. 9. Elizabeth Hughes, of Carnarvon, a young girl. 10. Evan Jones, of Capel Curig. 11. John Williams, of Pwllheli, blind.

After a vigorous and doubtful contest, especially between three of the performers, the first prize, the silver harp was awarded to Mr. William Hughes, of Welshpool, and the second prize, a medal, to John Morgan, of Carnarvon. Considerable praise was, at the same time, bestowed by the Judges upon the taste and execution, with which Mr. Benjamin Connah had played. The successful candidates were then invested with their prizes, appended to blue ribbons, by the Hon. Mrs. Irby, and the business of the day was brought to a close, the singing of *Pennillion* with the harp being postponed until the following morning.

On the morning of Saturday, September 15th, the EISTEDDVOD was once more resumed at the Castle: and several candidates appeared to contend for the *Pennillion* prize. The contest continued with unabated ardour for several hours, until the competitors were at length reduced to two; and, after an obstinate struggle, victory at length declared itself for Richard Jones, of Llangwyvan, in the county of Denbigh, who received the premium of three guineas, the second premium of one guinea being adjudged to his less fortunate rival, Thomas Edwards, of Corwen.

Thus terminated the proceedings of the EISTEDDVOD, as far as they related to its national objects and genuine characteristics. It would be beyond the purpose of this brief account to record all the traits of festivity and good fellowship, that distinguished this Bardic Congress during the four days of its continuance. It is but justice to add, however, that they were such as to prove, in the most unequivocal manner, the joy and enthusiasm with which all ranks participated in their national festival. And the spirit, with which the EISTEDDVOD in Gwynedd was conducted, will long be remembered as

worthy of the proudest æra of past times, and as a bright example of patriotism to ages yet to come *.

Among the distinguished individuals, who honoured Carnarvon with their presence on this occasion, besides the noble President, were the Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, the Ladies Paget, Lord A. Paget, Lord Newborough, Lord and Lady Selsey, the Lord Bishop of Bangor and Mrs. Majendie, Hon. G. and Mrs. Irby, Hon. Paul and Mrs. Irby, Hon. Mr. Wynne, Sir Charles Morgan and family, Sir W. B. Hughes, Sir Joseph Huddart, the Dean of Bangor and family, Owen Williams, Esq. M.P., T. P. Williams, Esq. M.P., H. D. Penant, Esq. M. P., and Col. Parry, whose active zeal and judicious services on this interesting occasion particularly entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen.

CYMMRODORION REPORT.

THE first Report of the CYMMRODORION, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, has appeared since the publication of our last Number, and, considering that the Society have only been established one year, it affords very creditable testimony to their exertions. A good deal seems to have been already achieved, with the promise of much more, towards the collection of books and MSS. connected with Wales, and the general encouragement of our national literature. With the principal objects of the Institution the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON must be already acquainted; we cannot refrain, however, from repeating them in the language of the Report, the commencement of which we therefore transcribe.

"In commencing a review as the proceedings of the newly-established Cymmrodorion, during the first year of their exertions for the advancement of Welsh Literature, it seems necessary to advert to that original Institution, of which the one now under consideration is, in fact, a revival.

"It appears, that in the year 1751 a considerable number of persons, connected with the Principality of Wales, and influenced by a due regard to national celebrity, founded a Society

* We ought here to notice, that the co-operation of the musicians of the "Bath Harmonic Society," under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Bowen, contributed greatly to the spirit and hilarity of the meeting. The Band of the Royal Denbigh Militia, sent expressly by Sir W. W. Wynn, also attended.—Ed.

in this Metropolis, under the title of Cymmrodorion *, for the purpose of promoting the cultivation, and preserving the remains, of Ancient British Literature.

“ In order to become thoroughly acquainted with the genuine history and antiquities of a people, from whom they were descended, a knowledge of the language of that people was an indispensable acquirement ; and the study of it was particularly enjoined, not only from its utility in assisting the historical researches of the antiquary, but as a language in high estimation on account of its properties in grammatical construction, force of expression, and extreme copiousness, without recourse to the aid of foreign words. For, according to the remaining works of ancient Bards, it has continued the same during a period of more than twelve hundred years : it has also been extolled as a language particularly well adapted for versification.

“ On examining the Constitutions, which the Members of this Society had framed for their conduct, it will be seen that they resolved to purchase a copy, if practicable, of every book which had been, and of every one which might in future be, printed in the language above-mentioned ; for procuring as many ancient Manuscripts therein as possible ; and for collecting works in any language treating of the History and Antiquities of Britain. From these resources it was determined to publish any discoveries or improvements which might be made relative to national History, Poetry, and Antiquity ; as well as all scarce and valuable Manuscripts, of which the Society should become possessed, with notes, critical and explanatory.

“ This Institution, which, during a protracted course of foreign warfare, had sunk into inaction, has been recently restored, and has received additional distinction from the Patronage of our Most Gracious Sovereign.

“ The existing Institution, although it presents itself under a fresh appearance, is devoted to objects similar to those which animated the former one. To preserve and illustrate the remains of Ancient British Literature, and to promote its future cultivation by every means in their power, are the ends designed by the present Cymmrodorion : and, in an age like this, peculiarly prolific in, and auspicious to, literary improvement, it cannot for a moment be doubted, that a continuance of zeal and proper support will lead to ultimate success.”

From this brief and general view of the principles and objects of the CYMMRODORION we pass to the abstract of their pro-

* “ This word is the plural number of Cymmrodawr, and signifies ‘ Associates.’ ”

ceedings, among which the only parts of any interest, that have not already been inserted in this work, are the following.

At a General Meeting, held on the 2d of June, 1821, it was, amongst other things, resolved,

“That the under-mentioned Ladies be elected Honorary Members of this Institution, as a compliment to their talents, and as a mark of the Society’s gratitude for their zeal in the cause of Welsh Literature.

Miss Angharad Llwyd, *Caerwys.*

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, *Bronwylva, near St. Asaph.*

Miss Fanny Luxmore, *Palace, St. Asaph.*

Miss Hester Cotton, *Combermere Abbey.*

Miss Elizabeth Jones, *Crosswood, near Welshpool.*

Miss Mair Richards, *Darowen, near Machynlleth.*

“And further, That a Subscription be raised, as a General Fund, in aid of the profits arising from the several Eisteddfodau, in Wales, and of the annual Subscriptions of the Members of the Societies instituted in the Principality and the Metropolis, for printing unpublished *Remains of Ancient British Literature*. The money so collected to be vested in the public Funds, in the name of a Trustee to be appointed by the Right Hon. Lord Dynevor, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. Right Hon. Lord Bulkeley, and Sir Charles Morgan, Bart.

“And for this purpose the following Members were requested to wait on the Noblemen and Gentlemen connected with the Principality, to solicit their co-operation in the proposed measure:—

Mr. Thomas Jones, Treasurer, 90, *Long Acre.*

Mr. James Davies, Vice-Treasurer, *Lloyd’s Coffee-House.*

Mr. John Parry, 8, *Newman Street.*

Mr. Evan Williams, 11, *Strand.*”

At a Meeting of the Council, on the 4th of August, 1821, it was resolved,

“That the necessary notice be given, that Rooms have been taken for the use of the Society, and will be open every day, from Twelve till Four o’Clock, for the admission of Members of the Institution, to enable them to have access to the Library; and that the Meetings of the Society will be held there in future.

“It was also resolved,

“That an Essay on *Caer Troiau*, which was presented by Mr. Owen Pughe, and read, be printed at a proper opportunity.

“And, That the following Gentlemen be chosen Honorary Members of the Institution:—

Rev. Thomas Beynon, *Archdeacon of Cardigan.*

Rev. George Strong, *St. Asaph.*

Rev. Edward Davies, *Bishopston, Glamorgan.*

Richard Llwyd, Esq. *Chester.*

Mr. Edward Williams, *Flimston, Glamorgan."*

Among the contents of this Report are an "Essay on the Antiquity of the Welsh Tongue," by Mr. J. H. Parry, which was intended to be read at the Anniversary of the Society, the Prize Ode, by Mr. Thomas Jones, (*Bardd Cloff*), and a beautiful copy of verses, entitled "The Wakening of Cambria," by Mrs. Hemans, of Bronwhylva, a lady before well-known and deservedly admired in the land of the Muses. There is also, at page 40, an interesting and well-written letter from Mr. Hughes, author of "*Horæ Britannicæ*," on the peculiar objects of the Institution, and which, we regret, we have not now room to transfer to these pages. We hope, however, to make use of it hereafter, as well as of the other compositions, to which we have just alluded. In the mean time the brief sketch, we have here given of this "Report," will, we trust, be deemed satisfactory.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THIS Institution has lately offered the following Premiums, for the year ensuing, on subjects connected with the promotion of Celtic Literature. The Compositions are to be delivered before the first of next March; and from the nature of the subjects as well as the liberality of the premiums, much interesting research may be anticipated. We are not aware, however, that the study of Gaelic literature and antiquities is quite as much attended to at this moment as it was some time back, when the publication of Ossian's poems gave it a new and extraordinary impulse.

1. The Sum of 20 Guineas, and the Medal of the Society, to the Author of the most approved Essay on the Etymology of the Gaelic Language, its connexion with other Languages, where it originally existed, and whence derived.

2. The Sum of 20 Guineas, and the Medal of the Society, to the Author of the most approved Essay on the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic Scots, the extent of the Country, its Laws, Population, Poetry, and Learning.

3. The Sum of 20 Guineas, and the Medal of the Society, to the Author of the most approved Essay on the peculiar Character of the Ancient Gael, with their Institutions, Civil and Warlike Habits.

4. The Sum of 20 Guineas, and the Medal of the Society, to the Author of the most approved Essay on the Remains of such Buildings and Monuments as may evince the degree of Civilization which the Ancient Gaelic Scots had attained.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF ABERDEEN.

THIS Society, which appears to be a branch of the more general one of the same name, has just published an advertisement, offering a premium of £10. towards promoting the cultivation of the Gaelic Tongue, to be given to the successful candidate in a public competition to be held in the University of Aberdeen on the 1st of next March. The exercises to consist of translations from English to Gaelic, and from Gaelic to English respectively; and the competition to be confined to Students of the Aberdeen University. The following remarks on the Gaelic Language, with which this advertisement is prefaced, appear to us worthy of being inserted here, although we are not, at this moment, prepared to admit the full justice of the writer's conclusions. However, we are far from condemning an enthusiasm, which, in a cause of this nature, is so well calculated to produce the most beneficial results.

"SINCE the emigration of the Scoto-Gael from the South, and their settlement among the mountains of Caledonia, they have hitherto retained the language of their progenitors, with little variation from its primitive form. Their peculiar manners and insulated situation, rendered it, for many ages, inaccessible to the literary world, and, among the prejudiced, induced a belief that it was too barbarous and defective, to merit the attention usually bestowed on the acquisition of a foreign language. The operation of causes, now fortunately consigned to oblivion, conspired with the above circumstances to depress it in the public estimation, till men of distinguished abilities, in defiance of political opposition and philosophical scepticism, fairly vindicated its privileges by publishing various translations of Scripture, the immortal works of Ossian, and other compositions of merit in prose and poetry, and demonstrated the validity of its claims with a force of argument that has put scepticism to eternal silence.

“ Instead of being the uncouth jargon, stigmatized by Johnson and his adherents, it is now ascertained, that no system of intelligible sounds, devised by human ingenuity, can more aptly express the endlessly diversified conceptions of the understanding. Whether we regard the copiousness of its vocables, the multiplicity of its idioms, the power and aptness of its phraseological combinations, its close affinity to the Eastern Languages, or the abundance of materials it has supplied to the Western, the diligent study of the Gaelic obviously recommends itself, as capable of affording exquisite gratification to every lover of ancient and classical learning.

“ To the young Theologian, whose destiny may one day call him to settle among his native hills, a critical knowledge of the Scots Gaelic will prove an acquirement of indispensable importance. The field of exercise and research, which this extensive department opens to the mind, cannot be traversed without pain and toil: but the exertion, if conducted with the necessary perseverance, will be repaid with ample interest; for the public speaker, who has mastered the language in which he intends to address the people of God, will communicate divine instruction with distinctness, energy, and efficiency.”

Literary Announcements.

OUR readers, at least those who admire our national tongue in its classical purity, will rejoice to hear, that the distinguished author of *Coll Gwynva* has now in the press a translation of Mr. Heber's beautiful poem of “ Palestine ” and also of Gray's “ Bard,” with some minor pieces; which will altogether form a small volume of considerable interest and value. We shall give the earliest notice of its publication; and we doubt not, that our countrymen will be impatient for the enjoyment of this new treat.

THE Second Volume of “ Welsh Melodies,” by Mr. PARRY, will soon make its appearance, and the lovers of music and poetry may anticipate from it considerable gratification. It will embrace a great variety of our most interesting national airs, accompanied by new words, and most of them written by that favourite of the Muses, Mrs. Hemans, who has also composed fresh words for Mr. Parry's First Volume, of which therefore a new edition, under these favourable auspices, will, most probably, be published at no distant period.

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

DECEMBER, 1821.

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Preliminary Notices.

J. O. C's letter has been received; but it arrived, unluckily, too late for the present number: it shall appear in our next. In the mean time we wish to observe, that the writer will find in this number a few remarks corresponding with some of his, but which were in print before the arrival of his communication. We had besides hinted at the fault, to which the remarks refer, on a former occasion.

We feel gratified by the renewal of P. B. W's correspondence, and hope to make use of his obliging communication next month. With respect to the articles, of which he speaks in his postscript, we are much concerned to hear, they should have been, as he says, the cause of any offence; but we must say, that, upon recurring to them, we cannot discover how they could justly have been so. If the writer has erred at all in his personal allusions, it has been, we think, by an excess of praise, and, at all events, we have reason to know, that, if he has offended some, he has gratified many. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*; and such is the fate of most writers. The "incidents recorded" by him may now and then, it is true, have the character P. B. W. ascribes to them; but they are not perhaps, on that account, less valuable as traits of national manners; and, were it otherwise, it must be our business to consult all tastes, and occasionally to pass

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

We must mix, as well as we can, the *utile dulci*, and not forget the *quot hominum, tot sententiarum*, so necessary to be kept in mind in the management of a miscellany like this; and, if we might be allowed to complete our patch-work of quotations, we would take this opportunity of applying to our editorial capacity a parody of a well-known sentiment, and say—*CAMBRO-BRITANNUS sum, nihil CAMBRO-BRITANNICUM à me alienum puto.*

Our readers, especially the admirers of our national airs, will be glad to hear, that we are enabled to promise them an early continuation (perhaps next month) of Mr. PARRY's interesting 'LETTERS ON WELSH MUSIC.'

We have received from our kind correspondent S. R. JACKSON another Parnassian present, of which we shall make a partial use in our next.

In one of our last 'Notices' we were made to observe, that "Welsh communications would be always acceptable;" this was too unqualified,—it should have been "Welsh communications of interest." The latter words were accidentally omitted by the printer.

We take this opportunity of reminding our readers, that contributions of merit, connected with the national languages and literature of Ireland, Scotland, or Brittany, will always find a ready insertion in the *CAMBRO-BRITON*. We are particularly anxious to give full energy to this part of our plan; but, to do it effectually, we shall stand in need of a spirited and patriotic co-operation.

The second contributions of J. O. C. and P. B. W. are just come to hand, and shall be attended to next month, if possible. The writers have our best thanks.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

We regret, that, owing to a cause, which does not admit of a public explanation, the last Number should have been disfigured by the following typographical errors.—P. 9, l. 3, "ARIANWAN" (ARIANWEN.) l. 17, "Dingab" (Dingad). l. 27, "Deyvndlug" (Deyrnllug). l. 28, "Dinos" (Dinas). l. 37, "Aelgyvare" (Aelgyvarch). p. 10, l. 35, "Gwendydd" (Gwenddydd). p. 14, l. 3, of the notes "Hywd" (Hywel). p. 35, l. 22, "clan" (clau). l. 24, "tulyngach" (teilyngach). l. 31, "hyglwyid". (hylywid). p. 46, l. 22, "agwddwawr" (agwrddwawr). l. 25, "rhuddwaedd" (rhuddwaed). p. 47, l. 33, "cochyion" (cochion). p. 50, l. 1, "darbwilli" (darbwylli). l. 25, "addien" (ddien). The corrected words, it will be observed, are between parentheses.

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

DECEMBER, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus*.

ANTIQUITY OF THE WELSH TONGUE*.

*Ad linguam quod attinet præcipua honoris et dignitatis palma, de quâ inter
se linguæ decertare solent, vetustus est.* DR. DAVIES.

AMONG the many subjects, which fall naturally within the scope and purpose of this Institution, there is none, perhaps, which offers stronger claims on its attention, than the peculiar and remarkable characteristics of our native tongue. In all countries we have ever found a desire to prevail amongst the learned to investigate, with partial anxiety, the distinguishing properties of their respective languages: even with reference to such, as are comparatively of modern origin, and have no extraordinary merit to recommend them, we have seen this natural propensity to exist. Can it then be a matter of surprise, that the learned of our own country, who, during the last two hundred and fifty years, have combined their powerful aid to examine and to illustrate the particular excellencies of the Welsh tongue, should have dwelt with a fond enthusiasm on those peculiarities, by which it is signalized among the languages now spoken in Europe? From the time of the celebrated Dr. J. D. Rhys, down to the present, no author, that has treated, either expressly or incidentally, of the language of Wales, has failed to speak, with becoming praise, of some or other of its singular qualities: and we owe it to their elaborate and ingenious researches, that we are now able to discriminate, with an accurate eye, the simplicity of its basis, the beautiful uniformity of its superstructure, and, above all, those

* This Essay is extracted from the "Report" of the Cymmrodorion, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, and was originally intended to be read at the first Annual Festival of the Society, May 22, 1821.—ED.

venerable marks of antiquity, by which it avowedly stands unrivalled among the languages of this western world.

It is on this last-mentioned characteristic that I propose, on the present occasion, to offer some observations; not that I hope, within the necessary limits of this Essay, to exhaust a subject, abounding, as this does, with food for the most interesting speculation: all, that I aim at, is to take a summary view of the most remarkable proofs, by which the high antiquity of the Welsh tongue is established.

Before I enter, however, on this inquiry, I feel it necessary to premise a few remarks, which the nature of the subject appears particularly to demand, with reference to an hypothesis that has hitherto gained considerable currency, and seems to have tended, in no small degree, to encumber the researches of philologists, and consequently to have had an injurious influence on their inquiries into the particular characteristics of the Welsh tongue.

The hypothesis, to which I allude, is the notion that language was originally communicated in a full and perfect state by the Deity to man; an opinion which has been supported by so many learned and pious writers, and with so bold a confidence, that one is almost led to believe the assertion to be sanctioned by divine revelation. It happens, however, unfortunately for their position, that the sacred volume not only gives no countenance to it, but seems even to favour an opposite conclusion in the only passage which can reasonably be adapted to the occasion. This occurs at the 19th and 20th verses of the 2d chapter of Genesis, which are as follow:—"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see *what* he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, *that* was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam, there was not found an help meet for him." This is the first occasion on which the sacred penman ascribes to the first man the use of his oral faculties; and, if we consider the words in their plain and obvious import, as in all such cases is, perhaps, the wisest and safest mode, there appear to be two circumstances particularly worthy of our attention.

The first of these is, that Adam was thus invited to give names to the creatures, that were brought to him, before the creation of Eve, and, consequently, before there could have been any intercourse of sentiment, any tacit connivance, as to the use of the organs of speech, in the adaptation of their sounds to surrounding objects. Man was alone in the world as far as concerned human society; and, therefore, whatever language he uttered must have been a language suggested by nature itself, without any adscititious influence from other causes: and a brief consideration of the next point that occurs will prove, I think, that this language was not the effect of an immediate revelation from heaven, but the result of a natural aptitude in the organs of speech to utter certain determinate articulations, according to the impulse of man's internal emotions. "God," says the sacred text, "brought these creatures to Adam, to see *what* he would call them." Now, if Adam had before been gifted with a systematic and accomplished language, as we may presume one of divine origin would have been, it is not probable that the sacred historian would have described the Deity as desirous of knowing *what names* Adam would bestow on the animals brought to him. On the contrary, the obvious sense of the passage seems to be, that God was anxious to know (to speak in human language), in what way the first man would employ his natural powers of articulation with respect to the objects assembled before him. "His Maker," as the author of the Celtic Researches has justly observed on this very point, "had implanted certain principles in him, which the occasion called forth into action, as his own feelings prompted, or as his judgment prescribed*." And, from the experience of numerous travellers amongst newly-discovered nations, upon the first sight of any strange objects, we are justified in inferring, that the names, given by the first man on the occasion under consideration, must have corresponded with the feelings excited in him by the shape, voice, and other characteristic qualities of the respective animals submitted to his view, as the several passions of fear, love, or astonishment may have operated on his inexperienced mind.

From the foregoing brief examination of this Scriptural pas-

* See CELT. RES. p. 375.—ED.

sage, I think it will be evident to those who are disposed to view the subject with candour and impartiality, that the sacred volume supplies no argument in favour of an original divine language, but that, on the other hand, it appears even to sanction the very reverse of the hypothesis: and, indeed, there can be nothing more reasonable than the conclusion, that language was, in its infancy, composed of the most simple elements, which, although in themselves incapable of expressing the various ideas that subsequently thronged into the human mind, formed the simple, yet solid, basis upon which the grand superstructure of human speech, in all its splendid and majestic varieties, was progressively reared. It was the combination of these primitive elements, the natural articulations of the human organs, that served to describe the encreasing wants of mankind, as the advancement of experience created fresh avenues for the admission of ideas; for, it would be absurd, in the last degree, to imagine that a finished scheme of speech was either bestowed upon man, or invented by him, before there existed a necessity for its use; or (to put the case still more forcibly) that words, which are the representatives of things, existed before the things represented; or that, in the grand march of the human intellect, the shadow preceded the substance.

The hypothesis, therefore, of an original divine language, complete in all its parts, is not to be defended by any arguments drawn from Scripture or reason: and, although it has found many learned advocates, its fallacy has been sufficiently exposed by other eminent writers, who have also traced human speech to its genuine source—those natural elementary sounds, with their simplest combinations, which the voice of man was at first capable of expressing. On this point M. De Gebelin, a celebrated French writer, in his *Monde Primitif*, a work abounding with the most luminous views of the origin and progress of language, has the following apposite illustrations:—"Man," says he, "finds in nature the elements of every thing in which he is engaged: music is founded upon its octave, which has never been dependent on the mere ear; painting upon certain primitive colours, which art cannot create; geometry upon the unchangeable relations and proportions of bodies; and the art of medicine upon certain physical properties*." And Dr. Priest-

* MONDE PRIMITIF, tom. iii. p. 72. Ed.

ley, in his Lectures on the Theory of Language, although he does not seem to have viewed the subject in its most comprehensive bearings, has, notwithstanding, the following judicious remarks: "The imperfection of all languages," he observes, "the Hebrew by no means expected, seems to argue them not to have been the product of divine skill, but the result of such a concurrence of accident and gradual improvement, as all human arts, and what we call inventions, owe their birth to." Upon another occasion he also remarks, that "the primitive language, or that which was spoken by the first man, must have been very scanty and insufficient for the purposes of their descendants in their growing acquaintance with the world:" an observation, from which we may infer, that the learned writer considered the progress of language to be in proportion with the augmentation of human necessities.

Among the writers, who have discussed this subject with reference to the Welsh tongue, Mr. Owen Pughe, in his Dictionary, and on several other occasions, and Mr. Davies, in his Celtic Researches, deserve particularly to be mentioned, for the successful manner in which they have investigated our native tongue, with reference to this main proof of its antiquity: for, if, as may be satisfactorily shewn, a great proportion of primitive elementary sounds exist in Welsh as representative of the most natural and familiar ideas, it will, perhaps, be conceded, upon the general principles already adverted to, that the language, as possessing such a feature, must retain in itself some remnant of that tongue which was once common to the world, and, by a necessary consequence, that its origin must be referred to an early period of human society.

It would, as may readily be imagined, swell this essay to an inconvenient bulk, if I were to enter into a minute examination of this prominent feature of the Welsh tongue; and, after what has already been done by others in this respect, I feel the less reluctance in circumscribing my own humble labours within the limits to which I am now confined. Some few examples, however, I feel it necessary to adduce, even at the risk of submitting what may not be entirely new, in elucidation of a quality which carries with it so strong an evidence of antiquity.

There are few simple sounds, among the many which the human voice is capable of uttering, that are not in the Welsh,

as already observed, indicative of some ideas, general or particular. Thus, the syllable *aw* implies a principle of fluidity, and *was*, accordingly, of old used as a term for *water*. By the same rule it enters into the construction of several words that are physically or morally descriptive of this quality. Such are *awdl*, a flowing of the imagination, or an ode; *awel*, a gale or a current of air; *awen*, poetical genius; *awon*, a flowing of waters; *awyr*, the air; *alaw*, instrumental music; *anaw*, vocal music; *cawad*, a shower; and *iawd*, a season. Upon the same principle the simple element *cw* denotes rotundity or concavity, and, accordingly, forms part of several words to which this idea belongs: as *cwb*, a concavity, a hut, or cot; *cwch*, any round vessel, a boat; *cwm*, a hollow, a dingle; *cwr*, a limit or border; and *cwt*, a roundness, a hovel, or cot. The primitive syllable *ta*, again, denotes the faculty of extension or expansion: and from this we have *táb*, a surface; *taen*, a spread or layer, as *taen toniar*, the spread of the wave; *tail*, the surface of the soil, manure; *tal*, a front, the forehead; and *tân*, fire, than which there is nothing more strongly indicative of an expanding power. In the same way, there is hardly a simple sound within the compass of the human voice, that may not be traced in the Welsh tongue through its various analogies, thus preserving, in its particular application, a reference to the same general idea, in a manner that must be allowed to mark the primitive origin of the system*.

Another feature of the Welsh language, which serves as a testimony to its ancient descent, is its scheme of initial mutations. The natural tendency of certain sounds to harmonize with others, coming in contact with them, is a principle of which proofs may be found, more or less, to pervade all languages. Accordingly several philological writers have taken considerable pains to collect what may be regarded as the scattered relics of this primitive system, without being aware, that the system itself was, at the time, in full operation in the Welsh language. Vossius, in particular, in his *Etymologicon*, has brought together a multitude of such words as have undergone this metamorphosis; but his researches seem to have been

* See an Essay in the first volume of this work, p. 161, for a fuller illustration of this quality of the Welsh language, the examination of which occurs only incidentally here.—Ed.

confined to the Latin and Greek tongues. A more extended investigation would have presented to his view the most satisfactory testimonies to the ancient existence of the principle, in its practical influence on human speech. And there can be little doubt, from the wreck of it still to be traced, that it was originally of a far more comprehensive nature than we even now find it in Welsh, and its kindred dialects, the Breton and Irish, wherein it has a partial existence, as it also had in the Cornish.

The system in question, as preserved in the Welsh language, must not be considered, according to the hasty assertion of some writers, as having been adopted for the mere sake of euphony, how much soever it may, in this point of view, contribute to the beauty and harmony of the language. "It also regulates," as Mr. Owen Pughe has justly observed, "some of the primary forms of construction, as well with respect to syntax, as to the composition of words*;" and in this view the advantage, which it must have possessed over the system of terminal mutations in the Latin and Greek tongues, which was, no doubt, the result of long experience and progressive refinement, cannot but be sufficiently evident. The latter, whatever may be the beauty of its structure, is still complex and artificial; while the former is of the simplest character, having its source in the natural functions of the organs of speech. For, with reference to this particular, it deserves to be noticed, that the system of initial mutations is grounded in Welsh upon a nice and exact attention to the obvious affinity of certain articulations: a letter of one organ, for instance, never being substituted for one of another, as a dental for a labial sound, or a labial, on the other hand, for a dental. Every thing is regular, easy, and natural, and harmonizes, in the truest manner, with the various powers and modulations of the human voice. It is impossible, therefore, not to trace, in this peculiarity of our language, unquestionable evidence of its remote origin, and for which reason it has been very justly surmised by the learned author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, that the practice was, at one time, common to all languages, and that its disuse was a main cause of the variety of dialects, which,

* See Owen's Welsh Grammar, p. 13.—Ed.

by subsequent changes and corruptions, became, in time, distinct languages.

The instances, that might be adduced in support of the preceding remarks, are so numerous, and at the same, so well known, that I shall content myself with referring such, as may wish to satisfy themselves by a full investigation of the subject, to Vossius and other etymological writers, and more especially to our great Archæologist, Mr. Edward Llwyd, who has collected, at the commencement of his valuable work, numerous and convincing proofs, from various languages, of the ancient, and, I may say, universal prevalence of that system, which forms a constituent and prominent part of the Welsh tongue*.

Of all the languages of the world none has obtained more suffrages in favour of its antiquity than the Hebrew: the dignified simplicity of its structure, and more especially the sacredness of the purpose, to which it has been appropriated, have principally contributed to the pre-eminence, which it has thus acquired in public opinion. So far, indeed, have some of its more zealous advocates gone in this respect, and amongst whom is particularly to be mentioned the learned Mr. Parkhurst, as to entertain no doubt, that the language was the immediate gift of the Divinity to the first man. For the reasons, however, which I have already offered, it is hardly necessary for me to say, that I consider this opinion to be the result rather of an excess of pious enthusiasm than of any conclusions drawn from an unprejudiced view of the subject: but, as the position has been successfully combated, if not absolutely refuted, by several learned writers, it would be but a waste of time to dwell on it here. Yet, although it may be difficult, if not impossible, to believe, that the Hebrew tongue was either of divine origin, or that it was even the primitive speech of the world, sufficient remains to convince us, that in point of antiquity it has no competitor, at least none, which, with our limited historical *data*, we can reasonably oppose to it. On this account, when the ancient descent of other languages has been brought under discussion, their correspondence, in any respect, with the Hebrew has always been adduced as a grand argu-

* This peculiarity of the language has also been already separately discussed in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—See vol. i. p. 401.—ED.

ment in their favour. I propose, therefore, to make a few general observations on our native tongue in this point of view.

The most remarkable characteristic of the Hebrew is the simplicity and uniformity of its structure, than which nothing can be more regular, the whole language being formed on comparatively but a few primitive roots, which serve as the basis of this venerable pile. In like manner, the Welsh, although more copious in its radical sounds (which, as it is still a living tongue, cannot be deemed surprising), presents to the eye of a critical observer, a complete and consistent system of speech constructed solely of its own indigenous elements. The simple or primitive sounds, for instance, are employed, for the most part, to express general or abstract ideas, the primary compounds are devoted to *things* of a general or particular nature, while the more complex ideas are expressed by the various combinations which these several sounds afterwards undergo.

Another important feature of the Hebrew tongue is the idiomatic property of constructing its sentences without the aid of verbs, and with which the Welsh agrees so remarkably, that it has been even affirmed, from a consideration of this and some other particulars, that the same rules of syntax might serve for both languages. The following instances, selected almost at random from the Welsh Archaology, will exemplify what I mean:—

“ Nerth eryr yn ei ylvín :
 Nerth arth yn ei breichiau :
 Nerth tarw yn ei ddwyvron :
 Nerth gwraig yn ei thavawd.”

And again,

“ Nid doethineb ond awen,
 Nid awen ond arver,
 Nid arver ond cymhell,
 Nid cymhell ond cariad,
 Nid cariad ond dewis,
 Nid dewis ond pwyll,
 Nid pwyll ond ystyriaeth,
 Nid ystyriaeth ond daioni,
 Nid daioni ond o Dduw ;
 Am hyny nid doethineb ond o Dduw.”

But, perhaps, the following passage, with which the Godo-

din of Aneurin commences, will still more forcibly illustrate this singular quality :—

“ Gredyv gwr, oed gwas,
Gwhyr yn dias,
Meirch mwth myngyras,
Y dan morddwyd mygyr was,
Ysgwyd ysgavn lydan
Ar bedrein mein buan,
Cledyvawr glas glan,
Ethy aur a phan.”

The following is a translation of these lines, and by no means a free one :—

“ Lo! the youth, in mind a man,
Daring in the battle’s van?
See the splendid warrior’s speed,
On his fleet, and thick maned steed,
As his buckler, beaming wide,
Decks the courser’s slender side,
With his steel of spotless mould,
Ermined vest and spurs of gold,”

It will be seen, that in these passages, comprising more than twenty lines, there does not occur one verb; and yet there is no deficiency in the sense: but, indeed, the instances of this correspondence of Welsh and Hebrew are so common that it was hardly necessary to adduce even these few.

There are several other points of resemblance between these two ancient languages, upon which it would be easy to dilate at considerable length; but the fear of transgressing all due bounds obliges me merely to take a concise view of the remaining instances. These are, then, the sounds of the several letters; the rules of accentuation on the ultimate and penultimate syllables, which apply both to Hebrew and Welsh; the indeclinable nature of nouns, common to both languages; the superabundance of personal pronouns; the great variety of prefixes and affixes, and their coalescence with other words: the singular advantage possessed in the structure of reflective verbs by means of a prefix, as in the Welsh words *ymdachu*, *ymvalchio*, *ymlygru*, formed from *tachu*, *balchio*, and *llygru*; the indiscriminate use of the present and future tenses of verbs; and, in fine, the general and striking affinity in idiom and phraseology be-

tween these two ancient tongues. To these strong proofs of a common origin I may add the long list of words in Hebrew and Welsh, so nearly corresponding, that, with a due allowance for the difference of the two alphabets, their complete identity may be presumed. Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, Mr. Rowland, in his *Mona Antiqua*, Mr. Holloway, in his Hebrew Originals, and other writers, have collected above four hundred examples of these verbal affinities, and which, there is no doubt, a careful collation of the two languages might still farther extend. I cannot better conclude this portion of my imperfect inquiry, than by adopting an observation of the celebrated Dr. Davies, in the preface to his Grammar, and whose words I shall take the liberty of translating. "If then," he says, "a language is to be esteemed more noble, more perfect, more ancient, more suitable to the apt expression of our ideas, according to the greater affinity it bears with the Hebrew, the only language of mankind for more than 1700 years, and, in fine, the mother, fount, and prototype of all other tongues, then I am of opinion that there is none to excel, none to equal, the ancient British."

I have now brought to a close what may be considered the INTERNAL EVIDENCE of the antiquity of the Welsh language; and, however imperfect, as I cannot but feel, my investigation has been, it is yet, I trust, sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical, that we have some grounds for what we pretend to in this respect. It may not be improper, however, to take a short review of the EXTERNAL TESTIMONY, which may be collected on the point under consideration, and by which the other is so greatly fortified. But, as my previous remarks have carried me to a length which I did not anticipate, I shall find it necessary to use every possible brevity in what are to follow.

Among the external proofs of the antiquity of the Welsh tongue none is more obvious than the uncertainty and obscurity of its origin; for "languages," says Dr. Davies, in the work recently quoted, "have no stronger argument for their antiquity than that their source is unknown." Now, from the days of Cæsar, who has given us the first authentic record (if some of the Triads be not of an earlier date) of this island, down to the present, no one has yet penetrated the mysterious

shade which hangs over the fountain of our venerable language. The other tongues of Europe have been traced, according to the various caprices of writers, to their respective sources; and the origin of most, if not all, can with certainty be determined. But the speech of the Cymry forms an anomalous exception to this known fact: and even our most learned philologists have avowed their inability to solve the problem. The most they have attempted has been to consider it as one of the mother tongues of the East, or to have taken its rise immediately from the confusion of Babel.

The very name of the language, and that which the natives have always given it, is itself also a powerful evidence of its ancient origin. CYMRAEG can only mean, as Mr. Walters has very fully shewn in his "Dissertation on the Welsh Language," the language of the aboriginal inhabitants; and upon the same principle the Welsh have ever called themselves CYMRY, implying a first or primitive people: and, if this name is again to be identified with the Cimbri and Cimmerii of the Roman and Greek historians, the language must be referred to that nation, by whom, according to the best authorities, Europe was first colonized. But, even to take the name in its more confined import, as applying only to the Aborigines of Britain, we have the authority of Cæsar for stating, that their descent was even in his time unknown; and we find from Tacitus, that the intercourse of the Romans with Britain, for more than a century afterwards, had not rendered their information on this point at all more decisive: for the historian tells us, that it was not discovered who the first inhabitants were, or whether they were indigenous, or had emigrated from some other country. Before I quit this point I cannot refrain from observing, that the class of languages, to which the Welsh belongs, and of which it may safely be styled the chief, seems to have been erroneously called CELTIC by most authors that have written upon it. This observation applies particularly to the French authors, who seem to have been, for the most part, ignorant that such a people as the Cimbri ever existed. Some too of our own writers have fallen into the same error, unless they are to find their excuse in the popular misconception upon the subject. The name of CIMBRI, it has been already suggested, had reference to a primitive or parent nation, while the

term **CELTIC** was applied only to particular tribes of it, which, from local circumstances, acquired that appellation.

A third proof, that may be derived from exterior circumstances in favour of the antiquity of our native language, is the pure and unaltered state in which it has descended to us through so many ages. We have the most satisfactory testimony, as far as human testimony can be satisfactory, that the language, now spoken in Wales, is in no essential respect different from that in which Taliesin and Aneurin, and their contemporary bards, wrote in the sixth century, the highest period to which we can with any certainty go. Whatever change has taken place has been the effect rather of the arbitrary disguises of orthography than of any other cause: the language has been one, the same, and immutable. Now it is hardly necessary to observe, that of no other living European tongue can the same thing be said with any degree of justice. The English and French writers, even of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, have long become obsolete, excepting to those who make antiquated works their particular study; and even the English poet Spenser, who wrote little more than two centuries ago, is already unintelligible to the general reader. But who will assert, that the works of our earliest bards are not at this day perfectly understood by every one who understands the Welsh tongue in its genuine purity? The fact is indisputable; and this advantage must be chiefly ascribed to the influence of the Bardic Institution, which, according to the records we have of it, made the preservation of the language in its ancient purity one of its indispensable objects. The conclusion, then, that I would draw from all this is, that, if our language has continued uncorrupted and unchanged through more than twelve centuries; if too, during that long period, it has triumphed over not only the destructive accidents and fluctuations of time, but also all the hostility and intercourse of the Saxons and of the English; if, I say, it has not been affected for so many centuries by any of these powerful causes, we are fully justified in presuming, that it must, before that time, have resisted all assaults on its primitive character, notwithstanding that it had to contend for four hundred years with the arms and civilization of Rome. How justly then

may we apply to our venerable tongue the words of the poet, and say,

“NEC POTERIT FERRUM NEC EDAX ABOLERE VETUSTAS.”

The last circumstance I shall notice under this head is the remarkable fact, that the Welsh language, or one nearly allied to it, is spoken in other countries, with which Wales has no geographical connection. The first people, that present themselves in this point of view, are the Bretons of France. The latest period, at which any intercourse between the two countries took place, was in the fourth century, when Cynan Meiriadog, Prince of North Wales, is recorded in the Triads to have emigrated to Brittany with a considerable number of followers. The language, however, must have been spoken by the Bretons long before that time; and it was, no doubt, their identity in this particular with the Welsh that induced Cynan to settle amongst them. We may, therefore, infer, that the Bretons and Welsh are remnants of the same original stock, though the precise period of their separation is so remote as to be involved in complete obscurity. The similarity of the Irish language is also worthy of observation, as tending to strengthen this argument in favour of the antiquity of the Welsh. But the most singular circumstance of all, connected with this part of my inquiry, is the affinity with Welsh of a language spoken in Lusatia by a people called Wendi, presumed to be the remains of the ancient Venedi. The fact of the resemblance of the two languages has been satisfactorily ascertained, and justifies the conclusion, that the Wendi are descendants of that primitive nation, the Cimbri, by whom Europe was first peopled, and of whom the Cymry are the more immediate representatives*.

By the summary, but I fear inadequate, view, which I have thus taken of the antiquity of the Welsh tongue, I have endeavoured to shew, that it is to be vindicated, *in the first place*, by those inherent qualities of the language—its elementary cha-

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 97.—We hope hereafter to be able to be able to enter more at large on this interesting inquiry respecting the Wendi; and in the mean time we should feel truly grateful to any of our readers, that could afford us any satisfactory information on the subject.—ED.

racter, its system of literal mutations, and its correspondence in so many respects, both general and particular, with the Hebrew; and *secondly*, by that external testimony, which we derive from the obscurity of its origin, the very name of the language, its existence uncorrupted and unchanged through a period of twelve centuries pregnant with dangers, which nothing but its own innate energies could have surmounted, and by the language, or one nearly similar, being spoken by various nations in every other respect totally distinct from the Welsh.

The cultivation of this pure and venerable tongue, and of the various productions to which it has given birth, especially those of ancient times, necessarily forms the principal aim of this laudable Institution; and, if, in the least degree, these humble remarks may incite a desire to promote this end, my purpose will be sufficiently answered. And, with reference to the national objects to which I have alluded, whether we are to arrive at them by the immediate agency of the Institution itself, or by its encouragement of any exertions elsewhere, I would beg, in conclusion, to apply to the occasion the eloquent words of the Roman orator in his defence of the poet Archias, and say, "*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Quod, si ipsi hæc neque attingere, neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus etiam cum in aliis videremus.*"

J. H. PARRY.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[Continued from Page 11.]

C.

CADELL, the son of Urien. He is also called Cadial.

CADVAN, the son of Elias Ledewig, of Llydaw, otherwise called Eneas Ledwig, or Ledwyr. The mother of Cadvan was Gwen Teirbron, the daughter of Emyr Llydaw. Llangadvan, in the comot of Caereinion, in Powys, and the church of

* See Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 30—37.

Tywyn, in Meirion, are dedicated to him. He was buried in Enlli, or Bardsey, where he had presided over a COR, or college. He came over from Armorica, in the early part of the sixth century, accompanied by Cynon, Padarn, Tydecho, Trinio, Hewyn, Dochtwy, Mael, Sulien, Tanwg, Eithras, Llywen, Llyvab, Tecwyn, and Maelrys.

CADVARCH, the son of Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini. His mother was Tegau Eurvron. He had brothers called Maethlu and Tangwn; the former lies at Carneddor, and the latter at Llangoed, both in the isle of Mon. The church of Aber Erch, in Lley, is dedicated to Cadvarch, and he was buried there.

CADOG, the son of Brychan. He was buried in France.

CADWALADR, the son of Cadwallon ab Cadvan ab Iago ab Beli ab Rhun ab Maelgwn ab Caswallon Law Hir ab Einion Yrth ab Cunedda Wledig. He was the last king of the Britons; and, having been canonized a saint by Pope Sergius, A.D. 688, he was surnamed the Blessed. Llangadwaladr, in Mon, which was anciently called Eglwysael, is dedicated to him. In this church Cadvan, king of Britain, the grandfather of Cadwaladr, was buried, with the following inscription on his tomb, as given by Rowlands, in his *Mona Antiqua*:—

CATAMANUS REX SAPIENTISIMUS

OPINATISIMUS OMNIUM REGUM.

The stone is now a lintel over the south door of the church, and part of the inscription is hid in the wall. The church of Chirk, in Denbighshire, was dedicated to Cadwaladr, and anciently called after his name.

CADWG, the son of Gwynlliw, otherwise called Catwg. Llan Gadwg Vawr, in Caermarthenshire, and Llangadwg, in Gwent, are dedicated to him.

CAFO, the son of Caw of Prydyn. Llangafo, in Mon, is dedicated to him; and there is a well in the parish, called Fynnon Gafo, at which young cocks were offered to the saint, to prevent the crying of children—and were well-accepted by the priest.

CAIAN, the son of Brychan. The church of Trevgaian, in Mon, is dedicated to him; and also Llangaian, in Lley, where he was buried.

CAMMAB, the son of Gwynlliw, and the brother of Catwg.

- **CARANOG**, the son of Corun. The church of Llangaranog, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him. He was the brother of Tyrnog.

CATOG, the son of Geraint ab Erbin, and the brother of Cyngar.

- **CATRIN**, St. Catherine. There is a church in Tir Dewi called Eglwys Saint y Catrin; and Llaniestyn, in Monmouthshire, is dedicated to this saint.

CATWG, the son of Gwynlliw ab Glywis ab Tegid ab Cadell; and his mother was Peroferen, the daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog. The following churches are dedicated to him:—Llangatwg Dyfryn Wysg, Llangatwg Meibion Ionaval, and Llangatwg Clèinig, in Monmouthshire; Llangatwg Glyn Nedd, Glamorganshire; and Llangatwg, in the county of Brecon. See Cadwg.

- **CATHAN**, the son of Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras. Llangathan, Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him.

- **CAW CAWLLWG**, the son of Geraint ab Erbin. He was the father of Ceidio, Ane, and Aiddan Voeddog.

- **CAW o Brydyn**, the lord of Cwm Cawlwyd. He had many sons, among whom was the celebrated Gildas.

CAWRDA, the son of Caradog Vreichvras. He was buried at Llangoed, in Mon.

CEDWYN, the son of Gwgon Gwron ab Peredur ab Eliver Gosgorddvawr. His mother was Madrun, the daughter of Gwrthevyr, or Vortimer, king of Britain. Llangedwyn, in the county of Denbigh, is named after him.

CEIDIO, the son of Caw Cawllwg. The churches of Rhodwydd Ceidio, in Mon, and Llangeidio, in Arvon, are dedicated to him. He was brother to Ane, and Aeddán Voeddog.

CEIDIO, the son of Ynyr Gwent, and brother to Cynheidion.

CEINDRYCH, the daughter of Brychan. She was buried in Caer Godolor.

CEINWEN, the daughter of Brychan. She gave name to Llangeinwen, in Mon.

- **CEINYDR**, a saint in Maelienydd, Radnorshire. His mother was Rhiengar.

CELER, or Celert. Bedd Celert, in Arvon, and Llangeler, in Caermarthenshire, are called after him.

CELYNIN, the son of Heli ab Glànog, the brother of Aelgyv-arch, Boda, Brothen, and Rhychwyn. The churches of Cel-ynin, in Meirion, and Celynin, in Arvon, are named after him.

CENEDLON, the daughter of Brychan. She was buried with her sister Clydai on Mynydd Cymhorth, in Emlyn, Pembrokeshire.

CENEU. Llangeneu, in the county of Brecon, is named after this saint.

CLEDOG, the son of Brychan. He was buried in Caer Llydor, or Cledog, on the river Mynwy, in Euas, and which, probably, was the present Longtown. In the Book of Llandav he is called Clitaucus.

CLEDWYN, the son of Brychan. He overcame Deheubarth.

CLER, or St. Clare, a Norman, to whom St. Clare, in Caermarthenshire, is dedicated.

CLYDAI, the daughter of Brychan. Eglwys Clydai, in Emlyn, Pembrokeshire, is dedicated to her; and she lies buried, with her sister Cenedlon, on Mynydd Cymhorth.

COLLEN, the son of Gwynog ab Clydog ab Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras, by Ethni the Gwyddelian, his mother. But in some copies he is called the son of Petrwn ab Coledog ab Gwyn ab Cadelloog ab Cawrda. He is the patron saint of Llangollen, in Denbighshire. There is a legend of his life.

CRISTIOLUS, the son of Hywel Vychan ab Hywel ab Emyr Llydaw. Another copy makes him the son of Owain ab Ynyr o Brydain Vach; but the first appears to be right. See Rhystud. There is a church called after his name at Lledwigan, in Mon.

CURIG. There is a church bearing his name in Arwystli, Montgomeryshire; there is one called Eglwys Ilid a Churig, and another called Eglwys Porth Curig, in Glamorganshire; and there is Capel Curig ac ei vam Iulita, or the Chapel of Curig and his mother Iulita, in Arvon.

CWYVEN, the son of Brwyno Hen ab Corthi o Gwyn Dyv-nog yn Lleyn ab Medrod ab Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras. His mother was Camell of Bod Angharad in Coleion. Llangwyven, in Mon, Llangwyven, in the Vale of Clwyd, and Llangwyven, in Monmouthshire, are dedicated to him.

CWYVYN, the son of Arthalun, of Glyn Achlach, in Ireland.

CWYLLLOG, the daughter of Caw, the sister of Gildas, and the wife of Medrod. Llangwyllog, in Mon, is dedicated to her.

CYBI, the son of Selyv ab Erbin ab Cystennin Gorneu. His mother was Gwen, or Tonwen, the daughter of Cyngyr of Caer Gawch, in Mynyw. Cyngar ab Iestin was his uncle. He is sometimes called Bishop of Mon. Caergybi, or Holyhead, is dedicated to him; and also Llangybi, in Arvon, Llangybi, in Ceredigion, and Llangybi, in Monmouthshire.

CYVLEVYR, the son of Brychan, a sainted martyr, lies buried in Ceredigion.

CYNBRYD, the son of Brychan, lies interred in Llandulas, Denbighshire.

CYNDEYRN, generally called Cyndeyrn Garthwys, and by the English Kentigern, was the son of Owain ab Urien ab Cynvarch ab Meirchion Gul ab Grwst Ledlwm ab Ceneu ab Coel. His mother was Dwynwen, or Denai, the daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog, of Dinas Eiddyn, in the North. He lies at Llan Elwy, or Saint Asaph.

CYNDEYRN, the son of Arthog ab Ceredig ab Cunedda. Llangyndeyrn, in Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him. See Cyngar.

CYNVARCH.—In the church-window of Llanvair, in the Vale of Clwyd, there is the inscription of Sanctus Kynvarch. It was the same Cynvarch, most probably, who designed the inscription on the obelisk near Llangollen—

“Conmarch pinxit hoc chirographum Rege suo

“Poscente Concen, &c.”

CYNVARWY, the son of Awy ab Lleenog, lord of Cernyw. The church at Llech Cynvarwy, in Mon, is dedicated to him.

CYNVELYN, the son of Bleiddud ab Meirion ab Tibion ab Cunedda Wledig. Llangynvelyn, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him. See Cynyddyn.

CYNVRAN, the son of Brychan. The church of Llysyaen, in Rhos, near Conwy, is dedicated to this saint.—“Rhad Duw a Chynvran lwyd ar y da”—The grace of God and the blessed Cynvran be on the cattle—are words made use of in making an offering on behalf of cattle, at the well of Cynvran, in Llysyaen. Ed. Lhwyt's Itinerary.

CYNVYW, the son of Gwynlliw, the brother of Catwg and Cyniw.

CYNHAVAL, the son of Elgud ab Cadvarch o Leyn ab Caradog Vreichvras. His mother was Tubrawst, or Tuthlwyniad. Llangynhaval, in Denbighshire, is dedicated to him.

CYNHAIARN, the son of Caranmael ab Cyndrwyn of Llysdyn Wennan, in the comot of Caereinion, in Powys. The name of his father is variously given, Cynwel, Carvael, and Hugarvael; but Llywarch Hen celebrates him under the name of Caranmael. The church of Ynys Cynhaiarn, in Eivionydd, is dedicated to him. He had brothers called Llwehhaiarn, and Aelhaiarn.

CYNHEIDION, the son of Ynyr Gwent, and his mother was Madrun the daughter of Gwrthevyr, or Vortimer, king of Britain. He was brother to Ceidio and Tegiwg. Llangynheidion, in Cydweli, Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him.

CYNIN, the son of Brychan. Llangynin, in Caermarthenshire is dedicated to him; and there is a church in Dyved, probably founded by him, called Llan Cynin ac ei Weision, or the Church of Cynin and his Youths, otherwise called Cynin ac ei Veibion, or Cynin and his Sons.

CYNIW, the son of Gwynlliw. See Catwg. Llangyniw, in the comot of Caereinion, in Powys, is dedicated to him.

CYNLLO, the son of Mar ab Ceneu ab Coel. He is the patron saint of Llangynllo, near Cilcènin, in Ceredigion, and Llangynllo, at Rhaiadr Gwy, in Radnorshire.

CYNOG, the son of Brychan, a saint and martyr, whose grave is at Merthyr Cynog, in the county of Brecon. His mother was Banadlwedd, the daughter of Banadle, of Banadla, in Powys; and it is supposed that she was a concubine of Brychan. Cynog is the patron saint of Llangynog, in Mechain Mochnant, Powys, and of Llangynog, in Derllysg, Caermarthenshire.

CYNON.—He came from Llydaw with Cadvan into this island.

CYNYDYN, the son of Bleiddud ab Meirion ab Tibion ab Cunedda Wledig, and the brother of Cynvelyn. The Canotin in the inscription on a stone in the church-yard of Llanwnnws, in Ceredigion, was probably the same person.

CYNYDYR.—Eglwys Mair a Chynydyr, or the Church of Mary and Cynydyr, is the name of a church in the county of Brecon.

CYNGAR, the son of Arthog ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig. His grave is at Llangevni, in Mon, of which place he is probably the patron saint; as Llangevni is a name given from its locality. Llangyngar, in Flintshire, is dedicated to him*.

CYNGAR, the son of Geraint ab Erbin ab Cystennin Corneu ab Cynvor ab Tudwal ab Eurmwr (Morvawr) ab Caden ab Cynan ab Eudav ab Caradog ab Bran ab Llyr Llediaith. See his brothers, Iestin, Selyv, and Caw Cawllwg, otherwise called Catw.

The following are names of churches, as to which it is not certain whether they are derived from their locality, or are so called after the names of their founders:—

CAIO. Cynwyl Gaio is the name of the district, as well as of the church, in Caermarthenshire.

CAMMARCH. Llangammarch, the name of a church in the county of Brecon.

CANTEN. Llanganten, in Brecknockshire.

CARVAN. Llangarvan, in Glamorganshire.

CARON. Trevgaron, in Ceredigion, or Cardiganshire.

CEDOL. Llangedol, in the parish of Pentir, near Bangor.

CEDYRN. Llangedyrn, in Lleyn, Caernarvonshire.

CENYCH. Llangenych, in the county of Caermarthen.

CIWA. Llangiwa, in the county of Monmouth.

CIWG. Llangiwg, in the county of Monmouth.

COLMON. Llangolmon, in Dyved, or Pembrokeshire.

CRALLO. Llangrallo, in Morganwg, or Glamorganshire.

CYVELACH. Llangyvelach, in Tir Gwyr, or Gower, Glamorganshire.

CYVYW. Llangyvyw, in the county of Monmouth.

CYNNWR. Llangynnwr, in the county of Caermarthen.

CYNWYD. Llangynwyd Vawr, in Glamorganshire.

CYNYDD. Llangynydd, in Tir Gwyr, or Gower-land.

[To be continued.]

* We are not aware, that there is any parish in the county of Flint of this name. If there should be, we should be obliged by the information.—ED.

DIDACTICS OF GERAINT *.

THE SONG OF THE BLUE BARD OF THE CHAIR.

THERE are ten oppressions of benevolent beings,
That destroy the world to the end :
Woe to the men where they are !

The violence of the mighty ones and their domination
Over the laborious commonalty :
Woe to such as feel them ! direful woe !

The inattention of bishops
In chastising evil men :
Woe to them in the day of doom in the presence of HUON † !

* Some "Aphorisms" of Geraint have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 329. accompanied by a brief biographical notice of the presumed author, who is generally supposed to be no other than the learned Aser, commonly called Aserius Menevensis, the friend and adviser of the illustrious Alfred. Geraint was known to his countrymen by the bardic appellation of *Bardd Glas*, or Blue Bard, to which he became entitled from being a presiding bard, or "bard proper, according to the right, privilege, and custom of the bards of the Isle of Britain," whose official dress was sky-blue, as that of the Druid was white, and that of the Ovate, green. From this circumstance Geraint is presumed to have derived his name of *Aser*, which appears to be a literal translation of the Welsh *Glas*. The following moral triplets, ascribed to him, are extracted from the Welsh Archaiology, vol. iii. p. 143, where they are said to have been copied from the Book of Joseph Jones, of Caer Dyv, or Cardiff, written about the year 1590. Some other similar remains, contained in the Archaiology, will occasionally be translated under the general head above adopted.

† The name of HUON, or the Pervader, applied to the Deity, appears to have been originally used for the sun, when it was an object of worship among most nations. Its correlative term, HUAN, the pervading essence, was anciently, and still continues, a poetical epithet for the same luminary, as in the following lines of Gwalchmai :—

"Mochddwyrëag huan hav dyfestin,
"Maws llavar adar, mygr hïar hin."

The early-rising sun of summer is hastening,
Melodious is the voice of birds, splendid the sound-diffusing weather.

In the second volume of this work, p. 69, the reader will find some interesting particulars respecting the term HUON, and its connection with other ancient mythological names.

**Greediness, from avarice and sheer usury,
For obtaining goods and wealth :
Woe to them in doom, unwise men !**

**Perjury without shame
Amongst a generation insincere :
Woe to them in doom before DOVYDD * !**

**Flaunting vanity in dress,
In contrast to the wise ones of former ages :
Woe to such as cherish it before the NER † of the heavens !**

**The timidity of a people cultivated,
Fearing to open the mouth :
Woe will be to them in the day of wary scrutiny !**

**Coldness amongst kindred
Extinguishing love in countries :
Woe to those from the sway of the tyrant !**

**Drunkenness and every indulgence,
So far that no one loses his countenance :
Woe to them because of their folly !**

**Notorious adulteries,
Without any one judging them criminal :
Woe to those beings without controul !**

**Dealing with law unjustly,
Without caring for what is right :
Woe to those who do it because of their full requital !**

**Woe then to them ! saith the Blue Bard,
Who have guarded their propriety :
Woe to those who shall be thus through disgrace !**

* The appellation of DOVYDD is often used for the Lord, and is expressive of his controuling power : it means literally the Tamer.

† The term NER is also appropriated to the Supreme Being, and means one that has self-energy ; it is the root of *nerth*, the common word for strength. We have, altogether, more than twenty ancient epithets for the Deity, a list of which was given in the preceding volume, p. 104, accompanied by a few illustrative notes. We propose, however, to enter, on some future occasion, into a more detailed examination of this interesting subject.

Woe to them ! those of the demoniac tribe,
 Who inhabit the cold sloughy quagmire :
 Woe to them on account of their punishment in hell !

Be mine a life devoid of self-perdition ;
 Be there not to men secret communion with vice ;
 And with this my endowment God will deliver me.

Be mine a life without corrupt tendency,
 Considering of my end ;
 Thus mine will be the protection of the NER of peace.

May aptly-reasoning meditation be mine,
 Separating myself from sin ;
 So God will protect me in the day of doom.

*Thus sang the Blue Bard of the Chair *.*

* Subjoined to this " Song " of Geraint, the Archæology contains the following note :—" The Blue Bard of the Chair was living in the time of " Alfred, king of England, and it is said by Edward David, of Margam, " that he went to that monarch in the capacity of *Bardd Teliaw*."—We cannot now determine the precise signification of the words *Bardd Teliaw*, here used ; but a bard, in former times, was synonymous with philosopher, or one versed in general knowledge, its exclusive application to the poetical character being only of modern origin. The verb *Teliaw* stands here as a participial noun, and means a perfecting, harmonizing, or beautifying. Hence the *Bardd Teliaw* may have been the organizing or systemizing bard, or, as we may denominate him in conformity with modern usage, a Master of Arts. If it were necessary to apply the term, *Teliaw*, to any particular branch of art or science, it would be most appropriate to that of *Music* ; but even, if Geraint went to Alfred as a master of this art, it must still have been as a man of general learning and science, that he was patronized by the illustrious monarch. *TEILAW*, the name of the patron-saint of Llandav, is a regular inflection of *Teliaw*, and in the Welsh Charter, in the *Liber Landavensis*, it is written *TELIAW*. We have also an ancient bard, who is called, indiscriminately, *Ystyfan Vardd*, and *Ystyfan Vardd Teilaw*, but whether as being bard to the saint, or as having that title independent of him, it is now scarcely possible to determine. —Edward David, upon whose authority the above note in the Archæology is given, was the secretary to whom was assigned the office of arranging the bardic memorials collected at a *Gorsedd*, or General Assembly of Bards, held, in the year 1620, under the auspices of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He died in 1690.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH NORTH WALES*.

His path is 'mid the Cambrian mountains wild ;
 The many fountains, that, well-wandering down
 Plinlimmon's huge rough side, their murmurs smooth
 Float round him : Idris, that, like warrior old,
 His battened and fantastic helmet rears,
 Scattering the elements' wrath, frowns o'er his way,
 A broad irregular duskiness. Aloof,
 Snowdon, the triple-headed giant, soars,
 Clouds rolling half-way down his rugged sides.

MILLMAN'S SAMOR.

A modern writer has needlessly divided the idle people, as he calls them, who wander abroad during the summer season into six classes, namely, Idle Travellers, Lying Travellers, Proud Travellers, Vain Travellers, Splenetic Travellers, and Inquisitive Travellers ; forgetting that in this classification he applies to himself one of these reproachful epithets, for he also was a traveller, and makes no reservation in his own favour. But he is, surely, too harsh and satirical. All travellers are not actuated by motives so worthless as those thus churlishly implied. There are many individuals whose minds, finely formed and improved by education, and endowed with a natural thirst after knowledge, lead them forth in search of that invigorating instruction which they cannot acquire at home, and which, while it affords them unceasing amusement, teaches them at the same time the full value of human power and capability.

Travelling, moreover, improves the mind wonderfully ;—it expands and strengthens the faculties infinitely more than all the dry and dusty learning of the schools, and implants in our hearts that genuine benevolence and virtue, which induces us feelingly to sympathise with, and relieve, the miseries of our fellow-creatures ; it imbues us with the perfect consciousness of our dependence upon others, and teaches us to value all those blessings which we enjoy, with a firm and grateful reliance on the decrees of Providence.

But I do not mean by this to arrogate to myself the virtues,

* This Excursion, to use the words of our Correspondent, " comprises a description of the most remarkable scenes in Carnarvonshire, and is interspersed with several characteristic historical sketches."—ED.

which I have thus enumerated—far from it. The motive, which induced me to wander forth amid the wild hills of the Principality, was one of the most common and natural to man, an earnest desire of seeing two or three old and valued friends in Carnarvonshire, whose pressing invitations I had for a long time resisted,—and of surveying, at the same time, some of the most interesting scenes in that romantic and secluded part of the kingdom. Finding, then, that my professional avocations would permit me to absent myself for a month or two from the metropolis, I left London, in company with my friend D—, about the middle of last April, having previously arranged to proceed *per coach* to Shrewsbury, from thence on foot to the little town of Corwen, in Merionethshire, to meet the Holyhead coach, which would convey us towards Carnarvon, where we purposed to quarter ourselves with my friend Mr. G—, in order that we might visit the many beautiful scenes and interesting objects in its vicinity. Having made this arrangement, we secured two places for Saturday the 14th of April, in the Union post-coach, which leaves the Bull-and-Mouth every afternoon at three precisely, and arrives at Shrewsbury between five and six the following evening.

We were fortunate enough to have fine weather for our journey—a little dull and cloudy at first—but beautifully calm and clear during the night, with a bright moon, and a cool invigorating breeze. To add to our comfort—for D. and I are really so gothic as to believe that comfort may be found, if one be disposed to find it, even in a stage-coach—our fellow-travellers, (a very genteel, and rather lively young lady, with a hearty, well-informed, old gentleman, her father) were very agreeable, very polite, and very good-humoured. Thus circumstanced, we went smoothly and merrily on our way, and did not once regret that we had ventured on a journey of 160 miles in a vehicle, which a facetious friend has emphatically denominated Mr. Willan's Patent Peril Coach*. Nay, to speak candidly, we prefer, in many respects, the animating bustle of the stage-coach to the hum-drum quietude of the post-

* In opposition, I presume, to the Patent Safety Coaches, not long since invented by Mr. Mathews, of Islington. I can only assign one reasonable motive for this appalling denomination, and that is, the rash and unwise manner in which most of the coaches on the great western road are loaded. This ought to be looked to and remedied.

chaise. For expedition, and that too with comparative comfort and convenience, there can be no comparison; and, when the company is agreeable, and the driver civil and attentive, the stage is decidedly our favourite.

The post-chaise, indeed, as Mr. Leigh Hunt has observed, is "home in motion*;" but the smooth running along the road—the fresh air—the variety of scene—the leafy grounds—the bursting prospects—the clatter through a town—the gaping gaze of the village—and the hearty appetite—which he has considered as peculiar to the chaise, are equally, if not more, applicable to the coach; a journey in which certainly "puts the animal spirits at work, and throws an inspiriting novelty over the weary road of life." Besides, to unshackled bachelors, like my friend and me, who delight above all things in the contemplation of men and manners, the stage-coach possesses an attraction by the very variety and combination of character which it brings together. But it has other advantages, neither few nor unimportant; for, (to borrow the words of the pleasing writer already quoted), "it is a very great and unpretending accommodation: it is also a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage, or a horse; and, I really think, in spite of its gossiping, that it is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little, yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing, generally, to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not acquire a habit of speaking—and even of thinking—more kindly of one another, than if they mingled less often, or under other and more formal circumstances.

In short, the company of a stage-coach always reminds me of what Dr. Paley† has termed "the equality of the human species." The commingling of rich and poor does undoubtedly promote humility and condescension in the higher orders of the community, and inspire the lower with a just and proper estimate of their rights. The distinctions of civil life are almost always too much, and too peremptorily, insisted upon, and fre-

* See his *Indicator*, the discontinuance of which is most seriously to be regretted by all the lovers of literature.

† Moral Philosophy, Book v. chap. 4.

quently urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the the natural level, by qualifying the disposition, which grows out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Having thus, I hope, successfully vindicated my partiality for stage-coaches, I will resume my narrative.

We reached Oxford about two A. M., and nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene, as the pale moon-beams rested on the venerable walls of the colleges in the High-street, shedding a mild and mellow light upon their antique turrets.

How beautiful on yonder time-worn towers
The mild moon gazes! Mark,
With what a lovely and majestic step
She treads along the heavens!
And, oh! how soft, how silently she pours
Her chastened radiance on the scene around;
And hill, and dale, and tower
Drink the pure flood of light.
Roll on, roll on, queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful.

I never visit Oxford,—that vast and ancient depository of human learning—that “sacred nursery of blooming youth,” as Wordsworth terms it,—without experiencing a kind of pleasureable awe altogether indescribable. There is so lofty an association—so pure and elevated a pleasure, in the recollection of the many mighty scholars and exalted characters, which it has from the earliest ages poured forth to instruct and enlighten the world, that a Briton must derive a proud and powerful gratification from the remembrance of all the worth and all the piety which Oxford has produced. As we drove down through the town in the still hour of midnight, the reposing tranquillity and deep silence, which invested the city, communicated a feeling of almost breathless awe, which was yet further augmented by occasional glimpses of the dark and frowning battlements of the colleges. But the grovelling mind of our accomplished charioteer experienced no delight in a scene so calm and beautiful. Unfurling the long lash of his whip, he smacked it loudly and triumphantly as he ascended Magdalen-bridge, and our vehicle rolled rapidly on towards Birmingham.

We arrived at Shrewsbury about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and were very forcibly struck with the extreme beauty of its approach from the great London road. As we drove over the English Bridge, the sun seemed resting his glowing disk upon a ridge of blue mountains, emerging, as it were, from the far-distant horizon; while his departing rays fell full upon the dark waters of the Severn like a column of living gold. Far as the eye could reach, towards the west, was seen the bold and undulating outline of the Welsh hills, wrapped in misty vapour, through which the setting sun gleamed ruddily, illuminating the spires of one or two of the old churches with a portion of his own bright glory. But we were soon in the midst of the antique buildings of the town, and shortly found ourselves in the yard of the Lion, a large respectable inn, with very good accommodations.

After a hasty dinner, which we seasoned with some capital sherry, D—— and I strolled out in the cool of the evening to view the town, and refresh ourselves after our journey. The church and chapel bells were chiming to evening prayers as we walked forth, and, having reached St. Alkmund's, we entered, and remained during the service. This church is remarkable for the great beauty of its spire, and for an exquisitely painted window, by the celebrated Egginton, of Handsworth, near Birmingham. The subject is Faith, with the motto—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." There was still sufficient light remaining to enable us to see distinctly this admirable specimen of Mr. Egginton's powers. A beautiful female figure, kneeling on a cross and extending her hands towards heaven, represents Faith, and the delicate expression of mingled adoration and meekness, depicted on her countenance, is indeed admirable. The drapery is in unison with the figure—neither glaringly coloured nor exaggeratedly designed. In short, there is a chastened purity about the whole, which I have never seen excelled, nor, indeed, equalled, if we except a specimen or two of the performance of Mr. Backler, of Newman-street.

There is a curious tradition relative to this church, by which we learn that, in the year 1552, no less a personage than his satanic majesty honoured it with a visit during the celebration of high mass! The town was wrapped in gloom, and the ele-

ments, as is customary on these occasions, were fearfully agitated at the unsolicited presenee of the Prince of Darkness.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamourous to the frightened fields.

He passed through the church, and ascended the spire, maliciously damaging the clock-machinery in his progress, and attempting to clutch one of the bells, which he would doubtless have carried off as a trophy of his expedition, had it not, according to the usage of the times, been happily consecrated, thereby resisting the effort made for its removal by one so unhallowed : it retained, however, a deep impression of the *ungues diaboli*. It is furthermore maintained, that on this memorable occasion the evil one appeared under the similitude of a Grey Friar ! But, whether he bestrode one of Mr. Southey's high-trotting horses *, a hippogriff, or a broom-stick, tradition saith not.

Shrewsbury has every appearance of an old town. There is a sober air of sombre antiquity about most of the houses, which contrast very agreeably with the more elegant modern buildings, and there is a charming simplicity about the lower orders of the inhabitants (for the gentry of Salopia have been celebrated for their pomposity from time immemorial), which accords well with their remoteness from the metropolis, and presents a gratifying spectacle to one, whose life has been passed amidst the turmoil and sophistication of the great city.

As we wished to enter Wales with the loss of as little time as possible, we returned to the inn after a short stroll long the Quarry, and arranged respecting our progress through the Principality. We had originally intended to walk from Shrewsbury to Oswestry, a distance of eighteen miles ; but we discovered, upon inquiry, that we should find nothing to repay us for the toil of our walk. We, therefore, ordered a post-chaise (there being no public conveyance on that road at a convenient hour) to be at the door at nine the next morning to convey us thither. We were advised to deviate a little from our proposed route, and visit Rhiwabon and Wrexham from Oswestry, instead of proceeding directly to Llangollen and Corwen ; a plan we readily adopted, as will be seen in the sequel.

* See the " Old Woman of Berkeley," a ballad, by R. Southey, Esq.

We reached Oswestry a little after one o'clock, and found, **at** the Cross Foxes, all that a traveller can reasonably expect **at** an inn, more especially when it is situated on the Welsh borders*. Nay, we were somewhat surprised to find accommodations so superior at a place so retired; and the civility of our host and his attendants was commensurate with the excellency of the fare we fed upon.

Oswestry was one of the chief border towns on the Welsh frontier, and probably witnessed more of the barbarous and sanguinary ferocity of the rough mountaineers in the times of old, than any other town in England. Being also one of the principal manors of the Marches of Wales, its inhabitants, during that gloomy period which intervened between the Conquest and the Union of the Principality, were in a state of continual peril from the wild and daring incursions of the Welsh borderers. And, even long subsequent to the Union, the Oswestrians and their contumacious neighbours, actuated by that terrible enmity, which burnt so long unquenched between them, took every opportunity of harassing and plundering one another. Nay, this system of mutual robbery and rapine became generally prevalent, in a greater or less degree, throughout the whole extent of the Marches; and it appears to have continued without any material interruption to a comparatively late period. Indeed, the merciless laws, enacted against the Welsh, after the conquest of their country, and the unendurable oppression, which the Lords Marches so freely exercised, were not calculated to allay the proud and impetuous animosity of the mountaineers. To expect mildness and courtesy from those, to whom no mildness or courtesy was shewn, were futile and ridiculous: the Indian might as justly look for tameness and submission from the roused and irritated lion. Thus circumstanced, both parties considered, as goods lawfully obtained, every thing which they could seize in each other's territory: they, therefore, took such precautions on both sides, as were most conducive to the preservation of their property. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by

* We need not apologize, we are sure, to our worthy Correspondent for observing, that we are not precisely aware, why an inn on the "Welsh borders" may not be expected to furnish accommodations equal to those of an inn in any other situation.—ED.

moats, and defended by palisadoes, and their cattle was driven every night into the fence thus constructed. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor, and, if any Welshman was luckless enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation, he was immediately hanged on the said gallows, and there suspended *in terrorem*, till another prisoner was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had, also, a horseman, ready equipped "with a sword and spear," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand, the Welsh trusted for their defence to the intricacies of their deep woods, and to the ruggedness of their mountain fastnesses; and they put in force the *lex talionis*, whenever opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

These contests and robberies were in full vogue so late as the 16th century; and in 1534 the stewards, constables, and lieutenants of Oswestry and Powis castles entered into a compact to endeavour to restrain, in their own districts, these licentious and unruly practices. It was accordingly agreed, that if, after a certain day then appointed, any person of one lordship committed felony in another, he should be arrested, and sent to the lordship, where the offence had been committed, to be duly punished; and that if any goods or cattle were stolen from one lordship, and conveyed into another, the tenants or inhabitants of that lordship should either pay for the same within fifteen days, or otherwise four of their principal men should remain in bail, or mainprize, till the property was paid for, or recovered. It does not appear, however, that the exertions of these officers effectually annihilated these "detestable malefacts," as they were called; for amongst the records of the Drapers' Company at Shrewsbury, there is the following minute:—"25 Elizabeth, anno 1583. Ordered, that no Draper set out for Oswestry on Mondays before six o'clock in the morning, on forfeiture of 6s. 8d.; and that they wear their weapons all the way, and go in company. Not to go over the Welsh-bridge* before the bell toll six." It is further

* This was an old bridge over the Severn at the west entrance to Shrewsbury. It was defended by a tower at each end for the prevention of any attack from the Welshmen. It has been long since demolished, and its place is supplied by a neat modern structure.

stated, that " William Jones, Esq. left to the said Company £1. 6s. 8d., to be paid annually to the Vicar of St. Alkmund's, for reading prayers on Monday mornings before the Drapers set out for Oswestry market *."

In this barbarous and turbulent state did the Welsh continue long before the reign of Henry VIII., although a statute was then enacted, which admitted them to an equal participation of the same privileges as the English themselves enjoyed. This statute, says Mr. Justice Blackstone, in the Introduction to his Commentaries, gave the utmost advancement to their civil prosperity by admitting them to a thorough communication of laws with the people of England. Thus (he continues) were this brave people gradually conquered into the enjoyment of true liberty, being insensibly put upon the same footing, and made fellow-citizens with the conquerors. But many years elapsed before the Welsh reaped the full advantage of this union. They were at first most obstinately averse to the adoption of the milder manners of their conquerors; but the abolition of the severe laws, enacted against them in former reigns, led them to think more favourably of the English, and finally, by associating more amicably with them, to adopt their manners, and imitate their customs. The page of the historian, and the traditions of the country, are now the only proofs of their vindictive enmity towards the English, and nearly all the traces of their fierce hostility are now wiped away from the face of the earth. The Welsh Bridge, with its strong and well-defended towers, is no more; the appalling gibbets are demolished; and all, that remains of Oswestry Castle, is the mound of earth on which it was erected, with a few scattered stones, which once composed its masonry.

The Welsh are now content, amidst the recesses of their secluded hills, with pastimes more gentle and endearing than those which their ancestors revelled in. They are yet, indeed, for the most part—I speak of the peasantry in the remoter districts of North Wales—a rude and unpolished people; but their contumacious turbulence is softened down and transformed into cordial hospitality, and kind but rugged courtesy. But they have not forgotten the martial deeds and valiant exploits

* Bingley's North Wales, vol. ii. p. 103.

of their forefathers—the narration of which, even now, serves to while away the winter's evening in the peasant's cottage.

Such themes inspire the border-shepherd's tale,
When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
As by red ember light the damsels spin:
Each chaunts by turns the song his soul approves,
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.*

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds
In cadence soft the dirge of love succeeds,
With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallowed ground,
While narrowing still the circle closes round,
Till, shrinking pale from nameless cause of fear,
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear

And are not these simple and innocent pastimes a thousand times more gratifying than all the rude and sanguinary heroism of a savage border-chieftain and his clan?

Like all border towns of any magnitude, Oswestry was defended by a castle; it was also fortified by four gates*, and a wall. Three of these gates are yet standing, the fourth, with the wall, is destroyed. According to the Welsh historians, the castle was founded in 1148, by Meredydd ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powis; but the English attribute its erection to Alan, a noble Norman, who came over in the train of the Conquerors. It was a fortress of great strength and extent, and had its *ballium*, or yard—comprehending that part of the town now called the Bailey-head—its *barbican*, or outer-gate, where the poor and maimed were usually relieved, and its chapel, placed at a short distance from the main entrance, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. A curious fact, connected with the history of this castle, illustrates the rude barbarism of the times in rather a

* These are called the Black-gate, (now destroyed) the New-gate, the Willow-gate, and the Beatrice-gate. The last is a handsome building, with a guard-room on both sides, and over it are the arms of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, with a lion-rampant for the crest. It was probably built by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, in the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., who named it in honour of his wife Beatrice, a natural daughter of the king of Portugal. Over the New-gate is the figure of a horse in full speed, with an oaken bough in his mouth. There is a tradition, that this equestrian effigy alludes to the famous breed of horses, for which Powisland was so renowned, and which was derived from some fine Spanish stallions, introduced into this part of the country by Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury.—PENNANT, i. 338, 8vo. Edition.

forcible manner. In the year 1214, a complaint was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Llywelyn ab Gruffydd ab Madog against the constable of Oswestry castle, *for compelling him to put to death two young noblemen*, in derogation of their high birth and extraction; which disgrace, observes the Welshman, their parents would not have undergone for *three hundred pounds sterling!* He complains also, that the said constable, a despotic worthy in his way, had twice imprisoned sixty of his men, extorting from each ten shillings for his liberty.

It will naturally be supposed, that, situated as Oswestry was, it was exposed to numerous disasters. In 1216, king John ordered it to be plundered and destroyed, because its inhabitants had refused to interfere in his dispute with the barons. It experienced a similar fate in the reign of Henry III. during an incursion of the Welsh. In the beginning of the 15th century it was again burnt and plundered by some of Owain Glyndwr's followers; and since that period it has suffered dreadfully from three extensive conflagrations. In 1542, two long streets were consumed; two years afterwards there was a fire even more destructive than this, and in 1567, two hundred houses were burnt to the ground in only two hours, namely, between two and four in the morning. Considering the tumultuous state of that part of the country, it is but fair to infer, that these latter calamities were the premeditated work of some of the Welsh freebooters.

There are few places more interesting in a retrospective point of view, than the town of Oswestry. The associations connected with it are, indeed, deeply imbued with blood and slaughter; but its history would afford a faithful portrait—horrid and sanguinary though it be—of the state of Wales before its union with England. Even its very name arose from the ashes of a slaughtered prince. In the year 642 a battle was fought near the town (then called Maeserfield) by Oswald, the brave and generous king of Northumberland, and Penda, the ferocious monarch of Mercia. Oswald was defeated, and fell in the field of battle, and Penda, with blood-thirsty barbarity, fixed his mangled limbs on stakes*, as so many trophies of his victory:—

* In Number 1981 of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is the following note:—"There was an old oake lately standing in Maesburie,

Cujus et abscissum caput abscissosque lacertos,
 Et tribus affixos palis pendere cruentos
Penda jubet: per quod reliquis exempta relinquat
 Terroris manifesta sui, Regemque beatum
 Esse probet miserum; sed causam fallit utramque,
 Ultor enim fratris minimè timet Oswinsillum,
 Immo timere facit, nec rex miser, immo beatus
 Est, qui fonte boni fruitur semel et sine fine.

Thus the place was called *Oswaldstre*, or Oswald's Town*, and subsequently Oswestry. ④.

[*To be continued.*]

ANTHOLOGIANA.—No. I.

UNDER this title we design occasionally to introduce a selection of poetical phrases out of the works of our early bards; for the purpose of presenting to the reader, not so much passages of general poetical merit, as those detached and isolated beauties of expression, which are found, more or less, to characterize the poetry of all countries; and that of Wales possesses many peculiarities in this point of view. If, indeed, it does not glow with all the richness of oriental imagery, it still

within the parish of Oswestrie, whereon one of king Oswald's armies hung, say the neighbours by tradition."

* *Tre*, or *trev*, in Welsh, signifies a *town*. [Our Correspondent appears to be under a slight mistake in considering the terminal syllable of *Oswaldstre* to be a corruption of the Welsh *trev*: the fact is, that the place is traditionally presumed to derive its name from the event alluded to in the preceding note, and was therefore called *Oswald's Tree*, of which the Welsh name, *Croes Oswallt*, is a literal version, with reference to the purpose for which the tree in question is said to have been used. But it is here proper to mention, that the Welsh accounts are at variance with this tradition; for, according to them, Oswestry owed its original name to Oswael, one of the sons of Cunedda Wledig, a Cumbrian prince of the fourth century, to whom, upon the flight of his family from the North, a considerable territory was allotted in this neighbourhood. And, with respect to the death of Oswald, above mentioned, it is recorded by Bede and other writers, to have taken place at Maserfeld, in Northumberland, and not near Oswestry, according to our correspondent's statement, which, however, is supported by other authorities. How to reconcile these conflicting accounts we know not, and can only, with all due humility, observe with the poet—*non nostrum tantas componere lites*.—ED.]

possesses many charms of phraseology, that are emphatically its own. Occasional energy of feeling, conveyed in a peculiar conciseness and depth of expression, is its most prominent feature, and is, no doubt, the cause that it carries to persons, unacquainted with the language, an air of considerable obscurity. We may hope, however, that even these will not find their attention fatigued by the extracts, which may, from time to time, compose our ANTHOLOGIANA, which, as the term implies, will embrace rather some of the scattered flowers of the AWEN than the charms of its luxuriant foliage in all their fulness and variety*.

From the same desire of ingratiating ourselves, as much as possible, with the English reader, we have refrained from prefixing to this article a Welsh title, to which the language presents so many temptations. In fact, there is no characteristic of the Welsh tongue more remarkable than its aptitude for diversifying its expressions to an almost endless variety, a quality, which has already been partially noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON †, and of which we propose hereafter to take a more comprehensive view. Among the many beautiful terms, that might have been adopted on this occasion, as synonymous with *Anthologiana*, are *Ceinion Awen*, Jewels of the Muse, *Teleidion Barddas*, or *Tlysau Barddoni*, Beauties of Bardism, to say nothing of the numerous combinations, that might be formed of such words as *blodionos*, *eirianion*, *eirion*, *mirceinion*, *mygrion*, or *thysi*,—all of them not merely particularly expressive, but, in the highest manner, poetical. We have been induced to notice this circumstance, as it happens to be intimately associated with our subject, since it is to the taste and genius of our bards, and especially the more ancient, that this delicate and fertile variety of diction is, in an eminent degree, to be ascribed.

In the prosecution of this subject, the translations will, in all cases, be as literal as possible, leaving the reader to imagine corresponding elegancies of expression in the English; for,

* The reader must not imagine, that there is any thing in this observation at variance with the general character of Welsh poetry, given in our last Number, p. 43, *et seq.* What we have now remarked has still reference more to the diction, than to the thoughts, of the Welsh muse.

† See particularly an Essay on the Ornamental Properties of the Welsh Tongue, at the beginning of the second volume.

otherwise, he will form no true conception of the original phraseology.

We shall begin with Taliesin, who, celebrating the bravery of Owain ab Urien, says—

Oedd vâl rhwysg tanwydin dros elvydd—

He was like the course of a meteor over the land.

The same bard describes an army on the march :

—*Eu cledhyvawr*

Glesynt esgyll gwawr.

Their sword-blades

Tinged with blue the wings of the dawn.

Aneurin begins a stanza of the Gododin thus—

Gwyr á aeth Gattræth gân wawr ;

Digymrus eu hoed i eu hangenawr :

Medd yvynt, melyn, melys, maylawr.

Men went to Cattræth with the dawn ;

Unconsoling their absence to those to whom they are necessary :

Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring.

Thus, further on—

Crau cyrchynt, cynnullynt reiawr,

Yn gymvan, mâl taran twro aesawr.

To blood they resorted, they collected together spears,

Loud in front, like thunder, the storm of shields.

The same bard thus describes one of his heroes—

Pan grysiat Cydywal, cynnwyrëai

Awr gân wyrdd wawr cyn y dodai ;

Aesawr dellt am bellt á adawai,

Parau ryn rwygiad dygymynai

Yn nghad—

When Cydywal hastened onward, simultaneously rose

The shout with the green dawn ere he laid on ;

Splintered shields about the outskirts he would leave,

Shafts of fearful tearing he would cleave

In conflict.

In bewailing the fallen warriors he speaks thus—

Byr en hoedl, hir eu hoed âr eu carant,

Llawer mam á deigr âr ei hamrant.

Short their lives, long mourn'd their loss by those who lov'd them :

Many a mother is there with a tear upon her eye-lash.

Merddin thus sings to the apple-trees given him by Gwcnddolau, in the woods of Caledonia—

*Avallen beren, burwen o vlodau,
I a'i hys melys ei havalau.*

Delicious apple-tree, supremely white with blossoms,
To those, who eat them, sweet are its apples.

Merddin thus speaks of himself—

*Yn ngwaith Arderydd oedd aur vy ngorthorch,
Cyn i bwy aelaw gàn eiliw eleirch.*

In the battle of Arderydd gold was my wreath of pre-eminence,
Ere I became slighted by her in hue like swans :

But the most beautiful of all the strains of Merddin is the following couplet, in Trochaics, out of his Hoianau—

*Cafant bawb eu teithi, llawen vi Brython,
Ceintor corn chwch cathl heddwch a hinon.*

Every body shall obtain his rights, the Brython will be glad,
The horn of triumph is sounding the hymn of peace and serenity.

ADVEDDIANT GWYNVA.

WE now fulfil our promise, by offering two more specimens of Mr. Harris's Translation of PARADISE REGAINED; and, in order to enable our readers the more readily to appreciate its merits, we shall also transcribe the corresponding passages in the original. The first extract represents the conduct of Satan, after having addressed his "gloomy consistory," at the beginning of the first Book :—

"He ended: and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,

Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide ;
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
 Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
 This Man of Men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try ;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd ;
 But, contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
 Of the Most High, who, in full frequency bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake."—B. i. l. 129.

" Dystawai: ac am hon ei araeth drist
 Y synynt gethern ufern; gan ovn dwys
 Aruthrynt a gwallgovynt am y blin
 Hysbysiaeth; ond ar hyn o bryd nid oedd
 Dim amser i gyd ddwyn ag ovnuau prudd:
 Yn unvryd rhoddynt oll eu goval a
 Rheolaeth y priv antur hwn i law
 Eu mawr lywiedydd, cynt gynnygiad hwn
 Yn erbyn dynol ryw á lwyddai yn
 Nghwyp Addav, ac á weiniau er eu hynt
 O uferiolion fauau du i vwy
 Mewn gwawl, yn deyrnedd a llywyddion mawr,
 Ië duwiau ar daleithiau teg a maith.
 I lân Iorddonen velly cyrcha eve,
 Yn wregysedig gan ddichellion fûr,
 I'r mân tebycav lle y cafai eve
 Hwn ddyn o ddynion, uchel Vab Duw Nev,
 I'w brovi ev á phob dichellion dwyn,
 Mal o wyrdroi yr hwn á dybiai eve
 Yn dderehavedig rod-di tervyn clau
 Ar ei deyrnasiad, á vwynêid môr hir;
 Ond, i'r gwrthwyneb, yn ddiwybod ev
 A gyvlawnâai vwriad cadarn y
 Goruchav, hwn, yn mhlith ryw liaws cain
 O engyl fawg, wrth Gabriel gwedai hyn."

The next short extract is one of a different complexion from the foregoing, and represents our Saviour's entrance into the wilderness previous to his Temptation.

" So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days

Lodg'd in Bethabara, where John baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast,
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his god-like office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
 With Solitude, till, far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursued."—B. i. l. 195.

"Evelly cenynt hwy yn nev môr bêr :
 Cyvamser, tra yr oedd Mab Duw, hwn a
 Letyai yn Methabara, lle y
 Bedyddiai Ioan, yn dwys vvyrio yn
 Mha vodd y byddai iddo ddechreu ar
 Y gorchwyl pwysig o achubaw dyn,
 A pha sut gyntav i gyhoeddi ei
 Nevolaidd swydd, yn barawd oedd yn awr.
 Un dydd un unig cerddai allan eve,
 Yr Ysbryd ac ei veddwl dwyn ei hun
 Yn ei arweiniaw, vâl y gallai yn well
 Ymgymdeithasu ag unigrwydd hof,
 Hyd pell o drigva dynion, meddwl ar
 Ol meddwl yn dylynu, doai eve
 I ymyl y difeithiwch cethin gwyllt,
 Ac yn gylchedig gàn wasgodion gwyll
 A chreigiau erch, mâl hyn canlynai ar
 Ei vvyryrdodau santaidd, nevawl ryw."

It may not be quite fair, perhaps, to enter into any minute criticism of a work, that is not as yet before the public; but we think it right to suggest, that the same blemish, which we took occasion to notice to a partial extent in *COLL GWYNVA*, occurs more frequently in this translation. We allude to the termination of the line with such weak particles, as *a*, *ar*, *y*, *yn*, *ei*, not fewer than ten instances of which are to be found in the two preceding extracts of little more than forty lines. This peculiarity has not only an injurious effect upon the force and harmony of the verse, but is also offensive to the eye by severing the particle from the noun, with which it is grammatically connected. It will be admitted, that such a practice

would not be tolerated in English; and we see no reason, why the Welsh language, which presents almost equal facilities for the composition of blank verse, should be thus enfeebled. Our chief motive for noticing this deformity has been the hope, that the translator will avoid it, as much as possible, in the ensuing part of his work. For the rest, we have no difficulty in repeating, what we observed last month, that the performance is, in most essential respects, highly creditable to the talent, as it is to the patriotism, of Mr. Harris, and cannot fail to prove a respectable accession to our national literature.

BARDIC CONGRESSES.

THE revival, during the last three years, of the ancient custom of holding Bardic Congresses cannot but communicate an interest to any inquiry into the history of this national practice. To ascend to the *summa vestigia rerum*, however, by investigating the origin of the Bardic Institution itself, is beyond the present purpose, even if the subject had not before undergone a partial examination in this work *. The following inquiry will therefore be confined to such a summary view of the Congresses of past times, as we may be able to draw from our historical records, without pretending to exhaust a subject, the full investigation of which must be left to more laborious researches.

Bardic assemblies appear to have been anciently of two sorts, the GORSEDD and the CADAIR †: there have indeed since been other names in use; but these were the two main distinctions, the first having reference to a general or supreme Congress and the last to one merely particular or provincial. In process of time, however, these original distinctions seem to have faded away, or to have been applied indiscriminately to the two modes of meeting: for this reason, we shall avoid making use of the Welsh terms, and shall speak of the assemblies of both sorts, under one general English denomination.

* Vol. i. p. 445.

† *Gorsedd* and *Cadair* imply, alike, a Chair or Seat of Presidency, and differ only in their degrees.

That the Bardic Congress, in its primitive character, was of high antiquity may be sufficiently proved by the authority of Cæsar, who speaks of the annual assemblies of the Druids of Gaul at an appointed central situation in the territory of the Carnutes*: and, as, upon another occasion, he ascribes the origin of the Druidical institution to this island, his testimony must be considered of equal value with reference to the Druids or Bards of Britain. And, indeed, were it not so, the stupendous Druidical remains, still to be seen on Salisbury Plain, seem to mark that spot as the scene of these Bardic assemblies at a period far beyond the reach of our historical records. In those Triads too, which profess to preserve the Institutes of Dyvnwal Moelmud, who is supposed to have lived some ages before the Christian era, express mention is made of the Bardic Congress, which is styled one of the three privileged assemblies and one of the three assemblies of fraternal union†. Of the antiquity, then, of this practice there can be no rational doubt; and it seems equally evident, that it formed originally an integral part of the civil policy of the country. Yet, upon the destruction of the religious ascendancy of the Druids, the Bardic Congress must have lost its political consequence, though it seems long afterwards to have retained its institutional character, as the medium of preserving the traditions, laws, and doctrines of Bardism. Political feuds, however, and dissensions among the bards themselves, seem occasionally to have interrupted the practice of holding the Congresses, as well as, in time, to have made material innovations on their genuine character. What was originally appropriated to the preservation of the ancient memorials and institutes of the Bardic system became gradually subservient to the promotion of minstrelsy and song. And, even in this point of view, the Bardic Congresses appear, for a long period succeeding the conquest of Wales, to have been wholly discontinued, owing, in all probability, to the jealous policy of the English, who, conscious of the influence of the ancient Bards, dreaded the possibility of its revival in their descendants. However, the primitive custom, in shadow at least, if not in substance, was, in time, recovered by the Cymry, and has continued, at intervals, to be enjoyed, with more or less spirit, until the period of its late auspicious revival.

* Bell. Gall. lib. vi. c. 13, 14.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 283.

Such is the faint and general outline of the history of the Bardic Congresses, and which, unfortunately, the surviving records of past ages do not allow us to fill up as satisfactorily as we could wish. A few notices are all we can now supply.

- The first Congress, of which any memorial seems to have descended to us, was one held on the banks of the Conway, in the seventh century, under the auspices, as it would appear, of Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. The account, which is both quaint and obscure, occurs in a poem of Iorwerth Beli, a poet of the fourteenth century, who seems to have recorded the event for the sake of a joke practiced on the occasion by Maelgwn, who proposed a reward for such of the bards and minstrels as should swim over the Conway. The offer was acceded to, and, upon the arrival of the parties on the opposite shore, the harpers were found incapable of playing, owing, it may be supposed, to the injury their instruments had sustained from the water, while the bards, as might be expected, continued in as good tune as ever; this being, probably, the result contemplated by Maelgwn. The following is a version of the passage, in which this singular event is related*.

When Maelgwn Hir† went from the territory of the Son of Don‡,
 From the banquet of the Champion of the Congress§ to Caer Seion||,
 And was taking with him memorials of the superior excellence
 That vocal song had acquired over the minstrels,
 And had proposed many substantial rewards
 To all the company that should swim the river;
 When they came to land, on the sea-boundary of the ebb-tide,
 The harpers were not worth a half-penny,
 God is witness of this, and other witnesses know it;
 But, by reason of the fair increase of the faculty of the wise,
 The poets composed equally well as before,
 Notwithstanding their swimming. Such is the nature of generous
 spirits!

A wide chasm now intervenes in the history of these assem-

* Id. vol. i. p. 476.

† So called, most probably, as being the son of Caswallon Law Hir.

‡ This was Gwdion, whose territory was *Gwynedd Uch Conwy*, or Gwynedd above the Conwy. See vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 328, for a Triad relating to Gwdion.

§ The original words are *Gwalch Gorsedd*, which imply, literally, the Hawk of the Gorsedd, but of which, in this instance, it is now impossible to discover the precise allusion. They had probably reference to some individual, who had signalled himself at one of these meetings.

|| Caernarvon, or the ancient Segontium.

blies, and which is perhaps to be explained, in a great measure, by the unsettled and turbulent events of the period, to which it relates. The muses, like the laws, are silent amidst the clang of arms, whether it be the din of foreign wars or of intestine commotions, to both of which Wales was miserably exposed during this troubled season. The next records which we find, and which are merely of a general nature, have reference to several Congresses held during the close of the eleventh century, under the respective auspices of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn and Gruffydd ab Cynan, princes of North Wales, both of them distinguished for their munificent patronage of the Bards. The Bardic laws and institutions appear to have undergone various modifications at these meetings, and particularly at the Congresses held under the last-mentioned prince, who is also, however, accused of having sanctioned the innovations alluded to in a former part of this article; in particular, he is supposed to have given the Congress a more musical character than it previously had, by the introduction from Ireland, where he had his birth, not only of several skilful musicians, but also of some musical instruments before unknown in Wales.

The example, set by Bleddyn ab Cynvan, in the encouragement of the Bards, was followed by his son Cadwgan, as appears by a passage in the *Brud y Tywysogion* (Chronicle of the Princes) in the *Archæology of Wales**, of which the following is a translation.—“In the year of Christ 1107 Cadwgan, the son of Bleddyn ab Cynvan, made an honourable feast, and invited to it the chieftains and gentlemen of the country, out of every province in Wales, to his castle at Aberteivi. And, for the sake of shewing the greater respect to the guests, he invited to it the bards and the best minstrels, vocal and instrumental, that could be found in all Wales; and he gave them chairs† and subjects of emulation, according to the custom of the feasts of King Arthur. He also gave them customs, and privileges, and honourable presents, and dismissed them, rewarded with gifts and privileged with honour, every one to return to the place he came from.”

It is probable, that from the impulse, given by Bleddyn ab

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 537.

† A Chair was the usual prize, as it still continues, for the successful candidate on these occasions.

Cynvyn and Gruffydd ab Cynan, the Congresses of the Bards were for some time afterwards uninterruptedly held. However, the next instance, which occurs after that last noticed, is one at an interval of sixty years, at which Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, presided, and which, like the last, the reader will perceive, united the festivities of the board with the charms of music and song. The following record of it is also extracted from the *Brud y Tywysogion**.—“In the year 1166 the Lord Rhys held a distinguished feast in the castle of Aberteivi; and he instituted two sorts of contention—one between the bards and poets, and the other between harpers, and crowders, and pipers, and a variety of vocal singers. He bestowed two chairs on the victors in the contest, whom he also enriched with immense presents. A young page of his own court obtained the victory in instrumental song; and the men of Gwynedd obtained it in vocal song. All the other minstrels also received from the Lord Rhys as much as they demanded, so that no one was disappointed. And that feast was proclaimed a year before it took place over Wales, and England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and many other countries.”

For nearly three centuries after this we have not been able to discover any traces of the continuance of this national usage; but the conquest of Wales, at the close of thirteenth century, became necessarily, as already intimated, fatal to the influence of the bards, who were, no doubt, immediately deprived of the enjoyment of their ancient privileges. Their Congresses, therefore, we may presume, were, for a long period afterwards, entirely discontinued; and it is not until the fifteenth century, during the reign of Edward IV., that we find an instance of their revival, a royal commission having been then obtained for the holding of one at Carmarthen, under the patronage of a gentleman of that neighbourhood. At this meeting Dayydd ab Edmund, a distinguished poet, of Hanmere, in Flintshire, obtained the chair, and gained, through his persuasive eloquence, the sanction of the Congress to the twenty-four new canons of poetry, which the loss of the original laws had induced him and other North Wales bards to compile, but against which the bards of Glamorgan, who pretended to be possessed of the primitive canons, afterwards entered a protest.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 437.

In the reign of Henry VII. another Congress, also under the royal authority, took place in South Wales; but no particulars of it, as we are aware, have descended to these times. To this succeeded several others during the sixteenth century in the same division of the Principality, under the auspices respectively of Sir Richard Neville, and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, for the express purpose of collecting and consolidating what remained of the ancient Bardic institutés and traditions. And, on the 26th of May, 1568, a Congress, or *Eisteddod*, as it was called *, was holden, under a commission granted by Queen Elizabeth, at Caerwys, in the county of Flint, which commission was directed to Sir Richard Bulkeley and others, and is now, we believe, in the possession of the family of Mostyn. It does not appear, however, that any thing was done at this meeting beyond a mere contest of musicians, attended by some empty parade of no connection with the genuine purposes of the Bardic Congress; and this, perhaps, was the last assembly of the sort held under the sanction of the royal license.

In 1580 a Congress was established in South Wales, under the presidency of Sir Edward Lewis of the Van, and at which the Bardic collections, made, some years before, under the auspices of Sir Richard Neville and Lord Pembroke, as already alluded to, were considerably augmented; and these were again thoroughly revised and methodized, and finally declared to comprise a full illustration of Bardism, at a Congress holden at Bewpyr Castle, Glamorganshire, under the patronage of Sir Richard Basset, in 1681, and at which thirteen regular bards attended, as appears by a list still in existence.

From the time of Sir Richard Basset, until the meeting at Carmarthen in 1819, the only efforts that appear to have been made to revive this national custom, were those of the London Society of *Gwyneddigion*, under whose auspices several *Eisteddodau*, for the encouragement of Welsh poetry and music, have been holden in the various counties of North Wales. But we are not aware, that these laudable attempts were productive of any extraordinary *éclat*. To the *Gwyneddigion*,

† This appears to have been the first occasion on which the word *Eisteddod*, or Session, was applied to the Bardic Congress, and without any advantage, that is at all perceptible, over the old terms.

however, must be ascribed the merit of having restored a practice, which had been suspended for more than a century, and to which, we may hope, a more propitious impulse has now been communicated by the new spirit, which has burst forth in the Principality. The proceedings of the Congresses, that have taken place during the last three years, have been fully reported in the CAMBRO-BRITON*, which leaves us only the task of expressing a hope, that the patriotism, by which they were animated, may long continue to foster the cause of our national literature in all its interesting varieties. In a word, ESTO PERPETUA.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XV.

I. WELSH CONCORDANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I congratulate the admirers of Welsh literature on the resumption of your patriotic labours, and on the restoration of the CAMBRO-BRITON to life, after having sustained a political death of a few months. It is to be hoped, that no incident will in future suspend so interesting and valuable a publication, undertaken in a spirit of patriotism, and conducted with an ability, highly creditable to yourself, and useful and beneficial to the best interests of your country. From the continuation of this work I anticipate the most important results—I seem already to pierce through the mists, which have so long enveloped the early parts of our national history, and to hear the welkin of Wales once more ring with the tuneful *pennillion* of its mountain bards.

The two best judges of literary composition, whom ancient and modern times have produced, unanimously concur in opinion, that a faultless piece never has been, nor possibly can be. If then the productions of the most sublime geniuses are not exempt from the imperfections incidental to our common nature, can we wonder, that into the pages of a periodical publication, which, like the CAMBRO-BRITON, embraces so

* See vol. i. pp. 35 and 71.—vol. ii. pp. 90 and 139.—vol. iii. p. 55. and also a communication in the subsequent part of the present Number.

great a variety of subjects, and dives into the dark abyss of remote antiquity, a few errors should have occasionally and inadvertently crept? But, though it be impossible always to avoid the intrusion of mistakes into a work of this complex nature, yet it will be readily granted, that strict and impartial justice ought to be observed in awarding the meed of fame to deceased merit, and in ascribing to those authors, who have paid the debt of nature, their respective productions. Persuaded that you wish nothing more ardently, than that the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON should be presented to the public with as much accuracy as possible, and that you will receive in good part any friendly hint, that shall point out to you the mistakes that may have, through inadvertence or misinformation, occurred, I beg to call your attention to the biographical memoir of the late Rev. Eliezer Williams, inserted in the twelfth Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, of August, 1820, page 457. The writer of this article, whose signature is *Maridunensis*, asserts, that the public are indebted for the first *Concordance* in the Welsh language to the joint labours of the Rev. Peter Williams, of Carmarthen, and the late Rev. Eliezer Williams, of Lampeter. This adjudication is untrue, and militates against matter of fact. A *Concordance* in the Welsh language was published twenty-four years before the latter gentleman was born. It issued from the press of Philadelphia, in Pensylvania, in North America; and has on its title-page, the following inscription:—"A gyvansoddyd drwy lavarw boen Abel Morgan, gweineidog yr Evengyl, er llës y Cymry. Agraphwyd yn Philadelphia, gan Samuel Reimer a Davydd Parry, 1730. Abel Morgan, Enoch Morgan, Elisha Thomas, Jenkin Jones, a Benjamin John Davies, gweineidogion yr Evengyl."—Upon an unprinted leaf of this book is written the following record:—"This book was sent from Pensylvania for John Bywater, living in the parish of Llanbister, in the county of Radnor, by his uncle John Morris, being the first *Concordance* that ever was translated into Welsh, in the year 1730."

I have been informed, that this *Concordance* was not the only one imported into England from America, and that the late Rev. Eliezer Williams was perfectly aware of this circumstance. Your love of literary justice will, I am persuaded, induce you to allow room for this letter in the next, or suc-

ceeding, Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, which will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

Leominster, Herefordshire,

"SUUM CUIQUE."

27th Oct. 1821.

II. THE WORD "POST," AND THE ANTIQUITY OF POSTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—With respect to primitive words, that are common to different languages, it is generally difficult to decide what particular language is the original source of them; however we are, in most cases, enabled to do so in the Welsh by a connection of meaning in words compounded of two elementary sounds, by one of those elements preserving its characteristic idea through any class of words, wherein it shall be affixed to other elementary words. Without entering into those niceties, the Welsh may lay claim, by right of antiquity, to a word equally common in it as in the English; and that word is POST. There is a proof of very high antiquity given in the appellative of Pabo Post Prydain, and next in the *Privileges of the Men of Arvon*, in the preceding Number of your work, page 12. Permit me, Mr. Editor, to produce one or two other instances of its use out of the Laws of Wales. I will give the originals with translations.

"25. Tri dyn nis dylid eu cosbi : mud a byddar geni ; a phlentyn cyn deall ; ac ynvyd cynnwynawl : sev y dywedir, *nid á cosb ár ynvyd* ; eithr rhybudd gwlad yn ysgriven ár BYST neu veini y brenin, yn waedd gadarn er i bawb ymochel ag yr ynvyd, ac á mud byddar geni ; ac en dodì dàn eu nodau gân gorn a gwaedd gwlad a chywlad. Achaws hýny y dywedir, *ynvyd á á ár y POST.*"

Three persons that ought not to be punished : one born dumb and deaf ; a child before he can reason ; and a natural idiot : thus it is said, no punishment falls upon the idiot, but there shall be a warning of the country in writing on the King's POSTS or stone-pillars, as a sufficient warning for every body to avoid the idiot, and the dumb and deaf born ; and that they be put under their marks by horn and cry of country and border-co-country. Therefore it is said, *the idiot goes upon the POST.* *Arch. of Wales*, vol. iii. p. 287.

"149. Tri chas cyhoedd cenedl : à laddo ddyn o ei gydgenedl ;

lleidr; a thwyllwr: sev eu gelwir evelly am y bydd iawn i ddialwr y genedl eu cyhoeddi gàn gorn gwlad, yn llys, ac yn llàn, ac yn mhob tyrva ddosbarthus, ac àr BYST ynyydion y brenin."

The three public nuisances of a nation: one that kills a man of his own nation; a thief; and a deceiver: for they are so called because it shall be right for the avenger of the nation to proclaim them by horn of country, in court, and in church, and in every regular assembly, and on the king's POSTS of idiots. *Arch. of Wales*, vol. iii. p. 305.

From the proofs, thus adduced, we may presume, that future English lexicographers will yield this *post* of honour to the Welsh language.

GEIRION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS ON the SCENERY OF WALES, including a Series of Subjects for the Pencil, with their Stations, determined on a general principle: and Instructions to Pedestrian Tourists. By the Rev. R. H. NEWELL, B.D.—LONDON, 1821.

THE very nature of this work, as explained in its title-page, seems to place it out of the pale of criticism as a literary production; and it is, in point of fact, little or nothing more than it pretends to be,—a mere series of rules and studies for the guidance of an amateur landscape-painter in an excursion through the Principality. The work is embellished with several etchings and aqua-tinta engravings of Welsh scenery from the pencil of the reverend author; and of these we are justified in saying, that they appear to have been selected with judgment and executed with no mean skill. The views are twenty in number, and embrace a few of the most romantic and interesting objects in both divisions of the Principality, but more particularly in South Wales, which the writer appears to have made the principal scene of his Tour. We are not aware, that we can better explain the precise character of the work, or the object the author had in view, than by allowing him to speak for himself, in the words of his preface, which we accordingly transcribe.

"Every one now, who travels with the least skill in drawing, is desirous to carry back some sketches of the scenery; but he is

often at a loss to discover the beauties of the country, and proper subjects for the pencil, and more so, perhaps, to fix on proper stations. To give some information on these points, in a tour through Wales, by marking out a series of picturesque views, with stations for taking them, is the chief object of this work. And it may be hoped, that, while we are daily invited to admire descriptions and pictures of foreign countries, the attempt is commendable to introduce more generally to public taste and admiration the natural beauties of our own island. The materials are collected in two pedestrian rambles. My route through North Wales was neither unusual nor extensive, but may be strongly recommended, abounding with noble scenery, in almost infinite variety. The beauties of South Wales are more widely scattered, and much uninteresting ground must be trodden to find them. It cannot be expected that I have mentioned every view which might be delineated, or perhaps the best, or the best stations; taste and experience will, after all, direct the choice; ten artists would probably select ten different subjects, and each a different view of the same.

“The principle upon which I have endeavoured to point out the stations is that used at sea (and why not on land?) for steering a ship into harbour—the *bearings of two fixed objects in the view*; and it is this principle, therefore, which I would hope to illustrate, rather than to tell much which is not already known, and better described. A number of subjects, from the works of different artists, has been added, without stations, as an exercise for the Tourist’s skill.

“I have also attempted a few remarks on the picturesque beauty of the country; a subject, with regard to Wales, still open, and much is it to be regretted that Mr. Gilpin left it so *. *Picturesque* is, indeed, a word which now almost palls upon the ear, nor is it always very accurately applied: but I mean to express by it, “that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture †;” and, as such, my frequent use of the term seemed almost unavoidable.

“The smaller landscapes are etched nearly as I drew them, but on a reduced scale, and may be useful as *subjects*, or if referred to on the spot. Drawings, with the breadth and effect of the aqua-tinta engravings, may be easily and expeditiously made, and will give, what is most essential, the *general character* of the scene. They have all been executed by a pupil to the late Mr. Alken, and not unworthy of such a master.

“* Remarking to one of the first landscape painters in this kingdom, that of the numerous Welsh Tours, none had been written on the plan of Gilpin’s Wye, he replied—few could write with his knowledge of the subject.”

“† Gilpin’s Essay on Prints, p. 12.”

“ The hints to assist the pedestrian, are the result of long experience, and are therefore given with some confidence.

“ The whole has been thrown into the form of letters, with a wish of making the directions more plain and easy ; it also breaks the uniformity of continued description.”

As it is impossible to convey any adequate idea in these pages of the graphic characteristics of Mr. Newell's work, we conceive it but fair to give a specimen of the manner in which he offers his instructions as to the views which he has thought worthy of the limner's attention. We therefore extract a passage of this description relating to Laugharne Castle, Carmarthenshire.

“ STATION.—Bring the Castle exactly *within the angle* made by the sloping hill and woody steep *before* it. Then ascend or descend, till the *water* and *three* of the promontories appear *above* the castle.

“ In this station the sea bounds the distance. Nature's compositions are seldom complete or correct ; but here nothing seems in the wrong place, and little which one would wish away. The only liberties, necessary to be taken, are a tree or stump, planted at the *left* corner, and the uniformity of the long hedge on the right of the fore ground somewhat broken.

“ About five miles from Llaugharne you pass Green Bridge, by some thought a curiosity, though nothing more than a small stream on the right side of the road, running southward, and sinking at that place into a rocky cavity : it is said to flow out again on the sea coast near Pendine. This bridge is no picture, nor are there any but extensive sea views all the way to Tenby, sixteen tedious hilly miles.

“ Tenby* is a pretty watering place, and well adapted for bathing, having a constant sea, very clear and not too bold, with a smooth hard beach at low water. But it is not, I think, picturesque. The rocks, on which the town is built, are insignificant, the church spire formal, and the ruins of the castle, except as a distant object, detached and unmeaning. I send you however a station,—as the place is much praised by some,—on the Narberth road, just beyond a bend to the right, about a mile and a half from the town, looking south-east.”—P. 57.

We are under the necessity of concluding our extracts with a brief notice of Barmouth, and which we select principally for the sake of the anecdote it contains in relation to Gray's “ Bard,” though not new to the readers of English poetry.

“ * Tenby, or Dinbych, is The Precipice.” [Quære?—ED.]

"Barmouth, as almost every nook of every coast now, is a watering place. Its origin, as the resort of invalids, has been attributed to persons frequenting the banks of this part of the river for the sake of the scurvy-grass, which grows there in abundance *. Like Dartmouth, it is built up a steep rock, street above street, the windows of one overlooking the chimnies of the next below. It is said to resemble Gibraltar. The sand is very inconvenient, ankle deep in the street, and sometimes blown most plentifully into the houses. There is a tolerable inn, the Gorsygedol Arms; and at it an harper, but not one of Drayton's old British bards,

Who on their harps,
For falling flats, and rising sharps,
That curiously were strung,
To stir their youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to assuage,
In their loose numbers sung.

Nor one that would have stirred up Gray's poetic spirit. It is a curious circumstance, that we owe his "Bard" to a Welsh harper—blind Parry, Sir Watkin Wynn's harper. In a letter from Cambridge Gray says, "Mr. Parry has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a dancing, and inspired them with due respect for my old Bard, his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has set my Ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion. †"

At the close of the volume Mr. Newell has inserted a list of some of the most interesting Welsh views, but most, if not all, of which have already been selected as subjects for the skill of the artist. The work also contains an account, though far from being complete, of publications relating to Wales; and a variety of local information is interspersed through the volume, that must be of service to all, who travel through Wales from the same motives, and upon the same plan, as the reverend draughtsman before us. In a word, to individuals of this class,—and we hope for Mr. Newell's sake that the number is far greater than we are now disposed to consider it,—these "Letters on the Scenery of Wales" may safely be recommended as a companion at once useful and entertaining in their rambles amidst the wilds and mountains of Cambria; and to this we may add, that the novelty of the plan ought to be received as an additional passport to public favour.

* Bingley, vol. ii. p. 23. † Mason's Memoirs of Gray, p. 447."

Awen Cymru.*A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.***PENNILLION.**

XCV.

V'ANWYLYD benav o vewn y byd,
 A ddoi di gyd â myvi;
 Ti a gei vwynder yn dy vyw,
 Os cawn gân Dduw gydoesi.

XCVI.

Gwae à garia vaich o gwrw,
 Yn ei vol i vod yn veddw:
 Trymav haich yw hyn o'r beichiau,
 Baich ydyw o bechodau.

Hwn yw mam càrn a'r celwydd,
 Lladd, a lladrad, ac anlladrwydd:
 Gwna gryv yn wàn a gwàn yn wànach,
 Y fel yn fol, a fol yn folach.

TRIBAN.

IV.

TRI pheth erioed nis carais:
 Myned ar y Sul i neges,
 Cerdded llwydrew yn droed-noeth,
 A chwedlau doeth bachgenes.

CREULONI*.

O PY y tarddai drwg o ddrwg dros byth,
 A gloes y magai loes byth mwy ei sar?
 Neud brodyr ydym!—ia yr eillion llyth,
 Am dal à laddant; ac i ddial bar
 Dros var, nis maetha ond trueni àr
 Ei chalon vriw ei hun: O Daiar! Nev!
 Ia tithau, ANIAN, i bob gwaith, yn war,
 Ac oll sy byw, à yw, i vod mòr grev
 A roddaist, ia tudi drygêynt ond mwyn dy lev!

Hydrev. 8, 1821.

IDRISON.

* The original lines, of which these are a translation, are from Mr. Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and are to be found in a subsequent page.—ED.

English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

XCV.

COME, lovely girl, of all most dear,
Come, live with me, my days to cheer,
And purest pleasure shall be thine,
Long as Heaven may our fates entwine.

XCVI.

Woe to him, whose only bliss
Centers in the burthen'd bowl :
Of all burthens none like this,
Sin's sad burthen on the soul.

'Tis of craft and lies the seeker,
Murder, theft, and wantonness,
Weakens strong men, makes weak weaker,
Shrewd men foolish, foolish—less.

TRANSLATION OF THE TRIBAN.

IV.

THREE things I love not ;—these are they :—
An errand on the sabbath-day,
To walk unshod the frozen wild,
To hear wise speeches from a child.

THE LAMENT OF THE LAST DRUID*.

AIR—" *The Melody of Mona.*"

I.

THE harp is hush'd on Mona's shore,
And mute the voice of mystic lore,
And the deep woods lie low !
Where were the *Dark Isle's* † vengeful gods,
When thus their shrines and dread abodes
Received the insulting foe ?

* This beautiful Melody is from Mr. Parry's second volume of "Welsh Melodies," just published, and is the composition (we mean the words only) of Mrs. Hemans, of the productions of whose muse it is scarcely possible to speak in terms exceeding their merit. We mean to trespass again upon Mr. Parry's very interesting volume.—ED.

† Anglesea, (or Mona,) from its thick woods of oak, was anciently called the *Dark Island*."

Who shall recal the Druid Seers,
 They that could lift the veil of years ?
 The home is silent midst the slain,
 And *I alone on earth remain*,
 On the wild winds to pour one strain,
 A dirge for Mona's woe !

II.

The stars on Mona's rocks look down,
 And far *Eryri's* * mountain-crown,
 And Ocean's glittering wave ;
 But those, who track'd, with gifted eyes,
 Their burning pathway through the skies,
 Lie slumbering in the grave !
 There, too, shall rest the lore sublime,
 The secrets of primæval Time ;
 For Mona's Guardian Powers are fled,
 Her oaks have bow'd their crested head † ;
 Take me, ye dwellings of the dead,
 Homes of the wise and brave !

EXTRACT FROM SHELLEY'S "REVOLT OF ISLAM †,"

" O wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,
 And pain still keener pain for ever breed ?
 We all are brethren—even the slaves, who kill
 For hire, are men ; and to avenge misdeed
 On the misdoer doth but misery feed
 With her own broken heart : O Earth, O Heaven,
 And thou, dread NATURE, which to every deed
 And all that lives, or is, to be hath given,
 Even as to thee have these done ill, and are forgiven."

Canto 5, Stanza 11.

* *Eryri*—the Snowdon mountains."

† In A.D. 58, *Suetonius Paulinus*, the Roman General, penetrated into Mona, but was opposed by the *Druids*, whom he overpowered, cut down their groves, and massacred a vast many of them. Those, who escaped, retired to Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. But about the year 286 *Cratylinth*, a King of Scotland, expelled them from that country, and from the Isle of Man, which was the Presidency of the Order.—*Vide Warrington's History of Wales.*"

‡ We insert this extract on account of the Welsh translation in a preceding page.—Ed.

CAMBRIAN MELODY.

BE ours the death our fathers found,
In the field of glory falling,
When the Saxon spearmen hemm'd them round,
To all but them appalling:

Rather than live a tyrant's slave
And foreign feelings cherish,
Let us to battle with the brave,
And like our fathers perish.

Base is the heart that tamely bears
A foeman's vile abuse,
Dead is that man to fame, who wears
A steel he dare not use.

Dark years of woe has Cambria seen,
'Tis fit they now were o'er;
The stains, that on her shield have been,
We'll cleanse in Saxon gore.

S. R. JACKSON.

ANOTHER.

WHY should the noble spirit droop
Beneath the cloud of ill?
Why should the sons of freemen stoop,
To do a tyrant's will?
Rather let death free us,
Than our children see us,
Slaves to him, whose iron hand
Desolates our native land.

Sons of the mighty! rise, and tear
The bloody bonds away;
The war-sword of your fathers bare,
Well known in battle's day.
'Tis freedom's voice that calleth,
He, who nobly falleth,
With his bosom's blood shall seal
For evermore his country's weal.

S. R. JACKSON.

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

It appears by the public papers, that this society has recently proposed medals to the grammar-schools in Wales for the best Welsh essay on the Love of Country (*Gwladgarwch*). Two medals, we find, are to be given—one to the successful candidate in each division of the Principality. There can be no doubt, that the Society, in offering these premiums, have been actuated by the same feeling which prompted their original establishment; and it will readily be admitted, that the present instance of their patriotism has, at least, the merit of novelty. But, judging from a pretty correct experience, we are disposed to predict, that the attempt will prove abortive, unless indeed a sort of *pia fraus* should give it a semblance of success. For, it must be acknowledged to the reproach of the principal Welsh grammar-schools, (we speak more particularly of those in North Wales,) that the Welsh language has been, for many years, not only not encouraged, but absolutely discountenanced by severe penalties. The fact is notorious; and the natural consequence has been, that the boys in these schools, far from being able to write an “Essay” in the language, are unable even to speak it with tolerable correctness, and know nothing of its grammatical construction. Whether this Anti-Cambrian feeling prevails to the same extent in South Wales we have not, at this moment, the means of ascertaining; but, if it should have even a partial existence there, we cannot regard this attempt of the Cymmrodorion as having been influenced by the most fortunate stars. The patriotism of the motive, however, will remain the same, be the event what it may.

We have hitherto neglected to mention, that this Institution has moved from the Freemasons’ Tavern to No. 41, Lisle Street, Leicester Fields, where a meeting generally takes place every Saturday. The regular meetings, however, are holden as before, on the first Saturday in every month. A new regulation has also been adopted in the admission of members, who must now have the previous recommendation of three subscribers. Several new members have been introduced since the establishment of this rule, which, it will be allowed, has an obvious tendency to ensure the respectability of the Institution.

The following gentlemen have recently been elected Honorary Members of the Cymmrodorion :—

Rev. John Hughes, Author of "*Horæ Britannicæ*,"

Richard Fenton, Esq. Aber Gwaen, Fishguard.

Rev. Dr. Foulkes, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

Rev. Alfred Butler Clough, Fellow of the same College.

The last mentioned gentleman has lately, with a true patriotic feeling, furnished the Society with a catalogue of all the Welsh Books and MSS. in the library of Jesus College :—an example, which ought to be followed by the proprietors of other Welsh collections. And we are inclined to believe, that a mere intimation would be sufficient to produce the desired result.

CARNARVON EISTEDDVOD.

FROM many reports, which have reached us, considerable dissatisfaction appears to have been felt at the event of the contest for the Silver Harp at the late *Carnarvon Eisteddvod*. The Judges, it is said, (or, at least, those who took upon themselves the task of deciding), in awarding the prize, were not actuated, as much as they ought to have been, by the ordinary maxim in these cases—*detur digniori*. We have been favoured with an extract from a letter, written by a musical person, who attended the *Eisteddvod*, in which he professes to give the particulars of this affair; and, as there really does appear to have been something not quite correct in the proceedings, we have no hesitation in giving the extract in our pages. We accordingly insert it, as we received it, without farther comment.

"The contest for the Silver Harp proved a very interesting, but certainly not a *fair*, one; there were eleven harpers, who, after the first trial, were reduced to three, viz. B. Cunnah, W. Hughes, and J. Morgan.

"Richard Roberts, of Carnarvon, who gained the prize at Wrexham last year, was appointed the umpire, assisted by the Rev. W. Cotton, who conducted the Concerts, and Mr. A. Loder, of Bath. Both Mr. Cotton and Mr. Loder were decidedly of opinion, that Cunnah was by far the most scientific performer, and that W. Hughes was the next in merit; but R. Roberts would not hear a word of it, and wished to give the prize to Morgan. It was at length agreed, that each should play a simple Welsh air, without any variations; this was

accordingly done, and R. Roberts persisted, that Cunnah did not play in time; he, therefore, awarded the medal to W. Hughes *. The cause of this partial decision may, perhaps, without difficulty be traced; Cunnah came in, neck and neck, with Roberts at Wrexham, and may have created in the old minstrel something like *gwenwyn*. As a proof, that the audience were of a different opinion, a subscription was immediately entered into, (confined to five shillings each person), to purchase a medal or a piece of plate for Cunnah, as a compliment to his talents.

“You will naturally ask, what *my* opinion was of the contest: I certainly must say, that Cunnah was decidedly the best performer; and, if he would only allow others to sound his trumpet, he certainly would gain more admiration. He should also not be so fond of introducing his own compositions, but practice the *Welsh Airs* well, so as to be able to accompany the *datgeiniaid*. If he take this friendly hint, there is little doubt, but he would gain the Silver Harp on any future occasion.”

EISTEDDVOD IN GWENT.

THIS projected meeting, of which we intimated the probability last month, may now, we understand, be considered as finally determined upon. Sir Charles Morgan, we are informed, has interested himself warmly in the cause, and has succeeded in procuring for it the suffrages of several gentlemen connected with the province of Gwent. Brecon is still named as the place of meeting; and the present Mayor of that town, the Rev. Thomas Williams, is represented as extremely zealous to promote this national object. We hope, therefore, to be able, in an early Number, to announce the preliminary arrangements; and we have little doubt, from the zeal at present manifested by the gentlemen of Gwent, that the Brecon *Eisteddvod* will rival, in interest either of the similar assemblies, that have preceded it during the last three years †.

* Mr. Roberts was, on this occasion, joined by two other judges, (there being five in all) who, with him, constituted the majority.—ED.

† Since this account was written, a meeting has been appointed by public advertisement, for the 5th inst. in order to make the “preliminary arrangements,” to which we have above alluded.—ED.

Literary Announcement.

A Poem has recently appeared, under the title of "LORIN, OR THE WANDERER IN WALES," from the pen of Mr. Jones, of Swansea, which we are desirous of recommending to the notice of our readers. The subject of the poem, indeed, does not come, strictly speaking, within the plan of our work; but the scene being laid in Wales, and the author being himself a native of the Principality, will, we hope, form some apology for this slight deviation from our general rule. These circumstances of themselves, however, we should hardly have considered sufficient to justify this notice; but, strengthened as they are, by the merit of the production, we have no hesitation in offering a few remarks on Mr. Jones's poem.—Lorin, the hero of the tale, is a young man, whose mind had been alienated from the common charities of our nature by a train of overwhelming misfortunes, among which was a cruel disappointment in the hopes of his earliest and purest affections. In a state of mental distraction he seeks a refuge among the mountains of Wales, where he wanders for a long time a misanthrope and an outcast. At length, in a fit of desperate phrenzy, he endeavours, by plunging into the sea, to put a period to his sorrows, but is rescued at the moment by a village pastor, through whose pious care he afterwards experiences the most consolatory relief. While in this state of mind, accident restores to him the long lost object of his young passion, and with her return the serenity of mind and the happiness he had formerly known, while her hand is at length the compensation for all the ills he had endured.—Such is a faint, and but a faint, outline of Mr. Jones's production, which he has contrived to fill up with considerable effect, and particularly in portraying the misanthropic workings of Lorin's estranged intellect. His wild and gloomy musings are described with much poetical energy, and necessarily form a prominent feature of the poem, in which, however, are interspersed many fine touches of a different character, that bear ample testimony to the versatile skill of the writer. We select a short passage of this latter complexion, with which to close our brief notice of the "Wanderer in Wales;" it paints the first appearance of the rosy-fingered goddess, and, as it strikes us, in very picturesque colours:—

"Up starts the blue-eyed goddess of the morn,
Her buskins lac'd, and slung her bugle horn;
Fresh for the race, as merry and as free,
As well becomes such harbinger to be:
A light coronal binds her golden hair,
And half the pride of that fair breast is bare,
Woo'd by the breeze, that wanton plays around,
And her slight waist is slightly cestus-bound.
Away she trips, with fairy step along,
O'er hill and dale, the bosk and dell among;
Kissing the rose, and sipping off the dew,
That hangs upon the hare-bell's lip of blue:
Through her bright horn, in sounds that stir and shake,
She cries—'Up, sleeper, up—awake, awake!
'Nature's blest harmony revolves again,
'And calls to action the best sons of men.'"

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

JANUARY, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

THE commencement of the third year since the establishment of the CAMBRO-BRITON imposes on us the pleasing task of renewing to our readers and correspondents the expression of our gratitude for their friendly and unabated support.

We have to thank our Droitwich correspondent for his kind letter.—With respect to the “CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH,” however, we much fear, the scheme he suggests would not answer. In the first place, we have no favourable opinion of publishing by subscription; and, even if we thought differently on this point, our confidence in the patriotic spirit of our countrymen, we are sorry to say, would be hardly sufficient to justify the experiment.—As to the projected “Collections for a new History of Wales,” by Mr. Edward Williams, we have heard nothing of them since we published the notice in our third Number; we conclude, therefore, that the undertaking is abandoned.—The Numbers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, about which our correspondent enquires, may be had at our Publishers’, through the medium of any bookseller in the country.

AB IEUAN has also our thanks: he will find that we have attended to his hints. We shall always be glad to hear him, *under whatever name*.

We greatly regret, that an attentive reconsideration of P. B. W.’s two contributions has not justified the hope we expressed in our last. Unfortunately, we have not room now for farther explanation, and can only repeat generally, what we have often before said, that our aim is rather to inform strangers, than to gratify the mere Welsh reader: *verbum sat*. It is in our correspondent’s power, we know, to oblige us by communications more congenial with our plan.

The very able Address, delivered at Brecon by the Rev. W. J. Rees, is unavoidably postponed until next month. Its length, and that alone, has precluded its appearance in the present Number.

Our Swansea correspondent will find such part of his wish, as we had not anticipated last month, attended to in this Number. We thank him for reminding us of the “Cornish Play,” a specimen of which we will endeavour to insert in our next.

We hope next month to resume the translation of the Laws of Hywel Dda.

BRAWD DEWI has just arrived, and (notwithstanding his metamorphosis) shall appear in our next.

Derbyniasom lythyr Cymraeg “AP SHERYPHUM” (Qu. Ap Humphreys!) yn cwynaw yr arverwn, ar droion, y Lladin ac ieithioedd ereill nad ydynt ddeallus iddo. Er ateb, nid oes gannom ond dywedyd, mai mewn pob achosion tebyg à raid ei ddywedyd, mai ar y darllenydd y mae deall yr hyn à ysgrivenom, ac nid i ni ddysgynu i lawr at ei amgylfred ev. Dywedwn hyn heb amcanu dim yn gyveiriadawl at ein gohebydd; eithyr, yn y gwrthwyneb, am ei syniad ev y diolchwn yn barchusav.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

The reader is requested to rectify the following errors in the last two Numbers: the corrections will be found within parentheses.—No. XXIII. p. 24. in the notes, l. 1. “Dolgella” (Dolgellau). p. 33, l. 1. “Ysryd” (Ysbryd). l. 11. “oesedd” (oesoedd). l. 20. “Joseph” and “Jorddonen” (Ioseph and Iorddonen). l. 23. “oedd” (ev). l. 26. “yn oedd” (yr oedd). l. 35. “gyhurdd” (gyhwrdd). p. 31, l. 5. “gymylan” (gymhyfan). p. 38, l. 5. “im” (i’m). p. 47, l. 1. “gorseddawl” (gorseddawl). l. 46. “mae’er” (mae e’r). p. 48, l. 10. “dychryd” (dychryn).—No. XXIV. p. 74, l. 4, after “at the same” insert time. p. 90, l. 5. “men secret” (me a secret). p. 96, l. 5. “to” (in). p. 107, l. 21. “un” (yn). p. 111, l. 21 and 26. “Cynvan” (Cynvyn). p. 123, l. 3. “The home” (Their home). p. 126, l. 25, after “extract” insert a place. p. 127, l. 27. “zealous to promote” (zealous in his exertions to promote).

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

JANUARY, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. *CICERO de Legibus.*

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN.

It has often occurred to us, that a brief analytical digest of the historical events, recorded in the "Triads of the Isle of Britain," arranged, as far as might be, in the proper order of time, would be not only interesting but useful. Under this impression it is that we now submit a Chronological Epitome of such of these ancient records, as have already been translated in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and which comprise all known to be extant, with the exception merely of those that relate exclusively to Arthur and his Court. These latter may, with propriety, form a class by themselves, and will have a place hereafter in this work. In the mean time the following synopsis will serve to refresh the reader's memory with respect to the Triads already inserted,—such only, we mean, as have an obvious historical character. For, on this point, it may not be unnecessary to remark, that the "Triads of the Isle of Britain" are of a mixed complexion, having reference alike to history, mythology, and private biography. In many instances, indeed, we have found it a matter of considerable difficulty to separate the historical from the fabulous, so true is it, that the early dawn of history has, in all countries, been, more or less, obscured by the clouds of mythology. In the following digest, however, such memorials, as are obviously mythological, are omitted, together with a few others, that appear too ambiguous to be invested with the attributes of history. The same desire to secure this Epitome from the intrusion of any irrelevant matter has induced us to exclude also those Triads, that are confined merely to biographical notices, where such notices are not mixed up with the general history of the country. The Triads, thus omitted, however, whether fabulous or biographical, may

form the subject of a future analysis, although, as must be obvious, they are not generally susceptible of a chronological arrangement.

With respect to the chronology, observed in the following Epi-tome, it is, of necessity, in many instances, extremely doubtful, and in few, perhaps, true to the very year. In events, however, which belong, generally, to ages so remote, precision in this respect was not to be anticipated; and, accordingly, in some of the earliest memorials, which seem to ascend beyond what are usually called the historical periods, no attempt has been made to assign any dates to them. In others, not quite so remote, we have, with whatever success, endeavoured to ascertain the time, to which they relate; and, in a few of these instances, the result has been sanctioned by the historical authorities of antiquity. For the rest, we have only generally to premise, that, in proportion as we approach our own times, the dates, we think, will, as is natural, be found less liable to suspicion; yet here it may be proper to intimate, that the latest event, recorded in the Triads, is at a distance of six centuries and a half.

Ere these prefatory remarks are brought to a close, it may be proper to observe, that the more ancient of the following records appear to have relation to the CYMRY in their migratory, or nomadic, state, before their settlement in this island. Such, for example, are some of the acts ascribed to *Hu Gadarn*, who may be presumed to have been distinguished as a prince or lawgiver among the Cimbric tribes, that first colonized Europe. The earliest, therefore, of these memorials, although comprehended within the general designation of "Triads of the Isle of Britain," relate more properly, to use the language of the Triads themselves, to the "events which have befallen the race of the Cymry from the age of ages*." From these introductory remarks we now turn to the accomplishment of our task, merely premising, in addition to what we have already explained, that we shall subjoin to each memorial a reference to the page of the CAMBRO-BRITON, wherein the Triad, comprising it, has been translated; and in many instances it will be observed, that the same event is recorded in several Triads, though under a different designation, and, occasionally, with some variety in the circumstances.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 57.

CHRONOLOGICAL EPITOME OF THE HISTORICAL TRIADS,

EVENTS.

Probable
Date.

- THE nation of the Cymry first instructed in the arts of agriculture, while in Asia, and before their settlement in Britain, by Hu Gadarn.—vol. ii. p. 98 —
- First formed by him into social tribes and communities.—Id. p. 145 —
- The adaptation of song to the preservation of historical memorials introduced by Hu Gadarn.—Id. p. 390. —
- The Isle of Britain, before it was inhabited, denominated *Clas Merddin*, (the Sea-defended Green Spot). vol. i. p. 8 —
- The nation of the Cymry brought by Hu Gadarn from Asia into the Isle of Britain.—Id. pp. 45—7.—ii. p. 97. —
- The Isle of Britain, after it was inhabited, denominated *Vel Ynys*, (the Honey Island).—vol. i, p. 8 —
- A federal monarchy established in Britain by Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, who was the first ruler under this system.—Id. pp. 45, 281, 284.—ii. pp. 145—6. —
- The Isle of Britain, after it had been formed into a commonwealth by Prydain, denominated *Ynys Prydain*, (the Isle of Prydain).—vol. i. p. 8. —
- Poetry reduced to a system among the Cymry by Tydain, thence denominated Tydain Tad Awen, or Tydain the Father of the Muse.—vol. ii. pp. 145, 390 .. —
- The laws, customs, and privileges of Britain first consolidated and arranged by Dyvnwal Moelmud. vol. i, pp. 45, 284—ii. pp. 145, 146. B. C. 400
- The jury of a country, the regal power, and the office of a judge acknowledged as the pillars of the commonwealth of the Isle of Britain.—vol. i. p. 123 —
- The Isle of Britain colonized at an early period, after the settlement of the Cymry, by the Loegrians and Brython.—Id, p. 47. —
- The expedition of Urb Lluiddawg, of Scandinavia, who came to Britain and levied a considerable force, with which he sailed for Greece, where he and his followers are supposed to have settled.—Id. p. 86. —
- Britain invaded by the Coraniaid, or Coritani, and also by the Men of Lychlyn, or People of the North. Id, pp. 49, 50 —
- The art of ship-building amongst the Cymry invent-

EVENTS.	<i>Probable Date.</i>
ed by Corvinwr, the Bard of Ceri.—vol. ii. p. 389	B. C. 100,
Wheat and barley introduced into Britain by Coll.	
Id. p. 98.	
Building with stone introduced by Morddal. Id. p. 389	
A great famine in Essyllwg (Siluria) in the time of	
Ceraint—vol. i. p. 361.	56.
The pestilence of Manuba, which infected Gwynedd from the carcasses of the Irish, who invaded it under Ganvel Gwyddel, after their defeat by Caswallawn ab Beli.—Id. pp. 50, 125.	
The expedition of Caswallawn (Cassivellaunus) to Armorica, where he went to assist the natives of that country against the Romans under Cæsar.—Id. p. 87. or, according to another Triad, to obtain Flur, daughter of Mygnach the Dwarf.—vol. ii. p. 435.	55.
Britain invaded by the Romans under Cæsar in consequence of Caswallawn's expedition.—vol. i. p. 50.—ii. pp. 435, 437.	Id.
Caswallawn elected by public suffrage Sovereign of the Isle of Britain, in order to oppose the Romans. vol. i. p. 168.	Id.
The treachery of Avarwy (Mandubratius) in the assistance he afforded to Cæsar, upon his invasion of Britain.—Id. pp. 171. 201.—ii. pp. 49. 434.	54.
Settlement in Britain, at various periods, of the People of Celyddon, or Caledonia, of the Gwyddelians or first Irish Colonists who came to Alban, and of the Men of Galedin (probably Holland), who established themselves in the Isle of Wight.—vol. i. pp. 48, 50.	
Caradawg ab Bran (Caractacus) elected by public suffrage Sovereign of the Isle of Britain, in order to oppose the Romans.—vol. i. pp. 168. 281.	A.D. 43.
Belyn, son of Cynvelyn, and his followers distinguished for their courage during the wars of Caradawg.—vol. ii. p. 337.	
Caradawg betrayed to the Romans by Aregweddd Voeddawg (Cartismandua) daughter of Avarwy.—vol. i. p. 203.	52.
Bran, father of Caradawg, and his whole family sent as hostages for Caradawg to Rome, where they remained in captivity seven years.—Id. pp. 169. 282. ii. p. 193.	Id.
The Christian Faith first introduced into Britain by Bran, therefore called Bran the Blessed, upon his return from Rome.—vol. i. pp. 169. 282.	59.

EVENTS.	Probable Date.
Royal power established in Britain by Bran.—vol. i. p. 284.....	A. D. 59.
The art of making mill-wheels introduced by Coel ab Cyllin, grandson of Caradawg.—vol. ii. p. 319.....	100.
The See of Llandav, the first in Britain, founded by Eleurwg, the son of Coel.—vol. i. p. 282.—ii. p. 194...	167.
That of York founded by the Emperor Constantine. vol. ii. p. 194.	330.
That of London by Maxen Wledig, (the Emperor Maximus)—Id. ib.	380.
The expedition of Cynan Meiriadog and his sister Elen to Armorica, where territory was assigned them in reward of their assistance of the Emperor Maximus. vol. i. p. 87.	390.
Owain ab Maxen Wledig, son of the Emperor Maximus, elected by public suffrage Sovereign of the Isle of Britain.—Id. pp. 168. 281.	400.
The tribute, that had been paid to the Romans since the time of Cæsar, abolished during the reign of Owain. Id. p. 201.	Id.
Alban, or the Highlands of Scotland, invaded by the Red Gwyddelians, or Irishmen, who finally settled there.—Id. p. 50.....	—
Privileges first granted to the church by the family of Cunedda Wledig, a Cumbrian Prince.—Id. p. 169..	—
Improved mode of ploughing introduced by Illtyd Varchog (St. Illtutus); the land, before his time, having been tilled only with a mattock and over-tread plough. vol. ii. p. 98.	429.
The Christian Faith propagated amongst the Cymry by Brychan Brycheiniog, son of Aulach, king of Ireland, and who settled in Brecknockshire.—vol. i. p. 169.	—
Britain invaded by the Saxons.—Id. pp. 49, 50. ...	447.
The treachery of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau (Vortigern) in the aid he afforded the Saxons on their invasion of this island.—Id. pp. 201. 361.—ii. p. 434.	Id.
The Plot of the Long Knives on the mountain of Caer Caradawg, (Salisbury-plain), at a meeting between the Britons and Saxons, at which all the British nobility were slain. This plot was occasioned by the treachery of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau.—vol. i. p. 171.—ii. p. 147 ..	472.
The inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelod, in Caredigion, the dominion of Gwyddno Garanhir, in the reign of Emrys Wledig, (Ambrosius).—vol. i. p. 361.	490.

EVENTS.	Probable Date.
The voyage of Gavran and his companions in search of the Gwerddonau Llion (Green Islands of the Ocean); and their disappearance from the Isle of Britain.—vol. i. p. 124.—ii. p. 338.	A. D. 490.
Goronwy Beyyr deserted by his followers in a battle fought at Blaen Cynval in Ardudwy.—vol. ii. p. 338.	_____
The Cymry, who had taken refuge in Wales after the arrival of the Saxons, divided into three tribes:—the Gwentians, or inhabitants of Essylwg; the Gwyndydians, or inhabitants of Gwynedd and Powys; and the tribe of Pendaran Dyved, comprising the people of Dyved, Gwyr, and Caredigion.—vol. i. p. 168.	_____
The harbouring of foreigners, the liberation of prisoners, and the present of the bald man (probably St. Augustin) declared to be the causes why England was wrested from the Cymry.—vol. ii. p. 386.	_____
The Gospel preached in Wales by Dewi (St. David), Padarn, and Teiław.—vol. i. p. 170.	_____
Mynyddawg Eiddin and his followers distinguished for their bravery in the battle of Cattraeth.—vol. ii. p. 337.	540.
The Yellow Plague of Rhos, arising from the slaughter of a field of battle, which happened during the reign of Maelgwn Gwynedd.—vol. i. p. 126.	_____
Gwrgi and Peredur slain in the battle of Caer Grau, fought with Ida, king of Northumberland, in consequence of the desertion of their followers—vol. ii. p. 338.	584.
The treachery of Aeddan and his followers against Rhydderch the Generous, which assisted the Saxons in their conquest of the Cymry—vol. i. p. 441.—ii. p. 50.	590.
Drywen, the son of Nudd, and his followers signalized by their gallantry in the battle of Arderydd. vol. ii. p. 337.	593.
Gwenddolau ab Ceidio slain in the battle of Arderydd, when his followers avenge his death by maintaining the war for six weeks afterwards.—Id. p. 338.	Id.
Flight of Cadwallon eil Cadvan and his tribe to Ireland, where they remained seven years.—Id. ib.	620
The Principality of Wales divided by Rodri Mawr into three royal domains, viz. Dinevwr, Aberfraw, and Mathraval.—Id. p. 438.	843.
The Laws of the Isle of the Britain, as anciently observed by the Cymry, collected, revised, and arranged by Hywel Dda, grandson of Rodri Mawr, and King of all Wales.—Id. p. 146.	940.

Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, prince of Gwynedd, betrayed by Madawg Min, bishop of Bangor.—vol. i. p. 203. . . A.D. 1061.

The expedition of Madawg ab Owain Gwynedd, who went to sea with 300 companions, and never returned to the Isle of Britain.—Id. p. 124. 1172.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[Continued from p. 87.]

D.

DEINIOEL, the son of Dunod ab Pabo Post Prydain ab Arthwys ab Arar ab Coel. His mother was Dwywe, the daughter of Gwallog ab Lleenog, or of Banallig, in some copies. He was the founder of the bishopric of Bangor, in Arvon, of which he is the patron saint. He gave name to Llanddeinioel in Ceredigion.

DEINIOEL VAB, so called to distinguish him from the other Deinioel, who was his father; he is also named Deiniolen. Llanddeinioel Vab, or Llanddeiniolen, is dedicated to him.

DERVEL, the son of Hywel ab Emyr Llydaw. He generally bore the appellation of Dervel Gadarn, or Dervel the Mighty. He had a brother named Dwywau. Dervel is the patron saint of Llanddervel in Edeyrnion, in Meirion.

DEWI, the son of Sant, or Xanthus, ab Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig ab Edeyrn ab Padarn Beisrudd; and his mother was Non, the daughter of Cynyr, of Caer Gawch, in Mynyw, whose mother was Anna, the daughter of Uthur Bendragon. The English name of Dewi is St. David: and he was anciently stiled Dewi Brevi, or Dewi of the Lowing, and Dewi Ddyvwr, or Dewi the Waterman. For the preservation of certain privileges, stated in the Law Triads, these invocations are made—" *Dewi Brevi yn gannorthury!*" May Dewi Brevi be a support! and—" *Gwènog, helpa!*" Gwènog, help †! Dewi was the founder of the bishopric of St. David; a place so highly venerated, that two pilgrimages to it were held as

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 37—40.

† Id. vol. iii. p. 332. From this ancient authority for the use of the verb *helpa* we may fairly conclude that the English word is of Welsh origin.

efficacious as one to Rome: and D. ab Gwilym has left a poem, beautifully describing his journey there, about the year 1330. There is a legendary life of St. David in the British Museum. The following churches are dedicated to Dewi: Llanddewi Aber Arth, and Llanddewi Brevi, in Cardiganshire; Llanddewi Aber Gwesin, and Llanddewi Brwynllys, in Brecknockshire; Llanddewi Ysgyryd, and Llandewi Rhydderch, in Monmouthshire. There is also a Llanddewi in Radnorshire, one in Caermarthenshire, and one in Tir Gŵyr, Glamorganshire*. Dewi was one of "seven holy cousins" commemorated in these Englynion—

DEWI a CHYBI achubant beunydd,
Dwyn BEUNO yn warant;
DINGAD, CYNVARCH, á barchant,
A DEINIOEL, a SEIRIOEL sant.

Dyna saith curvaith arver, gân veudwy
Gwynvydu bob amser,
A vu'n y Maen, graen grynder—
Y saith á rivynt y ser.

TRANSLATION.

DEWI and CYBI are daily saving,
BEUNO is brought as a protection;
DINGAD and CYNVARCH, who respect us,
And DEINIOEL and holy SEIRIOEL.

These are the seven of usual great value
with the hermit,
As, hour by hour, he grows enthusiastic,
That were in the Stone of terrible roundness,
The seven, that numbered as the stars.

DIER, the daughter of Arwystl Glof, or Hawystl Glof, and the sister of Diheuvyr, Marchell, Tudyr, Tyvrydog, and Tyrnog. She was buried at Bod Fari, in Tegeingl.

DIGAIN, the son of Cystennin Gorneu. He lies buried at Llangernyw, in Rhyvoniog. Denbighshire.

DIHEUVYR, the son of Hawystl Glof, by Divanwledd, the daughter of Amlawdd Wledig. See Tyvrydog.

* For other particulars, relating to Dewi or St. David, see the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170.

DINGAD, the son of Brychan, a saint who lies buried in Gwent-is-coed, Monmouthshire.

DINGAD, the son of Nudd Hael, and the father of Lleuddad.

DOCHTWY, a saint who, with Mael and Sulien, accompanied Cadvan from Llydaw into this island.

DOGED, the son of Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig, to whom is dedicated Llanddaged, in Arvon. He is sometimes styled Doged Vrenin, or Doged the King.

DOGVAEL, the son of Ithael Hael ab Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, and the cousin of Dewi. Llanddogvael, or St. Dogmael, formerly a monastery, near the Teivi, in Pembrokeshire, was founded by him; and he is also the patron saint of Llanddogvael of Talebolion, in Mon.

DOGVAN, the son of Brychan. It is not known where he and his brothers Rhawin and Rhun were buried.

DOLGAR, the daughter of Gildas ab Caw, lord of Cwm Cawlwyd. She had brothers called Gwŷnog and Noethan.

DOLOR, the son of Deini o Ddeivr a Brynaich, or Deini of Deira and Bernicia, in the North.

DONA, the son of Selyv ab Cynan Garwyn ab Brochwel Ysgythrog. Llanddona, at Cravgoed, in Mon, is named after him.

DWYVAEL, the son of Pryderi ab Dolor Deivr of Deivr and Brynaich, in the North. He lies buried at Llanvair, in Lleyn.

DWYVAN. He and Fagan, Ilid and Mawen, were teachers, who accompanied Bran from Rome to this island, when he was released from being hostage for his son Caradog.

DWYNWEN, the daughter of Brychan. She and her sister Ceinwen are saints at Llanddwyn, in Mon. From a poem addressed to her by D. ab Gwilym, about the year 1330, she seems to have had attributes similar to those of Venus, among the Romans.

DWYWE, the daughter of Gwallog ab Lleenog, and the mother of Deinioel. To her is dedicated Llanddwywe of Ardudwy, in Meirion. "On the first Sunday after the feast-day of Dwywe they keep the wakes of Dinmeirchion." E. Lhwyl.

DYVNAN, the son of Brychan. Llanddyvnan, in Mon, is dedicated to him; and he lies buried there.

DYVNŌG SANT, the son of Medrod ab Cawrdav ab Caradog Vreichvras.

DYVRIG, the son of Brychan. He is a saint in Ceredigion. Under the Latinized name of Dubricius, he is said to have been archbishop of Llandav, in the *Liber Landavensis*.

[*To be continued.*]

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

THE SAYINGS OF THE CROW *.

A CROW sang her sayings in a valley,
While seeking for her grain :
Learning is no learning unless it be followed,

A crow sang her saying on the height
Of an oak, over the two streams of a conflux :
Wit is mightier than strength.

A crow sang her saying in the cliffs,
Where she might have a quiet hour :
God provides good for the fortunate.

A crow sang her saying from the top of an oak,
Where she was heard by all the birds :
A bell will not be rung to the deaf.

A crow sang her saying with the dawn
To such as questioned her in her retreat :
The wise will not meddle with what concerns him not,

A crow sang her saying on the point of the sea-coast
To such as could not exert themselves :
There is no possession except knowledge.

A crow sang her saying in solitude,
And from afar was heard her sound :
The brave will overcome every chance.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. lii. p. 98. For a short notice of Catwg and his writings, see vol. i. of this work, pp. 11 and 52.—ED.

A crow sang in the groves,
Where the proud were in disputation :
Of one condition is every body in death.

A crow sang from the top of the wood,
In the hearing of all the birds of the groves :
The wise will devote himself to God,

A crow sang her saying in a corner
To such as were found in compotation :
No danger is equal to that of bad company.

A crow sang her saying from the top of the ash
To birds that were misers :
Poor is every body that sees not when he has enough.

A crow sang her saying in the desert
To such as was her companion :
Happiness is inclination without hope.

A crow sang her saying discreetly
To such as went not according to their understanding :
A feast is no feast at the cost of another.

A crow sang her saying to her chick,
Of those who went to live together :
Every thing loves its kind.

A crow sang her saying with prudence
To such as she found irrational :
To the blind it is useless to hold a candle.

So sang Catwg the Wise.

GWILYMIANA.—No. I.

THROUGH the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to promise our readers, under the title prefixed to this article, occasional translations of the poems of Davydd ab Gwilym, on whom the appellations of the Ovid and the Petrarch of Wales, but the latter, we think, with the greater propriety,

have been indiscriminately bestowed. With the exception of a few specimens of his effusions in the last volume of the *Cambrian Register*, we are not aware, that the works of this bard have ever appeared in an English dress. The writer of the following version, therefore, has no small claim on the thanks of our readers for his attempt to extend an acquaintance with one of the most favoured votaries of the *Awen*; and it is almost superfluous to add, that his first specimen affords a happy proof of the success, with which he has caught the playful humour of the original.

As no opportunity has hitherto occurred for saying much in the CAMBRO-BRITON respecting Davydd ab Gwilym, a cursory view of his life may form an appropriate, and not unacceptable, introduction to the GWILYMIANA. We can promise, however, little, if any thing, more than an abridgement of what has been already so very ably written on this subject*.

MEMOIR OF DAVYDD AB GWILYM.

CARDIGANSHIRE has the honour of being the place of our poet's nativity; for it appears, that he was born, about the year 1340, at Llanbadarn Vawr in that county. By the paternal line, however, he belongs to the other division of the Principality, as his father, Gwilym Gam, claimed to be a descendant of Llywarch ab Bran, head of one of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales, and brother-in-law of the celebrated Owain Gwynedd. The poet's mother was Ardudvul, sister of Llywelyn ab Gwilym Vychan, a person of distinguished note in the county of Cardigan.

Whatever may have been Davydd ab Gwilym's pretensions to an illustrious descent, there is reason to believe, that his birth was illegitimate, or, at least, that the union of his parents, if it had been previously sanctioned by law, had not received the countenance of their friends. At no distant period, however, a reconciliation must have been effected, as the embryo bard was taken, in his infancy, under the protection of his uncle Llywelyn ab Gwilym, who became his tutor, and seems to have discovered in him the early indi-

* We allude to the very interesting Memoir of Davydd ab Gwilym, prefixed to the Edition of his works, published in 1789, from the pen of Mr. Owen Pughe, and to which the present humble attempt is almost wholly indebted for any little merit it may possess.

cations of that particular talent, for which he was subsequently so conspicuous, and in the cultivation of which he afforded his young *élève* every encouragement. About the age of 15 Davydd ab Gwilym returned to his parents, with whom, however, he appears to have resided but a short time, owing, as it would seem, to the continual bickerings that took place between them, the consequence, in all probability, of the young bard's satirical propensities. But, be this as it may, we find him at an early age again separated from his natural guardians, and enjoying, at Maesaleg in Monmouthshire, the patronage and friendship of Ivor Hael, a relative of his father, and an ancestor of the present house of Tredegar.

Ivor, deservedly styled *Hael*, or *The Generous*, treated his young kinsman with an affectionate kindness, which he even carried so far as to appoint him his steward and the instructor of his only daughter, although his qualifications for these duties were not, it is most probable, of the most obvious description. At least, the inconvenient consequences of one of these appointments were too soon apparent in the mutual attachment, that grew up between the poet and his fair charge. What the conduct of Ivor towards the former was on the discovery of this circumstance is not now known; but he is reported to have lost no time in immuring his daughter within a convent in the island of Anglesey. Thither she was followed by her devoted swain, who, in the capacity of a servant at a neighbouring monastery, consoled himself for some time by offering to his mistress the willing tributes of his love-sick muse. At length, however, weary alike of this barren enjoyment and of his fruitless fidelity, he returned to the hospitable mansion of his patron; and the welcome reception, he appears to have experienced there, does not allow us to suppose, that his affection for the daughter had produced any serious displeasure on the part of the father, however, from motives of prudence, the latter might have thought proper to discountenance the attachment.

During this, his second, residence with Ivor, our poet must, in all likelihood, have bestowed much attention on the cultivation of his favourite pursuit, since we find him, about this time, elected to fill the post of Chief Bard of Glamorgan, which had then something more than a mere nominal import-

ance. His poetical reputation made him also a welcome, and, in some respects, a necessary, guest at the festivals, which, in those long-vanished days of social cheer and princely hospitality, were common in the houses of the first orders in Wales. The mansions of Ivor Hael and Llywelyn ab Gwilym were the frequent scenes of these festive assemblies, at which particular respect was shewn to the sons of the *Awen*, and where Davydd ab Gwilym seems to have had the first opportunities of signalizing himself amongst his bardic compeers. It was at Emlyn, the seat of his uncle Llywelyn, that the enmity, which existed between him and Rhys Meigan, a brother bard, had its origin, and which was the cause, in some poetical contests, that afterwards took place between them, of mutual attacks of the most virulent character. The laurel, however, in this war of personalities, was finally awarded to Davydd ab Gwilym, whose antagonist is even reported to have fallen dead on the spot, a victim to the unendurable poignancy of our poet's satire. Strange and incredible as this incident may appear, it is, in a great measure, confirmed by our poet himself in one of his productions, wherein he alludes with some minuteness to the extraordinary occurrence*.

The other particulars of our poet's life, that are traditionally known or that may be collected from his writings, relate chiefly to his general attachment to the fair sex, amongst whom, whether on account of his personal attractions, which are represented as having been of a superior nature, or of the charms of his muse, he appears to have had many admirers. Under such circumstances it is not surprising, that a person of his disposition should have been involved in several adventures of gallantry. Tradition has preserved the memory of one in particular, too long to be here recorded, the extravagance of which, if authentic, proves at once the extent of his amours and the occasional levity of his conduct in this respect.

In two instances, however, he seems to have entertained a sincere and, perhaps, an honourable, passion, the objects of which, under the apparently fictitious names of Dyddgu and Morvudd, he has celebrated in some of his most fascinating effusions. But in both cases the result was, unluckily, unpropitious to his

* See "Davydd ab Gwilym's Poems," No. 125, and also the poem, preceding it, by Gruffydd Grug, No. 124.

hopes. The former lady, who is represented to have been endowed with the fairest graces both of person and mind, seems to have proved inaccessible to all the overtures of his heart, enforced, as they were, by all the fascinations of his muse. Morvudd, the other favourite, was the daughter of Madog Llawgam, of Anglesey, and has been justly denominated the *Laura* of our Cambrian Petrarch. To her he was united by a marriage, somewhat irregularly solemnized, indeed, even for the laxity of that age, and continued to live with her until she was, at length, snatched from him by her parents, who gave her hand, in a more formal and binding manner, to one Cynvrig Cynin, an old dotard, whose wealth was his sole recommendation. The bard's mortification at this event, and his inextinguishable passion for Morvudd, appear from several of the poems, which he has dedicated to her, and which contain also many strokes of caustic ridicule against her decrepid spouse, upon whom he invariably bestows the name of *Bwa Bach*, or the Little Hunchback. But Davydd ab Gwilym does not appear to have been satisfied with such revenge only as his muse could supply; for he employed every expedient to procure an interview with his mistress, and at length succeeded in bearing her away from her husband. The lovers, however, were soon overtaken; and a heavy penalty was the reward of our bard's dexterity, his inability to pay which occasioned him to be consigned to a prison, where he might have ended his days but for the generosity of some of his countrymen in Glamorgan, who, by discharging the fine, gave a convincing proof of the general esteem, in which he was held. Nor did the poet himself ever forget the debt of gratitude he owed, on this account, to his liberal benefactors*.

Among the poetical cotemporaries of our bard, with whom he had formed a particular intimacy, was Gruffydd Grug, a native of Anglesey, eminently distinguished as a favourite of the *Awen*. A sort of amicable rivalry took place between them, which gave birth to many spirited productions on both sides, some of which have survived to the present day†. At

* The bard often takes occasion, in his poems, to advert to this benevolent deed of the inhabitants of Glamorgan; and two of his effusions (No. 93, and No. 11, of the Appendix) are written expressly on the occasion.

† These are 29 in number, and are preserved among the Poems of Davydd ab Gwilym.

length, however, the contest assumed a more hostile character, and might have terminated in the total extinction of their friendship, had not such an event been averted by the ingenious stratagem of one Bola Bauol, who contrived to convey to each of the rival bards a report of his opponent's death, which had the anticipated effect of producing from both a reciprocal expression of regret, as well as an interchange of elegiac effusions, adapted to the supposed mournful occasion in all the fulness of genuine sorrow. The discovery of this venial fraud, and of the mutual sentiments it had called forth, was the cause of a reconciliation between the contending poets, and of a renewal of their original friendship with a sincerity, that secured its continuance during the rest of their lives.

Of the latter years of our bard's existence we have only a general account, which states, that they were consumed in his native parish of Llanbadarn, and where also had been his paternal home. His parents, however, were now no more; and he had also experienced the misery of surviving all the rest of his nearest friends, amongst whom were to be numbered his two generous patrons and the fair Morvudd. His maternal uncle, Llywelyn, he lost, while yet young, by the act of an assassin, and his muse was taught to bewail him with an affectionate sorrow. One of his poems on this occasion (for it may reasonably be presumed, from the prolific character of his muse, that he wrote more than one) is still extant, and bears ample testimony to the grateful tenderness of his feelings. Ivor Hael and his family, to whom, while living, his poetical talent had ever been devoted, were also remembered, in their death, in some of his most plaintive strains, which, with respect to Ivor himself in particular, expressed with fidelity the language of the heart. But it was Morvudd, the ill-fated, the never-forgotten, Morvudd, at whose shrine the adorations of his muse were made with the greatest frequency, and with the most fervent devotion. One hundred and nine of his poems, and those generally of greater length than what Petrarch dedicated to his Laura, are still preserved; and we know from his own authority, that he wrote at least thirty-eight more on this favourite and inexhaustible theme*. None of his effu-

* It is generally considered, because the poet himself calls one of his poems the 147th, that he wrote no more; but this is by no means a necessary conclusion. The poem, indeed, which immediately follows, in

sions, however, on her death are now extant, though it is probable, that, in the pensive tranquillity of his declining age, he must have devoted some strains to this mournful subject. For, we find, from his own testimony, that the Muse did not desert him even in his last moments: on the awful bed of death he sought in the consolations of her voice the sweet music of that Hope, whose home is in heaven. One of his effusions on this impressive occasion remains, and is entitled "The Death-bed Song of the Bard*."

We have now arrived at the close of our poet's earthly career, and we may say of him, as of the swan, that he closed his life with a song. But, unlike the swan, his tuneful talent was not confined to the hour of dissolution: on the contrary,

——— *Servatur ad inum*

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat.

His death is reported to have taken place, about the year 1400, in Anglesey, according to some accounts, but, according to others of a more probable nature, at his home in Llanbadarn. His ashes repose at Ystrad Flur in the county of Cardigan; and his tomb has not wanted the tributary gift of the *Awen*. Some kindred spirit has recorded on it his friendship for the bard and his sorrow for his death in an epitaph, of which the following version affords but an imperfect idea:—

Gwilym, bless'd by all the Nine,
Sleep'st thou, then, beneath this tree;
'Neath this yew, whose foliage fine
Shades alike thy song and thee?

Mantling yew-tree! he lies near,—
Gwilym, Tivy's Nightingale †;
And his song too moulders here,
Ever tuneless through the vale,

Of the character and poems of Davydd ab Gwilym we have

his works, the one called the 147th, is entitled "The last Poem to Morvudd," and may therefore be presumed to have been written subsequently. It is probable, then, that the whole number, written on this subject, considerably exceeded even 147.

* See his "Poems," p. 495, No. 246.

† In the original *Eos Teiri: Eos Dyved*, however, or the Dimetian Nightingale, was the appellation, by which our bard was frequently known.

not space to say much. The former has been variously represented: tradition ascribing to him a purity of manners and a correctness of conduct, which, to judge from his writings, he did not always evince. It may not, however, be fair, in all cases, to condemn the man on account of the failings of the poet; and Davydd ab Gwilym's life may possibly have illustrated the injustice of such an act. What he wrote in the warmth or in the thoughtlessness of his poetical inspirations may have been discountenanced by the gravity of his cooler reflections. Yet it must at last be admitted, that this is but an hypothesis, which it is now too late to establish or to refute. One thing we may with certainty affirm, that, whatever may be the complexion of the greatest part of his surviving effusions, there are not wanting in others the most satisfactory evidence of a sound moral and religious feeling, highly creditable to the memory of the bard.

Of the merit of his poems it is scarcely necessary to speak: the meed of praise, awarded by the poet's cotemporaries, has received the sanction of four centuries. One peculiarity, however, it may be proper to notice, and more especially as it belongs, in an essential manner, to the character of the Welsh tongue. This is the remarkable nicety, with which he almost always adapts the diction to his particular theme. Pre-eminent as the advantages are, which his language afforded in this respect, he has availed himself of them with an effect, which is hardly conceivable. Thus, nothing can exceed, in harmonious sweetness, some of his love-poems; while, on the other hand, as, for instance, in his description of a thunder storm, the sound is accommodated to the sense with the most appalling precision. The bard is also regarded, though with what justice we pretend not to decide, as the inventor of the *Cynydd*, which has, since his time, become a favourite form of composition. To this we may add, that, besides the singular merit of his versification, his poems are often pregnant with deep thought, bold figurative inventions, and with those delicate touches of fancy, that peculiarly mark the gifted mind, and can only be properly appreciated where they are thoroughly felt.

In bringing to a close this cursory Memoir of Davydd ab Gwilym, we wish briefly to notice his general accomplishments. In this point of view his poems supply many proofs

of his learning, at least of such learning, as that age was qualified to afford. Allusions to the works of Greece, Rome, and modern Italy occur not infrequently in his writings, and, in some cases, where his knowledge could not have been derived through the medium of a translation. With the poetry of Petrarch he appears, in particular, to have been well acquainted; and the congeniality of disposition, discoverable in the two poets, as well as the painful resemblance of their fates, may naturally account for such a partiality. On one occasion, it deserves also to be noticed, he appears to have given a paraphrastic version of one of the Odes of Horace*; and passages of the Iliad are often the objects of his allusion. With these his classical attainments (as we may not improperly call them) he united the national accomplishment of playing upon the harp, which he seems to have first learnt, at an early age, under the tuition of his kinsman, Llywelyn ab Gwilym; and it appears, from one of his poems, that he was fond of administering, in this manner, to the gratification of his female acquaintance. Of the person of our bard we have already incidentally spoken; it is described as remarkable for its elegance and symmetrical beauty; and he is thought to have been not insensible to the means of displaying it to the best advantage. In a word, shortly to sum up our imperfect narrative, Davydd ab Gwilym appears to have possessed, in a favoured degree, the graces both of person and mind, which, allied, as they were, to a pre-eminent poetical genius, contributed to render him one of the most remarkable characters of the age, in which he lived, and which he may, without exaggeration, be said to have adorned.

GWILYMIANA.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BARD AND A MAID†.

B. Good day to you, my lovely Maid!

M. Welcome the cuckoo's rhyming blade!

* Compare the 226th Poem in the Edition of his works with the 10th Ode of the 4th Book of Horace.

† See the "Poems" No. 180, p. 359. We regret that we cannot gratify our correspondent's wish by allowing the original to accompany his version. The space, it would occupy, would itself be a sufficient objection, even, if it were not, at all times, our anxious desire to consult, as much as possible, the convenience of our English readers.—Ed.

- B.* And how d'ye do, my lovely dear?
M. Oh! well and hearty, full of cheer.
B. Why, true, my love you seem quite gay,
M. Ah! so you flirting beaux will say.
B. How fair your face of roseate hue!
M. If fair it be, no thanks to you.
B. Oh! what a beauteous form you have!
M. 'Tis at my own expence, you knave.
B. Your eye-brows are so round and fine!
M. Well, what of that? they still are mine.
B. How jetty black your eyes so tender!
M. And what is that to you, I wonder?
B. By Jove, your answers are quite pert!
M. And so they should, 'tis your desert.
B. Do answer me, my love, an' please ye!
M. To answer you is not so easy.
B. Now tell me, maid, do'nt be so dumb.
M. What will you have me tell you?—come!
B. Is there of loving you no gain?
M. I tell you nay, you love in vain.
B. And will you farther grace deny?
M. I will; for more in vain you'll cry.
B. Tell me at once (nor be so hot!)
 Shall I possess my love or not?
M. By holy Mary's name I swear,
 You sha'nt! and press me, if you dare,
B. Shall we to Hymen's altar jog?
M. Seek not to prove me, hateful dog!
B. Then I will seize my Olwen * maid.
M. And I will shriek for Mary's aid.
B. Come, let us to the Parson hie.
M. In vain to coax me, rogue, you try.
B. What then can I hope for? say!
M. A sign on a long summer's day.
B. Ah! placid nymph, I want a wife.
M. And I a husband, by my life.

RHYDYCHENWR.

* The original words are "nith Olwen," which are, perhaps, not very exactly rendered by "Olwen maid." Olwen is a mythological character, and occurs in the Mabinigion, as the object of the passion of Culhwch. She may be regarded as the Venus of the Welsh bards. The name implies a fair track or course.—ED.

WELSH PROVERBS.

Plant gwirionedd yw hen Diarebion.—DIAREB.

THE first volume of this work * contained a brief account of the Proverbs of the Cymry, as preserved in the Archaiology of Wales, together with some specimens of this species of aphoristic lore †. We now select a few more, not so much for any pre-eminent merit they possess, as because they all appear to have some reference to matters of history; and, as, in many instances, the true meaning of the allusion is now entirely lost, and, as, in others, where known, it has obvious reference to very remote periods, the proverbs themselves may reasonably be regarded as being generally of high antiquity as well as being purely national. For this reason, we are disposed to believe, that their insertion here will not be uninteresting, even although one or two have appeared on former occasions.

HISTORICAL PROVERBS.

What is gotten on the horse of Malen will go under his belly †.

Like the coat of Caradawg §.

Gwenhwyvar, the daughter of Ogyrwan Gawr, bad when little, worse when big ||.

To be as repentant as the man, that had killed his greyhound.

To devote a slave to the destroying power **.

Though he may be good, yet is he not Mordav ††.

* Page 130.

† Pages 207, 295, 365.

‡ See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 125, Triad xvi. and p. 208 in the notes.

§ Id. pp. 169, 203, 204.

|| She was daughter of Gwryrd Gwent and one of the wives of Arthur.

** It is stated by Mr. Lewis Morris, in one of his papers, that, in the memory of old people, a custom of throwing one of a herd of cattle down a rock, in order to free the rest from any distemper, was common in Brecknockshire, and perhaps in the neighbourhood of Buallt, which (one would almost think) must have derived its name from such a practice, as its component syllables, BU and ALLT, may be translated OX-CLIFF. Somewhat similar to this was the ancient custom prevalent in the Isle of Cyprus, where shipwrecked strangers, who laid their hands on the altar of Apollo, were cast down the precipice whereon it stood.

†† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 249.

As bad as the Mad Velen*.
 Long the sleep of Maelgwn in the church of Rhos †.
 Malaen deserves his journey ‡.
 Like the work of Emrys §.
 Like the load of the stone of Ceti ||.
 Like the flour compared with Indeg **.
 Arthur was but while he was.
 Two Welshmen will not continue in concord.
 Arthur did not violate the protection of a woman.
 A Welshman will not keep until he loses.
 It was not at once that Herbin was obtained ††.
 Old Cyrys only asked for the fractions between the
 changes ††.
 The word of a foreigner is not imperative on a Cymro.
 No one is like Nest §§.
 The gift of the men of Erging ||||.
 As generous as Nudd ***.
 Daily often comes like the idiots of Cyveiliog †††.
 Talking as much as the son of Saith Gudyn †††.
 Talking with Merddin on a pole §§§.
 As cunning as Ieuan Cydewain.
 The ale of Aberconwy the farther off the better.
 To go a begging in Gwyddelwern || || ||.
 To kill the Mayor of Chester on Cevn Cerwyni ****.
 He, that is the head, should become the bridge ††††.

* The Yellow Plague of Rhos, p. 126

† Ibid

‡ Id. p. 125

§ Vol. ii. p. 387, Triad lxxxix. || Ibid.

** The daughter of Avarwy Hir, and one of Arthur's favourites. Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 8.

†† The history of Herbin is not known.

†† Cyrys, generally called Old Cyrys of Ial, lived in the eleventh century, and was the original collector of the Proverbs published in the Archæology.

§§ A beauty of the twelfth century, celebrated by the princely bards, Owain Cyveiliog and Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd

|||| A district in Herefordshire.

*** See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 249.

††† A part of Montgomeryshire.

††† This name occurs in the ancient bards, but the allusion in the proverb is not known. §§§ The reason of this allusion is also lost.

|||| A parish in Meirion, near Corwen.

**** This name is also to be found in the old bards; but no more is known of the event here alluded to.

†††† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 207 in the Notes.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH NORTH WALES.

[Continued from Page 102.]

As I have several times alluded to the Marches of Wales, an outline of their origin may be acceptable to the reader. After William the Norman had subdued the Saxons, being well aware of the difficulty of subjugating the Welsh in like manner, he gave to seven Norman Lords as much land on the borders of Wales, as they could "win from the Welshmen;"—thereby providing for the majority of his followers a tolerable portion of territory, and, by a master-stroke of policy, preventing the Welsh from acting on the offensive to any great extent. The lands, thus granted, were denominated Lordships' or Baronies' Marchers, and were holden *in capite* of the king of England, as of the crown immediate, by serving the sovereign in his wars with a certain number of men. The lords were also bound to garrison their castles with sufficient men and munition "for the keeping of the king's enemies in subjection."

That the lords might better govern the people within their respective baronies, they were endued with such prerogative and authority, as were most fit for the quiet and effectual government of the country. To this end a kind of palatine court was established in each lordship, with full power to administer justice, and to execute its decrees in the territories dependent upon it; and, the king being supreme lord, reference was made to the English courts of law, whenever their own jurisdiction failed. In consequence of this policy, a large extent of territory, which had formerly belonged to the Welsh, became annexed to England; and, that it might be retained by the English, the Lords Marchers were invested with the most arbitrary authority.—The power of life and death was placed in their hands, and they were neither sparing nor merciful in the exercise of their powerful prerogative.

At the conquest of Wales by Edward, the power of the Lords Marchers was somewhat restricted; and, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, the government of the Marches was vested in a Lord President, and a Council, consisting of the Chief Justice of Chester, and the three other judges of Wales. In cases of extreme importance and emergency other

persons were appointed to decide the question. The Lords Marchers, however, and all their despotism were abolished by the Union Statute, and their territories became annexed partly to England and partly to Wales: the President and Council were nevertheless allowed to hold their offices as before, and their general court was to be holden at Ludlow. But in 1689 their power ceased altogether, and the Marches, with the other parts of the Principality, participated in the government and jurisdiction of England.

After an early dinner at Oswestry we set out about three o'clock to walk to Wrexham, a distance of fifteen miles; and in an hour we arrived at the populous village of Chirk, five miles on the road. Near this place is a castle, formerly the property of the wealthy and very respectable family of the Middletons*, and remarkable for its situation on a considerable eminence, commanding an extensive view into no less than seventeen different counties. It is about half a mile from the village, and, like that of Powys, exhibits a strange mixture of the ancient castle and the modern mansion. It is a quadrangular building, with a large and heavy looking tower at each corner, and a similar one over the entrance. Like all other strong holds, it has its dungeon, which is here as deep as the walls of the building are high; "but," observes Mr. Pennant, "according to the laudable usage of its present lord †, the captives endure but a short and easy confinement, and even *that* passes imperceptibly amidst the good cheer and generous liquors bestowed upon them by the kind warder to whose custody they are committed ‡."

* These domains, with the other Middleton estates, have lately been a subject of litigation. The suit has, at length, terminated in a division of the property between the three co-heiresses, whereby the castle and lands adjoining have become the portion of Mrs. Biddulph, under whose auspices considerable improvements are now taking place.—ED.

† The late Mr. Middleton, upon whose death the property was divided between his three daughters, the present Mrs. Biddulph, Mrs. West, and Miss Middleton.—ED.

‡ According to a statement, presented by Mr. John Middleton to the Society of Antiquarians, the building of Chirk Castle began in 1011, and finished in 1013. One of the wings was repaired in Cromwell's time, and cost £28,000. Soon afterwards, upon the revolt of Sir Thomas Middleton from the Parliament cause, the castle was besieged, and one side, with three of its towers demolished, but was restored during the same year at an expence of £80,000. It was in the vicinity of this castle that, in the year 1165, Henry II. was defeated by Owain Gwynedd in the famous

Passing through Chirk, we shortly arrived at a spot, "so fair, so green, so full of goodly prospect," that no one but the dullest stoic in existence could behold it with apathy. It was a lovely and secluded dale, through which the dark and troubled waters of the Dee rolled rapidly over their rugged and rocky bed between banks thickly clothed with hazel and alder bushes.

Fair was the scene around ; a lovely vale,
Whose mountain-circle, at the distant verge,
Lay softened on the sight: the near ascent
Rose bolder up, in part abrupt and bare—
Part with the ancient majesty of woods
Adorned, or lifting high its rocks sublime.
The river's liquid radiance rolled beneath—
A troubled stream, whose waves rolled on their way
With rapid vehemence.

A neat bridge added greatly to the beauty of the scene, which was yet more considerably heightened by a few cottages, picturesquely scattered at intervals along the declivities of the valley. This delightful landscape accompanied us for two miles, when we reached Ruabon, or Rhiwabon, a village pleasantly situated on rising ground at the north-western extremity of the valley, and contiguous to Wynnstay, the extensive and fertile demesne of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. At the little inn at Ruabon we ordered tea, and rested awhile to refresh ourselves, preparatory to the performance of the remainder of our walk, as we had yet full six good miles to travel. Having finished our potations, our host very civilly enquired if we would walk into Wynnstay-park, and see the grounds? We readily availed ourselves of his courtesy, and, with a good-humoured attentive little fellow, denominated Shone Bach (*Anglicè* Little John), we bent our steps towards the lordly domain of one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the Principality.

It was near sun-set when we entered the park, and the rich beams of the declining luminary, as they gilded the majestic oaks around us, lengthened their shadows, and cast a chequered glow upon the smooth green-sward beneath. This park

Battle of Crogen. The spot is still called *Adwy y Beddau*, or Pass of the Graves.—ED.

has, in many places, more of the appearance of an old English forest, than, of what is in Wales often termed a *park*. Its luxuriant groves of fine old oak, sycamore, and beech trees, its musical rivulets, and its broad green glades convey no indistinct idea of the haunts of the merry men of Sherwood, and I more than once surprised myself in comparing the beautiful prospects before us to the splendid scenes so admirably described in *Ivanhoe*. Whether the appellation bestowed upon our diminutive *Cicerone* contributed, by association, to remind me of Little John, and his renowned companions, I cannot at this time precisely determine; but I remember the circumstance well, and, even now, the magnificent scenes, we then beheld, are still in "my mind's eye," glowing in all the charms of an early and genial spring. The house is a large and substantial structure, built in a manner becoming the seat of a British country-gentleman, and well adapted to the reception of his worthy neighbours who may revel in his hospitality without the dread of spoiling any frippery ornaments, fit only to decorate the rout-rooms of a town-house, or the elegant villa of the wealthy citizen. It has been extensively altered, since its original erection, in a style, however, perfectly consonant with the ancient and majestic forest trees which surround it. I am, generally speaking, no admirer of that innovating system, which levels with the ground the venerable and antique halls of our fathers, merely for the sake of what is often erroneously termed *improvement*. But Wynnstay has been improved for a better reason, as some alteration had become actually necessary, both for the safety of the inmates, and for the external appearance of the mansion; for age had, in many places, rendered it ruinous and unstable*.

As we wished to reach our destination before night-fall, we did not deem it prudent to remain long at Wynnstay; taking leave, therefore, of our civil and good-humoured guide, we pursued our course towards Wrexham. Three miles on the

* Wynnstay was originally the abode of Madog ab Gruffudd Maelor, a prince of Powys, who died in the 13th century. It afterwards bore the name of Wattstay, derived from Watt's Dyke, which runs close to it. It was, upon coming into the possession of the present family, that it took the name of Wynnstay. The present house is supposed to have been built, part by Sir John Wynn in the 16th century, and the remainder by the last proprietor.—Ed.

road we passed through Erddig, the beautiful estate of Simon Yorke, Esq., whose father, the late proprietor, was a rare specimen of warm-hearted Welshmanry and amusing eccentricity. He died in 1804, bequeathing to posterity a most curious and valuable memorial of his patriotism and erudition, in a work entitled "The Royal Tribes of North Wales," in which he has deduced, with the most praise-worthy precision and accuracy, the pedigrees of the principal families in Wales from their lordly and uncivilized ancestors of old. But the most conspicuous and patriotic feature in the character of this Cambrian Genealogist was an extreme predilection for every thing relating to the history and antiquities of his country. I have heard—and I believe Mr. Pennant mentions the circumstance—that he had appropriated a spacious apartment of his mansion to the reception and arrangement of the banners and escutcheons of his revered Royal Tribes; and that he had collected with much antiquarian diligence, and, doubtless, with much antiquarian acuteness, a number of highly-prized relics, chiefly weapons and utensils of the ancient Welsh. As to their genuineness—I can say nothing; neither can I affirm that this interesting depôt is still in existence; but it may be hoped, that the present worthy proprietor of Erddig has had too much patriotism and filial affection to destroy it.

Continuing our journey, we traversed a part of the country beautifully diversified by wood, rock, and mountain, and watered by many a murmuring rivulet. In such pedestrian excursions, as my friend and I have performed together, we are wont to saunter, rather than walk, from village to village; and the extreme beauty of the scenery, adorned, as it was, with the gayest colours of the spring, tempted us, on this occasion, to loiter on the road longer perhaps than was quite compatible with the prudent incitement, which induced us to quit Wynnstay before we had seen half its varied beauties. Long before we reached Wrexham, the deepening gloom of twilight had fallen on the fair scenes around us, affording only that dubious light, which induces reverie rather than exertion, and which was gradually enveloping the surrounding scenery in its own dusky folds.

The sun had sunk behind the western hill,
O'er whose dark summit came the evening grey;

The musky mists, which all the valley fill,
 Hung like the pall of the departed day.
 The songsters slept, each with its head reclined
 Beneath the shadow of its downy wing;
 No sound came floating on the peaceful wind,
 Save the soft murmurs of the bubbling spring.

We arrived at Wrexham, however, before night had quite overtaken us, and found, at the Eagles, a warm welcome, a good supper, and a comfortable bed.

Wrexham, (*Saxonie* Wrightlesham*), is one of the largest towns in North Wales, second, indeed, to none in size and respectability, excepting Carnarvon†. The principal street is neat and spacious, and the houses, which compose it, are commodious and uniform; but the fine old church‡ is the most attractive object to the tourist. It is an elegant gothic structure, very richly ornamented, and having a most beautiful tower, at least one hundred and forty feet in height. The interior is decorated with some good monuments, two of which, to the memory of some of the Middleton family, and ascribed to Roubillac, are particularly fine. But there is one of a more ancient date, which points out the earthly remains of a most zealous Catholic, namely, of Hugh Bellot, Bishop of Chester. He was one of those austere churchmen, who retained a strong predilection for the severities of the cloister, long after the different orders of monkhood were suppressed. It is related of Hugh Bellot, that he would never admit a female under his roof, and that he practised on his own person the most severe restriction and self-denial. In the church-yard are interred the bones of Elihu Yale, a being of a very different temperament

* "Wrexham, truly called Wrightlesham (quoth old Leland), is the only markette towne of Welsch Maelor, haveing a goodlie Collegiate; there belongeth noe prebendes to it, though it be collegiated. There be sum merchauntes, and goode bokeler makers."

† And not to Carnarvon in size.—ED.

‡ Miss Seward, who has eulogized many a beautiful scene in the Principality, has paid a passing tribute to the venerable towers of Wrexham Church.

Her hallowed temple there religion shews,
 That erst with-beauteous majesty arose,
 In ancient days, where gothic art displayed
 Her fancies in airy elegance arrayed.

from the gloomy Bellot: he was a gay, speculating, roving young fellow, who first went to India, and, having amassed a considerable fortune, he subsequently extended his peregrinations to other parts of the world. His epitaph is excellent—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
You, that survive, and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where, blest in peace, *the actions of the just,*
*Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust *!*

If fame is to be credited, Elihu Yale must have been a fearful sort of personage; for, it is said, that, when in India, he ordered his groom to be hanged for riding his horse on a journey of two or three days for the sake of his health. He was tried for this transaction in the English courts, but escaped his deserts by paying a large sum to the government. He appears to have been much attached to Wrexham; for he has ornamented the church with a very fine altar-piece, which he purchased at Rome, and, although he died in London, he desired his remains might be deposited among the fair green hills of Denbighshire. It is somewhat curious, that two such opposite characters, as Hugh Bellot and Elihu Yale, should select for their final resting-place a spot so remote from their native land. The austere and self-denying churchman reposes under the floor of the temple—the gay licentious traveller under the green sod!

Between nine and ten the following morning we bade adieu to Wrexham, and, after a delightful walk of three hours, arrived at the Arcadia of Cambria—the far-famed and beautiful valley of Llangollen:

* The words, marked in Italics, express a beautiful thought, but they were used long before by Shirley, in his noble poem, beginning

“The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things.”

and ending with the identical words of the Epitaph—

“Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

How leaped our hearts, when, from an airy height,—
 On which we paused for a sweet prospect's sake,—
 With green fields fading in a peaceful lake,
 The deep sunk vale burst sudden on our sight!

The mid-day sun was shining in all its glory on the green woods of the valley, as we walked towards the little town at its western extremity, and the rapid stream of the Dee glanced brilliantly in the sun-beams as it glided on towards the deep and distant ocean. This is certainly a more beautiful spot than the Vale of Festiniog in Merionethshire*. There is more richness and altogether more fertility and fantastic luxuriance in the scenery; and the placid little river Dwyrdd of Festiniog is not to be compared with the broad and deep Dee of Llangollen. Here, as old Chamberlayne says,—

Nature in her unaffected dresse,
 Plaited with valleys, and imboast with hills,
 Enchas'd with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
 Sits lovely.—

There is, besides, a romantic and pensive association connected with the valley of Llangollen, which imparts additional interest to its beautiful scenery. Here, some twenty years ago, two nymphs, of gentle blood, sought that happiness and tranquillity which "the world cannot give." Retiring from the gay and fascinating pleasures of the metropolis, they took up their abode amidst the quiet solitudes of the Valley of Llangollen, passing their time in acts of charity and benevolence. I have heard it whispered—but I will not vouch for the authenticity of the tale—that another cause, save that of a romantic love of solitude, induced them, in imitation of the nuns of old, to renounce the world and all its pleasures. It is impossible to think of youth and loveliness withdrawing themselves from the society of those, whom their presence gladdened, without deeply regretting that such a thing should be; there is a sad feeling of melancholy in the reflection, that all our joy and all our gladness may be damped in a moment and destroyed for ever!

G

[To be continued.]

* Perhaps in *picturesqueness* of scenery the Vale of Llangollen must yield to that of Festiniog.—ED.

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

Mr. EDITOR,—Your opinion of the Welsh Translation of *Paradise Lost* is so high, that I am almost afraid to express my sentiments on the subject*. Its merits, as a literary performance, I grant, are very considerable; but I much doubt its general usefulness, which ought to be the primary object in all undertakings of this kind. Its language is at times very fine, very energetic, but still to common readers very obscure, very unintelligible; I mean not to the illiterate, but to the generality of the reading part of society in Wales. Some of the sentiments, no doubt, in that poem, are beyond the reach of minds not improved by classical learning; but the language of the original is *commonly* intelligible to the generality of English readers. Not so the translation: to understand it, no common improvement in the language is necessary.

You have announced, in your last, a Translation of *Paradise Regained*, which appears to me liable to the same objection. Its language is too foreign to the present generation.

Is it impracticable, Mr. Editor, to do justice to the sublime effusions of Milton in a language generally intelligible to the Welsh reader? I think not. It is not necessary, that every word should be familiar to common readers, but the terms *generally* employed should no doubt be *generally* understood. I have neither time nor ability sufficient for such an undertaking; but I have just made the attempt, and I send you a few lines I put together as a specimen of what I think may be accomplished for the *real* benefit of my country. They are the first lines of *Paradise Regained*, the translation of which appears in your last Number †.

Cyn hyn canaswn am y ddedwydd ardd,
Trwy drosedd dyn a gollwyd, canav 'n awr

* The apprehension, here expressed by our correspondent, was quite unnecessary. Whatever our own opinions may, in any case, be, we shall never exclude from our pages those of an adverse nature, merely because they are adverse. The CAMBRO-BRITON is open to all, be their sentiments what they may, whose contributions, in other points of view, have the necessary merit to recommend them. In this respect we may justly say, with the Carthaginian queen,—

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.—Ed.

† The first period in the Translation, to which I allude, is *not* correctly

Am Wynva i ddyn a adenillwyd, trwy
 Uvuddod * Un provedig gan lym nerth
 Hudoliaeth, ac am vaeddiad, er ei vrad,
 Yr Hudwr, a'i orohvygiaeth gyvlawn ev,
 A chodiad Eden yn yr anial gwyllt.

Ti, Ysryd *, a arweiniaist Vab y Nev
 Tua 'r difeithwch, ei vuddygol vaes,
 I gad a'r gelyn gawr, a'i dugaist eto 'n ol
 Yn Vab diamau Duw trwy broviad llawn,
 O ysrydola vy hwylledig gan,
 Yn vud sydd hebddot; dwg hi 'n drovnus, trwy
 Bob uchder, dyvnder eithav anian gyd,
 Ar aden llwydd, vel traetho bethau uwch
 Na dewr weithredion byd, er dirgel hwynt,
 Heb sylw dyn, dros oesoedd heb govad,
 Nis caned hwynt, anheilwng velly vod.

Pan waeddodd y Rhagvlaenor mawr, a llais
 Mwy dychrynedig na neb udgorn vloedd,
 Ar a vedyddied † oll,—‘Edivarhewch,

rendered, nor in an intelligible form.

The Tempter foiled and Eden raised,—

is connected in the original with *Recovered Paradise* in the third line, being objective cases to the verb *sing*. Not so in the translation. The sentence is so incoherently formed, that the meaning cannot be seen. In the eleventh line the sense of the original is completely changed. I have no room for more remarks.

* We adhere strictly in these, and all other, instances to the orthography of our correspondent.—ED.

† In giving the first extract from "*Adceddiant Gwynva*," in our 23d Number, we omitted to notice the singularity of the word, which corresponds with *vedyddied* in this translation. The term, used in the former instance, is *trochedigion*; but we will quote the passage, together with the original. Milton says—

"and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
 To all baptized—"

which are translated on the occasion alluded to as follows:—

"—a bod teyrnas Nev

Yn wng i dyrochedigion."

Now, it certainly must be admitted, that *trochedig* is not a fair translation of *baptized*. It means rather one *immersed* or *plunged* into water; and, if the object were to designate a particular sect (we allude to the *Dippers*), this would be the very word to employ. A similar objection, though not quite so obvious, may be made to a subsequent passage where *him baptized* is rendered—

"Gan wedi ei vedyddio yn y lly."

We are far, however, from suspecting the writer of any particular design in these translations, and notice them merely, because they certainly involve an innovation on the sense of the original, and that too on a very material point.—ED.

Nesaodd Teyrnas Dduw';—i' w bedydd daeth
 Mewn dychryn dwys y wlad i gyd o gylch;
 O Nas'reth hevyd daeth, mal gelwid ev,
 Mab Ioseph, i'r Iorddonen, eto nid
 Yn adnabuddus; ond canvuddai ev
 Yn ebrwydd y Bedyddiwr, wedi cael
 Rhybyddiad Nev; a thystiodd yn y van
 Mae ei deilyngach oedd, a mynai roi
 Ei nevol swydd i'w law; ac ni bu hir
 Heb wel'd mae tyst gwir oedd, can's arno ev
 Yn vedyddiedig 'gorwyd Nev, ac mewn
 Llun e'lomen disgyn wnaeth yr Ysryd Glan,
 Tra traethai 'r Tad, 'mae 'i unig Vab oedd ev.
 Hyn glywodd ei Wrthnebydd, pan, ar grwydr
 O gylch y byd, nid y diweddav ve
 Yn y cyvarvod hwn: y dwyvol lev
 A'i t'rawodd megis taran, syllood dro
 Yn syn ar un mor vawr, a gadd vath glod
 Gan Nev ei hun: ac yña, 'n llawn o lid,
 Ehedodd i ei le; heb aros dim,
 I gyngor galwodd ei ganlynwyr gyd
 O vewn cymylau tew, cymysglyd, du,—
 Cabidwl caddug; o'u canol ev,
 A golwg hell mewn gwg, a ddwedai hyn.

Shall I venture a few remarks more on *COLL GWYNVA*?
 There are, at least, three things, that appear to me to detract
 from its merits. A mode of construction has been adopted in
 it, by which the contractions, used in the language, have been
 avoided, and by this its strength has been, according to my
 opinion, considerably affected: the expressions, by being
 lengthened, lose much of their force and energy. When *wē*
 pronounce, in a sentence, *ac yr*, instead of, *a'r*, the breath
 is spent in vain on words, that are comparatively insigni-
 ficant. The using also of small words, such as *y*, *o*, *i*, *yr*,
 &c., to end the line with, has no good appearance; nor is it
 suitable for reading, inasmuch as a pause of some length, more
 or less, is always made when the line is finished*. I know
 that our language presents a difficulty in this respect; but a
 redundant syllable is used at times with good effect. The ori-

* We have on more occasions than one noticed this objection, which is
 certainly well founded.—ED.

ginal affords many examples of this kind. I deem *Coll Gwynva* defective also in those small words, which I may call connectives; the dependence of one part of the sentence on the other is often not sufficiently clear. As an example, I shall mention the first lines in the first Book. The connection of "*idd y byd ei vlas*" with "the forbidden tree" is not so easy and natural as that of the original; and much worse is the connection between "*gan golli Eden*" and "*echrys wae.*" And, as to "*meddu y vro gain,*" I do not understand its construction. It is preceded by the conjunctive *a*; but to what word it is joined I cannot make out. Through a deficiency, in not well connecting together the different clauses of sentences, there is a considerable obscurity in many parts, so that I am often obliged to refer to the original, before I can comprehend the meaning. Perspicuity is an excellency, which should not be excluded from any work intended for the general good. Though the original has many sentences and periods very much involved, and, consequently, rather obscure, yet they are not, I conceive, in any degree to be compared with those we meet with in the translation.

Pardon me for speaking so freely of the work of one who has done so much for his country. I merely touch on the subject, expecting others, more competent, to take it in hand. A little discussion, carried on in a right temper, with candour and moderation, may be productive of much good. Success to your labours. You have the best wishes of your fellow countryman.

Nov. 10, 1821.

J. O. C.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Having had a *few bars' rest*, I resume my observations on *Cymru's* sweet melodies with much pleasure, and, as the *Second Number** has at length been published, I cannot do better, perhaps, than notice some of the airs which are contained in it.

* This has reference to the new selection of Welsh Melodies by Mr. Parry, just published.—ED.

“Holl Ieuencid Cymru,”—*All ye Cambrian Youth*, was mentioned in my last letter*: I shall merely add, that Mrs. Hemans has written some delightful words to it, and named the song “The Green Isles of Ocean.”

The next in rotation is “The Minstrelsey of Chirk Castle,” (of which a description was given in p. 415 of your first volume), with words by A. A. Watts, Esq. entitled “Be happy to-day.”

“Rhyban Morvudd,”—*Morvudd's Ribbon*, is a most elegant flowing melody: an admixture of Italian refinement with Cambrian simplicity pervades it. The words, by J. H. Wiffen, Esq. are exceedingly appropriate, commencing—

“’Tis the step of my *Morvudd*, more graceful, more free,
Than the fawn of the forest, or nymph of the sea.”

Morvudd was beloved by the celebrated poet David ab Gwilym, who composed, in her praise, about one hundred and fifty odes; but, notwithstanding he wooed her faithfully for many years, she was married to Rhys Gwgan, an officer who served in the battle of Cressy, A. D. 1346 †.

“Mwynen Gwynedd,” *The Melody of North Wales*. Words have been written to this bold and characteristic air, complimentary to the revival of the *Eisteddvodau*.

“Strike, strike the harp! for now no more alarms
The tramp of fiery steeds, nor the clang of arms.
Cambria's Bards' assembled throng
Wake the lyre of proudest song,
Pouring far the hills among
The strain that memory warms.”

This is harmonized for three voices with a harp accompaniment.

“Tros y Dwr,”—*Over the Water* ‡. The more this melody is performed the more it must be admired. The words, by Mr. J. Jones, of Swansea, author of “Lorin, or the Wanderer in Wales,” are very applicable. The contrast between the troubled times of *Rhys ab Tewdwr*, in the eleventh

* CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 361.

† We have, in the preceding article given a biographical notice of Davydd ab Gwilym.—ED.

‡ See vol. ii. p. 362 of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

century, and the present peaceable days, is very powerfully drawn, and the burden is exceedingly appropriate.

—"Sweet vale of the Tywy—

Where thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Thrills a matin salute to the bright god of day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay."

"Cader Idris."—*The Seat of Idris.* Every body has heard of this celebrated mountain, which is near Dolgellau. 'Tis said, that *Idris* was a giant, and a sublime astronomer, and that he used to contemplate the heavenly bodies from this lofty mountain*. The words, adapted to this melody by Mr. Wiffen, commence

"I pass'd in its beauty the Dee's Druid water."

Respecting the air itself I shall take the liberty of quoting Mrs. Hemans' words. In giving her opinion on the second volume of "*Welsh Melodies*," she says—"Besides those airs, to which I had written words, I was particularly pleased with the grace and lightness of the serenade 'Ellen Dear,' and with that beautiful melody (of which the words also are excellent) 'Cader Idris.'"—She was pleased to pass a compliment on the arrangement, which my *diwagsawrydd* will not permit me to insert!

"Hoby deri dando †." The melody is given in the Number before me, as sung in North Wales, which is somewhat different from the air sung in the South; but both modes are exceedingly pleasing and very original. The words by Mr. J. Jones, commencing

"The summer storm is on the mountain,

Hoby deri dando, &c."

are arranged for two voices after the manner of the Cymry, which render them very effective.

"Mwynen Mon,"—*The Melody of Mona.* This truly Welsh composition was mentioned in vol. ii. p. 361, of your work, and the beautiful words, adapted to it by Mrs. Hemans,—

"The Lament of the last Druid"—

were inserted in your last Number ‡.

* See p. 388 of the last volume for a brief notice of Idris.—Ed.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 253.

‡ Lest it might be considered *egotism* in me, to speak so highly of the

I shall close this letter with observing, that I fully agree with the writer, whose account of the competition for the Silver Harp at the Carnarvon *Eisteddfod* you inserted in your last number. When I heard of the decision *I was very much astonished*; this is all I deem it proper to say on the subject, whatever I may think.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
Newman Street, JOHN PARRY.
Dec. 10, 1821.

ETYMOLOGY.

It cannot have escaped the penetration of our readers, that we have, on sundry occasions, betrayed a particular fondness for etymological researches. That such is our propensity we have no hesitation in avowing; nay, more than this, we are not ashamed to confess, that, if ever we were disposed to mount one of those high-mettled creatures, yclept a hobby-horse, this same subject of etymology is the very one we should choose. To be sure, it is by no means improbable, that we might find our steed occasionally somewhat restive, and might even, as hath befallen other hobby-horsemen before us, stand a fair chance of being now then pitched over our hippogriff's head, to our manifest chagrin and discomfiture. But we hereby forewarn all whom it may concern, that not even these appalling hazards, which, like true knight-errants in literature, we should most willingly encounter, shall ever deter us from bestriding the aforesaid hobby-horse when and as often as our inclination so prompteth. The sequel of this article will explain the necessity of the foregoing sage ruminations, though, at this moment, we deem it fitting to add, nothing is farther from our inclination than to mount a horse of any sort whatever, our present business being, as the reader will soon discover, with quadrupeds of quite another description. In a

publication under notice, be it recollected, that the "Melodies" are the composition of—I wish I could say whom!—and that the Poetry has been supplied by various literary friends. I must be regarded, therefore, as an architect, or rather a builder, who erects a superstructure with materials provided for him.—J. P.

word, it is that interesting and useful animal, the cow, respecting which we are now about to offer a few speculations, our attention having been called to the subject by our cloistered and much-esteemed correspondent, whose erudite epistle we here insert, subjoining thereto, with all humility, a few supplementary particulars, which have been suggested by the perusal of it.

MON—MONA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—It is well known, that Anglesea is by Tacitus called MONA, and that the Welsh name of the Island was anciently, and is still, MON. MON is also the ancient name of a cow. Hence arises a question, to wit, whether these words, in the language of the schools, are univocal, or equivocal, or analogous. Now, it would seem that there is some lurking analogy between Anglesea, or, to speak more correctly, between an island and a cow; yet, what that may be, it is at first sight difficult to say. But, to examine the matter more closely. MON is, doubtless, of the same origin with the Greek *μῶνος*, and is most appropriately applied to an island withdrawing into the solitude of the ocean. This also explains to us why it should have been applied not only to Anglesea, but equally to the Isle of Man, as it is by Cæsar. So far is clear. But it is a much more abstruse matter to account for the application of MON to a cow. If we chose to indulge in puns and call the word equivocal, we might say that a cow is called MON (that is to say *μῶνος*) as being *μῆ οἶος*. But such a conjecture we leave to the decision of that wondrous prodigy of taste—a German commentator. To return then; why is a cow called MON? Was the name first given to a cow or to an island? Most likely to the former. Cows are more familiar than islands and, in all probability, were better and sooner known to the ancient Britons. It appears not very improbable that MON was first applied to a cow, then to things of a solitary nature, (as in the case of MONYN), and subsequently to an island. To us, indeed, the cow appears of a gregarious disposition, but the cows of more ancient times, and in particular of mountain countries, we have reason to believe, were of a much more romantic turn, and great lovers, if not of absolute retirement

from the world, at least of occasional solitude. Hence, she was frequently seen browsing her lonely meal in the wild pasture*, as appears from that beautiful image, which Æschylus puts into the mouth of the suppliant Danaides.

Ιδὲ μὲ ταν ἱκετιν φυγάδα ΠΕΡΙΔΡΟΜΟΝ
 ΛΕΥΚΟΓΙΚΤΟΝ ὡς ΔΑΜΑΛΙΝ ἀμπιτραίς
 ΗΛΙΘΑΤΕΙΣΙΝ. ΑΛΚᾶ
 Πίσυρος μίμνυκε φράζε-
 σα βοτῆρι μοχθούς †.

If, then, the cows of old were given to solitude, it is easily seen how, through such a general idea, the appellation of this excellent and once romantic creature might come, in the course of time, and without many intervening ages, to signify an island.

Or was it, that the ancient Britons, like their modern descendants of the mountains, had each family their separate establishment of one favourite and solitary cow?—Or was it, that Mona was famous for its cows in olden time as it is to-day? Or was it some other reason, which we know nothing at all about; and my utter inability to determine which drives me to a conclusion? Your's, &c.

Oxford.

MONACHUS.

If any one should unadvisedly quarrel with our friend *Monachus* for the facetiousness, with which he has occasionally treated this grave topic, we would merely ask him, in the words of a favourite author,—

— *ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat?

Thus, when our correspondent, with apparent jocularly, enquires whether our forefathers, like their mountain progeny of these days, had their separate establishment of a single cow each, he designs, no doubt, a covert allusion to the following line of Taliesin, wherein the poet brings the fact almost to a demonstration. The line is—

“*Heb epa, heb HENVONVA, heb over byd*”—

Without a monkey, without a *cow-stall*, without a luxury on earth—

* ΟΙΓΟΤΗΣ.

† Suppl. 361—5.

which obviously implies, that a monkey and a cow were among the luxuries of our unambitious progenitors. And the quotation proves, moreover, the early use of the word *MON*, which forms a component part of the term *henvonva*, in reference to a cow. But we have abundant authority for the ancient prevalence of the word *henvon*, and consequently of *MON*, in this sense, as in the three following adages:—

Newydd benyg yn HENVON.

New entrails in an old milch-cow.

Pawb yn llosgwrn ei HENVON.

Every one at the tail of his cow.

Y sawl, a biau yr HENVON, ymaeled yn ei chynfon.

He, that owns the milch-cow, should take hold of her tail.

The particular humour of the allusion in the last two adages we profess ourselves unable to divine, unless, indeed, (as we are rather disposed to conjecture), it is to be taken in confirmation of our correspondent's hypothesis, by implying, that, as our ancestors maintained but one cow each, they should keep a strict watch over their treasure, and even secure them by their tails (if it might be necessary to resort to such an extremity) rather than lose them.

However, we are ready to admit, that we are far from regarding the argument, we have just quitted, as conclusive on the subject before us, and, therefore, turn with pleasure, to the more important point,—the affinity, as preserved in the Welsh word *MON*, between islands and cows. And, that such an affinity, strange as it may appear, does also exist in the nature of things is, we think, what we shall be at no loss to prove.

MON, as an elementary word, denotes, in Welsh, any thing isolated or separate, and is hence applied, with strict propriety, to an island. Both Anglesea and the Isle of Man, accordingly bore, anciently, as one does still, this designation, the first being called, as we find in the early poets, *Môn Vynydd*, the *Môn* of the Mountain, and the other *Môn Aw*, the *Môn* of the Water, afterwards corrupted into *Manaw*, and, finally, by the English into *Man*.

The appropriation of *MON* to an island is, therefore, well-established and natural; and we have already seen, that a cow, likewise, in former times, was known by the same appellation. It only remains, then, to shew with what justice the

word has been employed in the latter instance, which will bring us, in all probability, to the marrow of our question,—the reason of the consanguinity (if we may so express ourselves) between a cow and an island.

That the cow is naturally of a gregarious disposition we require not the ghost either of Linnæus or of Buffon to inform us: speaking of her in the abstract, therefore, we can hardly designate her as a *solitary* animal. But, may there not be seasons, and those too of the most interesting nature, when she assumes such a character? And that this is the fact experience furnishes us with continual proof. For it is well known to all, who have been observers of such matters, that, in the first period of maternal solicitude, (if we may apply such terms to the occasion), the cow almost invariably segregates herself, with her young progeny, from the rest of the herd. At this period it is, that her whole care centres in her offspring, and, to secure it from harm, she becomes a solitary grazer, or, as the Greek compound, referred to by *Monachus*, more happily expresses it, οἰσώλης. And some such occasion as this it must have been that the Greek Tragedian contemplated in the following passage:—

Νῦν δ' αὖ φρενος γ' Οἶο—

ΒΟΤΑΣ, φίλοις μίγα

Πίνθος εὐρηταί.—SOPHOC: Αἴας v. 617.

But Sophocles has other apparent allusions to the solitary disposition of the animal under consideration, one of which, as we wish to do her all possible honour, we shall here quote:—

Κάπο μαῖρὸς ἀφ' αὐ βέβα-

κιν, ὥς ΠΟΡΤΙΣ ΕΡΗΜΑ.—Τραχιναι. v. 530.

And, upon another occasion, the same author, whose works abound in the truest observations of nature in all her varieties, makes the *bull* an emblem of solitude, as he is well known occasionally to be. The passage occurs in his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, where, in allusion to the unknown murderer of Laius, the Chorus say—

Φοιτᾷ γὰρ ἰπ' ἀγριαὶ ἕλαν,

ἀνατ' ἀντρα καὶ πείρας, ὥς ΤΑΥΡΟΣ

μειλὸς μείλῳ ποδὶ χηρυων,

τὰ μισομφαλὰ γὰρ ἀπονομφιζῶν

μαντεία.—v. 481.

But, having no wish to make a *bull* of this article, we return, as in duty bound, to the *cow*, whom we have seen to be, on certain occasions, fully entitled to the appellation of *MON* or a solitary one. Hence then, it is scarcely necessary to add, comes the natural relationship between this animal and an island, the latter separating itself from the great mass of continental territory as the other occasionally disunites herself from her fellows. This abstract view of the question were itself enough to decide it; but this is not all. For, in order to prove, that the consimilarity, of which we are speaking, has had its origin in the segregative character of the cow on the occasion alluded to,—to prove this, we repeat, almost to a demonstration, we may adduce the extraordinary fact, that an islet, contiguous to the Isle of Man, is called the Calf of Man. And, if that be not sufficient, two other instances occur off the Irish coast, one off that of Down, and the other off Dublin, where two islet rocks, one larger than the other, are called “The Cow and the Calf.” Nothing, we conceive, can be more conclusive as to the affinity anciently supposed to exist between cows and calves, on the one hand, and islands and islets, upon the other. The appropriation of the word *MON*, therefore, to the two occasions, above mentioned, has its foundation in nature*, and adds one more to the many proofs of the venerable purity and philosophical character of the Welsh tongue.

EXCERPTA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Accident lately^s threw in my way a small work, by the Rev. James Adams, a Scotchman, printed at Edinburgh in 1799, entitled “*The Pronunciation of the English Language vindicated from anomaly and caprice*,” with “*An Appendix on the Dialects of the Human Speech in all Countries*.” It is on account of a passage in the “Appendix,” that I take the liberty of calling your attention to this publication. The following is the

* [Query Extraordinary].—Has the English word *moan* any thing to do with the bellowings of a lonely cow in search of her calf,—*φραζουσα βόηφι μοχθους*?

extract in question, which you would much oblige an old correspondent by inserting amongst your *Excerpta*. It is by no means, however, my wish to offer any prefatory vindication of this extract, which I transmit, not merely because it falls within the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON, but also as a literary curiosity, worthy of being rescued from its present obscurity.

LANGUAGE OF PARADISE.

“The question has often been asked, what language was spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise? A learned etymologist, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio, to prove that it was pure Welsh*. Not only the assertion, but the very problem, is still received with laughter, to which I expose myself by not letting loose those muscles, which exhibit the impression of ignorance joined with surprise; for that is the source of this weakest passion of man, laughter, which is no confutation of error. A philosophic pause will create doubt, and doubt may produce a problem, and a problem be supported with specious reasons tending to point out a hidden truth, that the learned Welshman soared above the reach of vulgar prejudice and ignorance.

“First, then, the Almighty did not destroy, but only confounded, the form and texture of original language; therefore, it still remains substantially in the general speech of man. Next, may we not ask, if it is not within the power of the grammatical skill of eminent linguists to analyze and decompose literary mixtures, as able chemists resolve natural and medical mixtures, into their component parts? Now, what are Greek and Latin, or languages formed on similar principles, but a disguise, concealment, or confusion of radical words, found chiefly in expletive syllables? Cut them off, and you will find the root is commonly a Hebrew monosyllable. This experiment being equally verified in pure Welsh, we may conclude that Hebrew, as far as now understood, or Welsh, was the first language of man; but, as Hebrew takes the lead in the opinion of all that are not adepts in the Welsh tongue, the conclusion

* We should feel much obliged to any of our correspondents, that could inform us, who this “learned etymologist” was, and what was the title of his work.—ED.

will be in favour of the former. But this cannot destroy a second problem, viz. that, if Welsh was not used by Adam and Eve in Paradise, Welsh, bearing much radical resemblance with Hebrew, is, however, the second least corruption of primitive language, and probably that smallest of corruptions, which Japhet's sons brought from the South, and planted in the Isles of the Gentiles, viz. our islands. This proposition will receive additional strength, when we divide the same *honour of originality* with languages, affinitive to the Welsh, the Gaelic of the Highlands and old Irish. It moreover seems probable, that the same language existed in the islands scattered on the coast of Gaul, and in those parts at least, which were more contiguous to us, as Cæsar hints in his Commentaries, and the name of Gallic seems to express. As in chemistry, so in grammar, experimental proofs and examples are more convincing than speculation. There is not an illiterate wanderer in the mountains of Wales, North Scotland, or Ireland, who does not understand the first verse of Virgil's *Æneid*, despoiled of its expletives.

Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris.
Arm agg fer can — pi pim fra or.

"The grand expression in Gen. ch. v. in Greek, Latin, &c. is equally reducible to the same decomposition.

Γεννητω	φως	και	γεννητο	φως.	* *
Gennet	pheor	agg	genneth	pheor.	* *
Fiat lux	et (ac.) lux	facta	* * *	fuit.	* *
Feet lur	agg	lur feet.	* * *	fet.	* *

So far Mr. Adams.

Upon pointing out this passage to a Cambrian friend, than whom no one is more thoroughly versed in his native tongue, he immediately suggested the possibility of turning the preceding quotations into Welsh of more purity than Mr. Adams's Gaelic, and nearer, in each case, to the original. This accordingly he did, without hesitation, and I have no doubt, your readers will be pleased with the following result.

1. *Arvau ac gwr vanwyv Troiau cw priv o or.*
2. *Ganed fawdd, ac y genid fawdd.*
3. *Bydded lluch, a lluch a feithied.*

One or two of the words in these examples may appear somewhat strange to the ordinary Welsh reader; but they are not, therefore, the less genuine. They are, in fact, pure Welsh words in ancient use, and, for that very reason, strictly appropriate to the occasion, on which they are here employed. Without farther comment I leave this curious *excerptum* in the hands of your readers, such of whom, as are Welshmen, will, no doubt, hail, with transport, this new testimony to the primitiveness of their vernacular language. Nor, let any one exclaim, in the words of the Roman poet,

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

CELTA.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XVI.

I. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—In the leading article of your last Number there are some observations to which I cannot altogether subscribe. With every thing said respecting the Antiquity of the Welsh tongue I perfectly agree, and feel obliged to the author for his able discussion of the subject. But my opinion differs from his with respect to the origin of language. In the disputes on this point I cannot say that I am at all versed: the arguments that have been adduced by the learned on both sides of the question I am not acquainted with. You will perhaps, therefore, consider me incompetent to say much on the subject; however, I trust you will excuse me for mentioning one plain argument, which appears to me rather strong against the supposition, that language, at first, was not the gift of God. It is not an argument, that depends at all on any thing in the Scriptures, (for I can see nothing in them decisive one way or the other,) nor on any ancient records, but rests on what seems to me to be the very nature of things. That language was at first communicated to man by the Almighty I can no more doubt, than that the substance of his food and the materials of his raiment were provided for him. There is nothing new, says the Preacher, under the sun; there is nothing in this world,

which is *materially* or *essentially* new. A new form may be given to things, but their substance is not new ; so, with respect to language, man may give it an endless variety of forms, but its substance, its elements, must, as I conceive, have proceeded first from Him who is the creator of all things. Man originates or gives real being to nothing ; what he does is to appropriate materials to different purposes by various modes of combination. All the inventions of art and all the discoveries of science are to be considered in this light. Reasoning by analogy, I am led to think that language, being a thing *sui generis*, essentially distinct from every other gift or qualification bestowed on man, could not have been a human invention, but must have been at first communicated : but, having received the materials, the simple and primary elements of speech, as many as at first were necessary, man was capable afterwards of increasing these materials by different modifications.

Countenanced, I think, is this view by what is recorded of the confusion of languages. There would have been, as it appears, no variety of tongues, had there been no divine interposition ; and, if this did not otherwise take place, is it too much to suppose that the first tongue had God as its author ? What appears the most obvious view of the subject, is this :— God first endued man with a language, a perfect speech, sufficient for all his purposes, adapted to his capacities and situation, to the nature and state of things, to the world in which he lived. This language increased in proportion to the new discoveries of mankind, until the time that it was multiplied by God, at Babel, into many languages ; and probably most of them, as I have seen it suggested before now in the CAMBRO-BRITON, partook in a measure, more or less, of the original language, whose first author, in my view, was God.

To the authorities, produced on this subject in the Essay, the French author and Dr. Priestley, I can allow no very great weight. Of the former I know nothing, only that he belongs to a nation not very remarkable for its allegiance to the Supreme Being* ; but the character of the latter is, in some degree,

* We can give our correspondent full credit for the assertion that "he knows nothing" of the French author alluded to, (M. de Gebelin,) whose luminous views of the origin and progress of language are far from meriting the reproach, which, with too much justice, belongs to the works

known to me; the tenour of his religious sentiments was clearly to divest the Deity of his prerogatives, and to appropriate them to man. The exaltation of the creature at the expense of the Creator seems to have been the prime object and character of his whole creed; and this trait in his sentiments runs through all his speculations that refer at all to the transactions of the Almighty with his creatures.

December 11th, 1821.

DEWI.

II. WELSH SOCIETIES—BARDIC MOTTO IN POWYS*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Often has my mind been dilated with the extatic contemplation of the different measures that have of late years conspired, not only to restore, but to enhance, the excellent knowledge of British Literature; from the STAR which arose in the South, the VENDOCIAN LUMINARY of the North, and, above all, to that valuable miscellany of the Metropolis, the CAMBRO-BRITON. The former have been useful to rouse the plebeian part of the Principality, while the latter has been more successful in kindling the zeal of the higher classes of the community. This sacred spark of patriotism lay dormant, as it were, for a considerable number of years; or, at least, it was concentrated within the circle of a few Briton-like lovers of their national lore, residing chiefly in London, except a few dispersed individuals, who still adhered to their native soil, who only occasionally visited those their congenious brethren in the city, the society of whom served to ignite the noble spark, and they returned to their respective stations with fresh ardour for the pursuit of their former explorations. At length, however, this zeal matured into more strength; and was communicated to new objects, until new and vigorous achievements were contemplated—societies formed for the ac-

of some of his countrymen. Yet, even if this stigma had been much more generally deserved than it really is, it ought not, in candour, to have been thus loosely converted into a matter of accusation against the writer in question.—ED.

* These observations, it seems, have already been printed for distribution amongst the author's friends, and we gladly comply with his wish to give them the advantage of a more general circulation.—ED.

complishment of those laudable designs—subjects proposed for elucidation—prizes offered to the successful candidates—meetings convoked for the awarding of those prizes. All became anticipation, and all was satisfaction. The first of those meetings was held at Carmarthen, in September, 1819, where great erudition and discretion were displayed. Notwithstanding, the spirit of envy could hardly refrain from murmuring: insinuating that partiality had been shewn in adjudging the different performances. But these invectives were drowned in the rumours of another similar meeting in Powys, which was held at Wrexham, in September last, when so much talent and erudition were exhibited, and so much entertainment afforded, even to the utmost anticipation of those who attended, that they alone can form a proper idea of the gratification enjoyed on the occasion. The accomplishments of the antiquarians, the bards, the vocalists, and the musicians, were admirable, and highly approved of by the whole multitude; and the successful candidates justly deserved their distinctions and rewards. And I was highly gratified by reading, in the CAMBRO-BRITON for April last, of the different appropriate medals awarded to those victorious competitors, as tokens to commemorate their well-earned ascendancy. But permit me, by the way, to express my disapprobation of one of the mottos, viz. that on the medal of Mr. R. Davies, of Nantglyn, which runs thus:—

“ Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Ei hun biodd hen Bowys.”

Although it may appositely be said of this, as the Roman Governor of old, “What I have written I have written;” nevertheless, lasting as the medal may be, I think it justice to keep as lasting a record to future generations, that the said motto was far from meeting with general approbation, and that, not from any disrespect to the candidate, for whom it was intended, nor to his composition, for which it was awarded to him: nay, both deserved a medal of gold.—But the motto is objectionable from other and different considerations, i. e. not only for poetical imperfection, but chiefly on account of the vague idea which it conveys. It is evident to every one, who is conversant with Welsh poetry, that the above motto is only

a kind of parody upon that old stanza, originally appropriated to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn :—

“ Bleddyn ab Cynvyn bob cwys
Ei hun bïodd hen Bowys.”

And it is well known, that the said Bleddyn held that division of the Principality by right of royalty, and not by bardic eminency ; and the drift of expression in the above stanza naturally and forcibly conveys the same idea. The alteration, which it underwent in the present instance, does not in the least affect its scope ; consequently, it must still convey the same notion to all who read it, not having been previously informed of the circumstance connected therewith. For instance, ask a person in some of the remotest counties, utterly ignorant of the late transactions at Wrexham, to unriddle the said motto, and I will venture to assert, that he will tell you that NANTGLYN must have been a potent prince, or landed proprietor, of Powys. The same inference must, naturally, be made by all who read it in a future generation ; for what is there in the expression that can infer the most distant idea of bardic eminence ? Would it not have been more appropriate to say something to this purport—

Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys.

Or, rather, could not one of the bards, either in town or country, forge a new stanza altogether for the purpose ?

Thinking, that, as an individual of the Powys Society, I had a right to say thus much on the subject, I shall now recommend it to the consideration of the rest of the fraternity, and the public at large.

I am, Sir, &c.

August 30th, 1821.

A POWYSIAN.

III. COMETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR.—The Welsh Chronicles give an account of two remarkable comets ; one in the year 1094, and the other in 1105*.

Your insertion of these two dates, Sir, may attract the at-

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 405. 422. 536.

tention of some astronomical reader, so as to examine, whether the appearance of either of the comets thus recorded coincides with any of the periods calculated as to the revolutions of those bodies.

An extraordinary *Aurora Borealis* is noticed in the same Chronicles, as having happened in the years 710, 1030, and 1114*.

HANESAI.

IV. QUESTIONS ON THE WELSH LAWS†.

1. WAS the size of the Welsh acre the same, or greater or less, than the English?

2. Is there any reason to suppose, that the division, contained in the Laws of Howel, of *Cantrevs*, *Commots*, *Manors*, &c, extended all over England before the Saxons took it from them?

3. Does the term *Arglwydd* mean the Lord of the Land, or the *Natu Maximus*, who had the *dominium rectum*, in opposition to the *Filius Natu Minimus*, who held the *usufruct*, but was not the feudal proprietor?—See Howel by Wotton, l. ii. p. 143. § 8. and l. iv. p. 318.

4. What was the title of these *Natu Maximi*: had they any powers peculiar to themselves: did they sit like our House of Lords, which are the eldest of the families?

5. What was the power of the *Pencenedl*?

6. In Howel every *Cantrev* contained 100 villæ or 10 tythings in English.—See Howel, 157. Is it not probable, that the Welsh Hundred, or *Cantrev*, was the foundation of our Hundreds, and perhaps the countries of the old Welsh Principalities or Kingdoms,—the Welsh taking duodecimal divisions of Manors in the Hundreds, and the English the decimal of Tythings, but both regarding the *villa*, which, in Saxon, was occasionally called a Hyde?

7. Is there supposed to be extant any account of the coronation of Arthur, or any British kings subsequent to the time of Constantine the Great?

* Ib. pp. 391. 506. 548.

† We are solicited by a correspondent to give insertion to these Questions, in the hope that some of our readers may be able to supply the necessary information.—Ed.

Awen Cymru.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

AWDL A GANT GWALCHMAI I DAVYDD AB OWAIN*.

ARAV hav, hëar gweilgi,
 Eirioes coed, oergled celli:
 Allwynin ossid o symud arglwydd—
 Erglyw, Duw, vy ngweddi!
 Anwyd prophwyd prudd ioli—
 Udd nevoedd, rheg oedd rhoddi,
 Amser ym ceri ev carwn Ddavydd,
 Ei ddevawd ym llochi.
 Ni llwydd vy llechvod hebddi,
 Carennnydd Davydd, dyvn-vri,
 Ni'm rhwydd geidw Rhodri, nid rheidus wrthyv,
 Nid gwerthvawr gantho vi.
 Ni'm gwna o neb tra trosi,
 Trosov ir gov arglwyddi,
 Mòr yw gwael eu goloï,
 A gwlad Cymru mòr gymmri!
 Nid modd mau dewi heb hòni pwy oeddynt,—
 Prynesynt eu moli.
 Owain angerddawl,
 Anaw anveidrawl,
 Aer wrawl wrhydri:
 Cadwallawn, cyn ei golli,
 Nid oedd â lludw y llawddai vi:
 Cadwaladr cerddgar,
 Cerrddau cyvarwar,
 Cyvarvu a'm perchi:
 Madawg, madioedd goddoli,
 Mwy gwnaeth vy modd no'm coddi
 Un mab Maredudd,
 A thri meis Grufudd,
 Biau budd beirdd weini.
 Irdudd urddas gymhelri
 Calon clywav yn llosgi!

* See Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 198.

Llëaws tëyrnedd,
 Lliaws dyvrydedd
 A'm dyvrys eu trengi!
 Trangav truav trueni,
 Tranc a'm cènîs cyn no mi:
 Meddyg à iolav,
 Meddyg plant Addav—
 I Dduw uchav erchi;
 Archav arch i Grist Celi,
 Wy gafael cafav rëi:
 Cynnysgaeth Dovydd
 I gynniv Davydd,
 I gynnal ei deithi,
 Càn glod a gorvod govri,
 Gwyr a thir a hir hoedli!

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM JONES, BARDD MON:

Ob. Jul. 1820.

BARDD MON oer bridd a'i medd—yma o'r byd
 Mewn gweryd mae'n gorwedd;
 Iaith ei wlad oedd byth ei wledd,
 A'i velys, lan orvoled.

DANIEL AB IEUAN DDU.

English Poetry.

ODE TO DAVYDD AB OWAIN*.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM BY GWALCHMAI.

THOUGH mild the summer, loud the streams,
 Though bright the woods, and cool the grove,
 'Reft of my lord, it best beseems
 To grieve—Oh! hear me, God above!

* There have already been inserted in this work translations of three of Gwalchmai's poems, for which, as well as for notices of the bard himself, the reader is referred to the indexes of the preceding volumes. Gwalchmai lived in the twelfth century. Davydd ab Owain, to whom this ode is addressed, was one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd, upon whose death, in 1169, he succeeded, after a contest with his brother Hywel, to the throne

The bard's high gift is to adore
 Heaven's king, who deals his bounteous store;
 As Heaven loved me, I loved thee more:
 Thou wert my shield, my pride!
 No more for me my home shall shine;
 For he, of thy own princely line,
 Rhodri regards not me nor mine
 To him in heart allied*.
 No guardian lord I now may claim,
 Though memory dwells in those I knew,
 But they are now an empty name,
 And gone is Cymru's glory too;
 Yet, ne'er, in thankless silence, shall my song
 Forget, with warmest praise, to tell
 Of those, who merited so well
 What meed to generous spirits may belong.

First, great Owain stands supreme,
 Owain (what name might vie with thine?)
 Of matchless ardour, born to shine
 In battle's fiercest gleam†!
 Cadwallon too, he loved me well,
 Sincerely loved me, ere he fell,

of Gwynedd or North Wales, from which, however, he was deposed by the rightful heir, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, in 1194. Davydd is accused by Caradog the historian of many acts of cruelty, and especially towards his brothers, which but ill accord with the praise here lavished upon him by the poet. He did not long survive his deposition. It does not appear on what occasion this poem was written, but it must have been during a period of separation between the prince and the bard.

* Rhodri was also one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd. He was imprisoned by his brother Davydd in 1174 for preferring a claim to part of his father's territory; but, contriving soon afterwards to escape, he obtained the dominion of some territory over the river Conwy, and was afterwards instrumental in deposing his brother, and in establishing the claim of Llywelyn. The variance, that existed between the brothers, will probably account for the treatment experienced from Rhodri by Gwalchmai.

† Owain Gwynedd, son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, was among the most celebrated of the Welsh princes. He reigned over South Wales from 1137 to 1169, during which period he repelled, with great bravery, the various invasions of his country by Henry II. See vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 231. in the notes.

Nor aught his friendship knew of base alloy *.
 Cadwaladr, the friend of song,
 Himself the tuneful herd among,
 Would shed upon my lot the smile of joy †,
 And Madog, too, of liberal heart,
 Delight to me would oft impart :
 Yes he, Maredudd's only heir ‡,
 With Gruffydd's sons my praise shall share;
 For they in proud esteem the bardic name would bear.

Quench'd is the brilliant triumph of the brave,
 And, ah! I feel the burning throe
 For those of might, who now lie low,
 The fatal source of all my woe,
 The woe, that springs from their illustrious grave.
 Ah me! what crowding ills await
 My lone and miserable state!
 'Twas surely doom'd, ere Heaven my being gave.
 But HE shall have my fervent prayer,
 Soother of every pain and care,
 That visit Adam's sinful race,
 I'll pray for his all-healing grace :

* The original is, literally—"It was not with ashes that he was wont to worship me," which appears to allude to some ancient custom, of which we have no information in any memorials now known. Cadwallon, here the object of the bard's eulogy, was a brother of Owain Gwynedd, in the early part of whose reign he fled for refuge to England, where he lived under the royal protection. Upon his return to Wales in 1179 he was murdered by some dependents of the English king, who had enjoyed his patrimony during his absence. But this seems to have been no more than a just retribution for similar acts committed by Cadwallon himself, who, in 1122, slew his three uncles, Grono, Rhiryd, and Meilyr.

† Cadwaladr was another brother of Owain Gwynedd, and, like Cadwallon, was obliged to escape from his vengeance, when he sought an asylum in Ireland. This happened in 1142, but he soon afterwards returned, and made an unsuccessful attack on his brother. He was after this imprisoned, and, ultimately, compelled to take refuge in England.

‡ Madawg ab Maredudd, grandson of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, was Prince of Powys, from 1133 to 1158. He attached himself, during the latter part of his reign, to the cause of Henry II. and was, with him, opposed to Owain Gwynedd. He is represented, however, in other respects, as a very amiable character. His death took place at Winchester in 1158; and his remains were interred at Meivod in Montgomeryshire.

To yon mysterious Pow'r, that rules on high,
 For this, the best, the richest, boon, I fly;
 And may he deign to hear the vow,
 My heart for David gives!
 His soul with vigour to endow,
 And crown him, while he lives,
 With purest virtue, fame's high-peering blaze,
 Dominion, wealth, and length of honour'd days!

THE HIRLAS HORN.*

AIR—"Three Hundred Pounds."

I.

FILL high the blue *Hirlas* †, that shines like the wave ‡,
 When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea;
 And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
 The dragons of battle, the sons of the free!
 To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,
 A beam, like Heaven's lightning ||, flash'd over the field,
 To those who came rushing as storms in their might,
 Who have shiver'd the helmet, and cloven the shield;
 The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
 When lances were red from the harvest of war.

II.

Fill high the blue *Hirlas*! O cup-bearer, fill!
 For the lords of the field in their festival's hour,
 And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill,
 That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power;
 Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn
 Of honour and mirth§, for the conflict is o'er;

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's Second Number of "Welsh Melodies," p. 52. The words are by Mrs. Hernans.—ED.

† *Hirlas*—from *Hir* long and *Glás* blue or azure."

‡ "Fetch the horn, that we may drink together, whose gloss is like the waves of the sea; whose green handles show the skill of the artist, and are tipped with gold."—From the *Hirlas* of OWAIN CYVEILLOG."

|| "Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset, loud as in the battle of Bangor, where fire flashes out of their spears?"—From the same."

§ "Fill, then, the yellow-lipp'd horn,—badge of honour and mirth."—From the same."

And round let the golden-tipp'd *Hirlas* be borne,
 To the lion defenders of *Gwynedd's* fair shore,
 Who rush'd to the field where the glory was won,
 As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

III.

Fill higher the *Hirlas*! forgetting not those,
 Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled!
 Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
 Their lot shall be lovely--renown to the dead!
 While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
 While regal *Eryri* with snow shall be crowned;
 So long by the bard shall their battles be sung,
 And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound;
 The free winds of *Maelor** shall swell with their name,
 And *Owain's* rich *Hirlas* be fill'd to their fame!

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

It appears from an advertisement accompanying this number, that the CYMMRODORION have selected the following prize subjects for the present year,—the Medal of the Society, and Ten Pounds to be given, in each case, to the successful candidate.

A WELSH POEM (Cywydd).—"Hu Gadarn."

AN ENGLISH ESSAY.—"The general cultivation of the Welsh language, and its particular use, with reference to the Poems of the Welsh bards, in illustrating historical occurrences."

These subjects, it will be perceived, are very judiciously chosen, and have, both of them, the merit of being purely national. And, with respect to the first, it may farther be said, that it obviously excludes from the arena of competition all those votaries of the *Awen*, whose poetical pretensions are not accompanied by some knowledge of the ancient history of their country. This is as it ought to be; and, if the example were generally followed, the bardic character would soon be elevated beyond that of a mere minstrel.

* *Maelor*—part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division."

On Saturday, the 22nd of last month, a meeting of the Institution took place for the purpose of deciding upon the merits of the Welsh Essays on the love of country (*Gwladgarwch*,) for which, as we noticed in our last number, medals had been offered to the several grammar schools in Wales. Six Essays were produced on the present occasion, three from each division of the Principality, and the successful competitors were declared to be Mr. DAVID JAMES, of Cardigan School, and Mr. EVAN EVANS, of Berriew School, in Montgomeryshire. It but justice to add, however, that the compositions of the other candidates were all more or less distinguished for their merit, for which reason we here subjoin the names of the authors, premising only, that the first on the list well deserves, on this occasion, the place he there occupies.

South Wales.

Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS, (<i>Pwy.</i>)	}	Ystradmeurig School.
Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS MORRIS, (<i>Meurig.</i>)		

North Wales.

Mr. EVAN O. HUGHES, Beaumaris School.

Mr. RICHARD BRISCOE, Ruthin School.

After the opinion, we expressed on this subject last month, it is hardly necessary to add, that the result has somewhat surprised us, though the number of candidates was much less than might have been anticipated under more favouring circumstances. However, we are glad to find, that we were, in some degree, mistaken with respect to North Wales, though we are still inclined to think, that, in the cultivation, we mean the classical cultivation, of the Welsh tongue among the rising generation, South Wales merits the palm.

MISS ANN JONES of Guilsfield, near Welshpool, has recently been elected an Honorary Member of the Cymmrodorion.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT.

WE transcribe from the *Hereford Journal* the following account of a meeting, which took place at Brecon, early last month, for the purpose of forming a Society in the province of Gwent, (the project of which we noticed in our last,) similar to those already established in the other parts of the Principality.

“On Wednesday, the fifth of December, a Meeting was held according to public advertisement at the Town Hall, Brecon,

which was very respectably attended, when a Society was formed in the District, for the Preservation of the remains of Ancient British Literature, and the encouragement of the Poetry and Music of Wales, under the name of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT. At the commencement of the proceedings, Major Price, who had made himself well acquainted with the subject, was elected Chairman, in the absence of Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. whose presence was expected on the interesting occasion. When the able and worthy Chairman entered on the duties of his office, he read letters and communications from the Bishop of St. David's, Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. Rev. John Williams, Colonel Wood, M. P. Rev. W. J. Rees, George Morgan, Esq. Richard Lewis, Esq. Thomas Swinnerton, Esq. Rev. John Bowen, William Morgan, Esq. Rev. Canon Payne, W. A. Madocks, Esq. M. P. Rev. Thomas Richards, and the Rev. Dr. Williams, in which they expressed the interest they took in the proceedings on the occasion and their wishes for the success of the proposed Society. These letters having been read, a long and interesting Address on the objects of the Cambrian Societies, with observations on the objections that have been made to them, was delivered by the Rev. W. J. Rees.*

"This address having been concluded, the Meeting expressed their general opinion of its merit by voting their thanks to the author on the occasion, and requesting that a copy might be had to be deposited among the Records of the Society. Penry Williams, Esq. Major Price, Rev. John Hughes, Mr. Taliesin Williams, Hugh Bold, Esq. delivered their sentiments at some length respecting the objects of the proposed Society, which evinced the laudable attention they had paid to the subject on account of which the Meeting was convened. Resolutions were then passed wherein the Society was instituted, and declared to be in union with the Cambrian Metropolitan Institution, the Cambrian Society in Dyfed, and the Cymmrodorion Societies in Powys and Gwynedd, having his most gracious Majesty George IV. for Grand Patron. The nobility resident in, and connected with the district, comprehending the Counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Radnor, were nominated, that they might be respectfully requested to become Patrons of the Society. Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. was then named that he might be respect-

* We intend to insert this Address in our next.—Ed.

fully requested to be President. The Baronets, Knights, and Members of Parliament, resident in, or connected with, the district, and the Reverend the Archdeacons of Brecon and Llandaff were next nominated, that they might be respectfully requested to become Vice-Presidents. And several of the Gentry and Clergy of the district, who doubtless would aid the Society with their kind and able services, were named that they might be requested to be Members of the Committee. The Right Hon. Lord Dynevor, President of the Cambrian Society in Dyved, Sir W. W. Wynn, President of the Cymmrodorion or Cambrian Metropolitan Institution, and of the Cymmrodorion Society in Powys, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesea, President of the Cymmrodorion Society in Gwynedd, and the Right Rev. the Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, were elected Honorary Members of the Society. John Parry Wilkins, Esq. was appointed Treasurer, and Philip Vaughan, Esq. Secretary to the Society. Several resolutions were afterwards passed, authorizing and instructing the Committee in managing the concerns of the Society, and conducting the proceedings at the ensuing Eisteddvod at Brecon. The Meeting then broke up, and the Gentry separated with a deep sense of the importance of the transactions of the meeting.

“The Committee immediately afterwards held their primary Meeting, which was adjourned to the following day, when the preliminary proceedings for the Eisteddvod were entered into, and the subjects for the prize Poems and Essays were agreed on, and directions given for their publication in the public papers. From the pains taken and ability evinced on this occasion, and in the other Proceedings by those who were so kind as to undertake the business, there is every reason to believe that the whole concerns of the Society will be conducted in a manner worthy of its importance, and that the Eisteddfod with the patronage it expects will, when held, be highly to the credit of the district.”

On the 6th instant the adjourned meeting of the Committee, as above stated, took place, the Rev. Hugh Bold in the Chair, when Sir E. P. Lloyd, Bart. and C. W. W. Wynn, Esq. M. P. the Rev. Archdeacon of Cardigan, with several other individuals, who have prominently interested themselves in the cause of Welsh literature, were added to the list of honorary members above given: and a few works recently published, or now in the

course of publication, having reference to the object of the society, were recommended to the general notice of its members. The Committee then proceeded to nominate the following subjects for the Prize Poems and Essays, to be prepared for the *Eisteddvod* to be holden at Brecon, in the course of this year; and for which medals or other premiums will be awarded.

1. The AWDL.—“The memorable period, during which our most Gracious Sovereign George the Fourth exercised, as Regent, the powers of Government over the United Kingdom, commencing with the debarkation of the British Troops in Portugal, and terminating with the Glorious Victory on the Field of Waterloo.”

2. The CYWYDD.—“The overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.”

3. The ENGLYN.—“The Rainbow.”

4. An ENGLISH ESSAY.—“The Credibility of the Massacre of the British Nobles at Stonehenge, as grounded upon the authority of the Welsh Bards, and other ancient writers; and of the identity and real character of the celebrated British leader Ambrosius.”

5. Another ENGLISH ESSAY.—“The Ancient and Present State of the Welsh Language, with particular reference to the Dialects.”

In addition to the foregoing, prizes were also proposed for the best proficient on the Harp, for the best Singer with that instrument, and also for “the best Copy of Verses, in the Welsh language, on a subject to be proposed on the first day of the *Eisteddvod*, and the verses to be recited on the second.”

We have only to add to the preceding account, that the spirit and judgment, with which the primary proceedings of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT have been conducted, reflect great credit upon the gentlemen, who have so zealously exerted themselves on the occasion, and are well worthy of general emulation.

CELTIC MSS. IN DUBLIN.

It is well known to the admirers of Celtic literature, that Trinity College, Dublin, contains a very extensive collection of

MSS connected with this subject, and especially with reference to the ancient history and literature of Ireland. With the exception of the occasional use made of them by E Llwyd, Vallancey, and a few others, these ancient records (for such is their general character) have been turned to very little account; and, from the indifference with which they are treated by the persons, who have at present the charge of them, it may reasonably be concluded, that their value is not properly understood by them. A late number of one of the Dublin Journals (*The Dublin Evening Post*), in an article on the general inferiority of Trinity College, in a literary point of view, to the English and Scotch Universities, has some observations on the subject, to which we have just alluded, which we willingly transplant to these pages.

"But the most crying disgrace," says the journalist "of this college of ours is this. With one, or, perhaps, two exceptions, their library contains the completest collection of Celtic MSS in Europe. Most, if not all, of these MSS relate to Ireland. They are preserved, we suppose, very carefully; but this opulent, this overgrown, University* never has expended a single sixpence in transcribing, publishing, or translating them. There are no funds for that purpose, it will be said; and we shall be told (and we rejoice in it) of the failure of the claim on Hood's estate†. Shame! Would not the revenues of your Connemara estates do the thing in three years? We do not like Scotch nationality or the overweening pretensions of the people; but with respect to literature and love of country, they are a pattern and example to the empire. If these remains of antiquity belonged to Scotland, they would have been published in fifty forms, and in fifty editions, before the year 1821."

Although we may not fully subscribe to the last sentence of this passage, we still think, that the Scotch evince a much more national feeling in this respect than the Irish. Yet, we are not aware, that even the Scotch have done much in this way. We hear indeed of the Highland and of the Hibernian Societies; but,

* The writer of this article asserts, that "the fellows of Trinity College, five or six and twenty in number, taken altogether, enjoy a greater revenue than all the fellows of all the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge." ED.

† We believe this refers to a bequest, which was left by one Flood for the purpose of publishing the MSS in question, and which was afterwards set aside by the relations of the deceased.—ED.

when we come to look for their acts, we find nothing in either case of a very tangible shape. However, *meliora! speremus.*

Literary Announcements.

THE Second Number of Mr. PARRY'S "WELSH MELODIES" has, as we mentioned in our last, recently made its appearance, and will tend, we have no doubt, to enhance the well earned reputation of its ingenious author. Of the musical part of the work we may not, perhaps, be considered as competent judges; but we must be allowed to say, that it appears to have been Mr. Parry's principal aim, in this respect, to adhere to the characteristic simplicity of our national airs, and consequently to discard those foreign embellishments, by which they have, in general, been so injuriously disguised. On this point the author very properly observes—"I have purposely avoided all extraneous modulations and chromatic passages, that the accompaniments may be performed on the harp as well as the *piano-forte*; besides, had I travelled out of my way for such commitants, it would not have been in keeping with the simplicity of the melodies." The melodies comprised in this collection, are sixteen in number, and the words adapted to them are, for the most part, highly appropriate and poetical.—This praise is particularly due to the compositions of Mrs. Hemans, one of which we inserted last month, and another appears in the present Number. To this we may add, that the frontispiece by Mr. H. F. Rose bespeaks the talent of the artist in the most unequivocal manner, and forms a happy embellishment of the work. The design represents a Druidical *cromlech*, very tastefully grouped with ancient oaks, the harp, and other appropriate emblems of our native soil. In a word, this new Number of the "WELSH MELODIES" cannot fail to augment at once the fame of the author, and the entertainment of all those, whose souls are formed for concord of sweet sounds," and who take any interest in the sweet and unadulterated airs of the CYMRY.

We understand that the "REPORT" of the Carmarthen *Eisteddfod* in 1819 will speedily be published, accompanied by the Essays and Poems, which gained the prizes on that occasion. "Better late than never" is a sound maxim; we, therefore, hope, that the intelligence, we have here communicated, will not prove destitute of foundation.

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

FEBRUARY, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

WE transcribe with pleasure the following postscript to J.O. C's last letter (which we have not been able to insert), as being the first tribute of approbation to our substitution, in Welsh orthography, of the *v* for the *f*. We have no hope, however, of overcoming the general obstinacy in this particular, and, especially, with respect to the more extensive improvements, proposed by our correspondent.—“Pray, cannot you,” he says, “or some other individual, contrive some new characters for those, that are now double, such as *DD*, *LL*, *NG*, *CH*? I am glad, that you have adopted *v* instead of *f*, though I frequently forget the change. If Palamedes could add four letters to the Greek alphabet, and Simonides the same number, I think, that you surely, or some other literary individual, can make such a change in our alphabet, as may render it more simple and more agreeable to the eye. Don't be too scrupulous about alterations, that are clearly for the better. Opposition you must expect; but, if you have reason and good sense on your side, you will surely prevail at last. Let us not stick to old things any longer than they are found useful and convenient.”—We hope to take up this subject hereafter.

The communication from Cheshunt has arrived; but we fear, from its length, that we should be trespassing too much on our English readers by inserting it. We have already, perhaps, gone beyond due bounds in this respect; though the Welsh translations, we have hitherto admitted, have not been without their interest. If, however, we can find room for a part of our correspondent's contribution, it shall appear.

CHWILIEDYDD has our thanks for his favour, of which we shall be happy to make use in our next, if we find we can do so, without violating the rule, to which we have alluded in the preceding notice. He will perceive, that we have attended to his other request, but it was impossible to do so in the way he wished, without exposing the communication to the advertisement-duty. We hope, however, the mode, we have adopted, will answer the purpose at least as well.

We have received OBSERVATOR's letter, and thank him for his kind and useful hints. He shall hear from us very soon.

The letter from Llanvyllin, signed CARACTACUS, and entitled “Refutation of Dewi,” has also come to hand; but, as it relates only to an isolated passage of Dewi's letter, and that having no connection with the objects of the CAMBRO-BRITON, we should, on that account alone, have declined inserting it, even, if the very intemperate expressions, employed in it, did not operate to its exclusion. The writer will find, however, by an article in this Number (which was in print before his communication arrived), that the circumstance, about which he so indignantly writes, has not wholly escaped our notice.

A CORNAVIAN has just arrived and shall appear in our next.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

The corrections, as usual, will be found within parentheses.—No. xxiv. p. 71, l. 5, “expected” (excepted). No. xxv. p. 147, l. 6, “consolations” (music). “music” (consolations). p. 153, l. 5, “seven” (several) p. 158, l. 10, “Saronic” (Saronicè). p. 167, l. 19, “now then” (now and then). l. 25, “prompeth” (prompteth). p. 173, l. 21, “of original” (of the original). p. 190, l. 26, “countries” (counties). p. 181, l. 25, “cerddau” (cerddau). p. 183, l. 10, “in” (on). l. 16, “South Wales” (North Wales). p. 187, l. 9, “It but” (It is but). p. 191, l. 22, “Hood's” (Flood's). p. 192, l. 2, “*meliora! speremus.*” (*meliora speremus!*)

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

FEBRUARY, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

WELSH LAWS.

WE are now about to resume the Translation of the Laws of Hywel Dda, of which all those, affecting the economy of the royal household, under the general denomination of the Laws of the Court, have appeared in the preceding volume *. These, according to the classification in most of the existing MSS., form the first division of these ancient ordinances: what remain are of a more comprehensive character, and may be regarded as embracing the substance at least of the ancient Common Law of Wales. Hitherto our translation has been little more than a transcript of that inserted in the first volume of the Cambrian Register, which agrees, generally, with the principal copy, published by Wotton, as well as with that belonging to the Welsh School, printed in the Archaiology. The continuation of this version, however, in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, wants the methodical arrangement observed in the former part, and is at variance also, in this respect, with the two other copies, to which we have just alluded. For this reason we shall, in the sequel of this version, adhere to the copy, published in the Archaiology, occasionally collating it with the edition by Wotton, although between the two there appears no material variation. However, as the former of these has not yet appeared out of its native garb (for it constituted no part of Wotton's collection), it may be of use, with reference to the more general illustration of these ancient relics, to render that the basis of our ensuing version.

In addition to the foregoing remarks we wish to premise, that the prefatory paragraph, which follows, is extracted from

* See pp. 250, 295, 342, 393, and 439.

Wotton, and is not to be found in the Archaiology. We have, however, adopted it, as importing a degree of solemnity by no means unsuitable to the occasion, and as agreeing, moreover, with a similar proemium, which introduces the first part of these Laws *. In the copy in the Archaiology, we should also mention, there occurs, between the Laws of the Court and those translated below, an enumeration of the nine privileged witnesses, who were to be credited on their single testimony, called in Welsh *Y Naw Tavodiawg* †; but, as its insertion there seems much out of place, it is reserved for a more appropriate opportunity. In other respects we shall adhere closely to the arrangement of the original, notwithstanding that its advantages are not very apparent. If, however, a separate English translation of these Laws, which they well merit, should ever be undertaken, a new and more methodical classification ought to be adopted. The present, with more gallantry, perhaps, than propriety, commences with the ordinances relating to Women.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[Continued from vol. ii. p. 545.]

THE COMMON LAW.

Of Women ‡.

HITHERTO, by the assistance of God, we have treated of the Laws of the Court; now, by the help of our glorious Lord Jesus Christ, we will explain the Common Law of the Country, and we begin with those relating to Women.

Of these the first is, that, if there be presents made to a married woman, they are to be considered as part of her marriage portion until the end of seven years, and, if she shall then be separated from her husband, all, that belongs to them, shall

* See vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 249.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 377.

‡ Arch. of Wales, ib. See also Wotton's "*Leges Wallicæ*," p. 73.

§ This, according to Wotton, was to take place "if three nights from the seventh year had elapsed before the separation." The word, above translated "marriage portion," is *agweddi* or *egweddi*, and is explained, in another part of the Laws, to mean the portion given by the parents of the wife on her marriage.

be divided into two parts §. It belongs to the wife to partition, and to the husband to choose.

The swine shall go to the husband, and the sheep to the wife; but, if there be but one sort, let it be divided into two equal portions; and, if there be sheep and goats, the sheep go to the husband and the goats to the wife; if but one sort, let it be divided.

Of the children two parts go to the father and one to the mother: the eldest and youngest to the father, and the middle to the mother*.

The household furniture shall be thus divided.—All the milk vessels, excepting one pail, shall go to the wife: and all the dishes, excepting one dish which shall go to the husband, shall belong to the wife. The car and yoke †, that carry the furniture out of the house, shall go to the wife. All the drinking vessels shall belong to the husband; and to him shall belong the large sieve, and the fine sieve to the wife. The husband shall have the upper stone of the quern, and the wife the lower ‡. The bed-clothes, that are worn uppermost, shall belong to the wife: those, that are underneath, the husband shall have until he marries again, and afterwards he shall restore them to the wife. And, if another wife lie with him in these clothes, she shall pay to the former wife a satisfaction for the affront §.

* In the original *perredd*, which means, abstractedly, the middle part, and is hence used for the entrails or bowels.

† The words, in Welsh, are *câr a iau*, which Wotton translates *carrus cum jugo*. The car was of several sorts, and the Welsh anciently used four kinds of yokes, called *beriau*, *meiliau*, *ceseiliau*, and *hiriau*. The car and yoke, here alluded to, must have been those commonly employed, and such as are still in use in some parts of North Wales, particularly in Merionethshire.

‡ The particular nature of these mills cannot now, perhaps, be ascertained; but, as they composed a part of the household furniture, they may have been similar to the Scotch querns. The original term is *bréuan*. There was anciently in use, in Wales, a curious sort of mill, which, having been once put in motion, worked afterwards of itself. W. Salisbury had one in 1574, and Dr. Davies mentions the discovery of a shaft of a wheel belonging to one some years subsequently, at Bryn y Castell, in Merionethshire, and which he minutely describes.

§ Literally "shame of face," *gwynebgwarth*; the word occurs often in the Welsh Laws, but is sometimes written *gwynebgwerth*, which implies the price of the face. Wotton renders the word, on this occasion, by "*multa honoris violati*."

The husband shall have the kettle, the rug*, the cushions and trestle †, the coulter, the felling hatchet, the auger, the settle‡, and all the reaping-hooks, excepting one, which shall go to the wife. The wife shall have the pan, the trivet§, the common axe, the saw, the plough-share, the whole of the flax ||, the linseed, the wool, the house-bag and all that it contains, except gold or silver, and that is to be divided; for house-bags ¶ are hand-bags. If there are webs to divide, the little balls shall go to the children, if there be any; if not, let them be divided. The barn belongs to the husband, with all the corn that may be above or under the ground. The husband shall have all the hens and one cat; and the rest go to the wife.

The victuals shall be thus divided: the wife shall have the meat, as well as the cheese, that is in salt; and, after it is hung to dry, the husband owns it. The vessels of the broken butter and the broken cheese** belong to the wife. The wife shall have as much meal, as, with the strength of her hands and knees, she can carry from the store-room †† to the house.

Both of them shall retain their own clothes, excepting their cloaks, and those shall be divided.

* *Brycan*, translated, by Wotton, *gausapa*. It is any rough cloth, such as a blanket or rug. It may mean here a carpet.

† The original words are *gobenydd a thrawstyle*, which it is not very easy to translate. Wotton renders them by one word, *cervicalia*, and considers the last term in the original to be a corruption of *teisban tyle*, which signifies the centre of the homestead and must have been, consequently, affixed to dwelling. Wotton appears, therefore, to be wrong; and the word is, more probably, to be derived from *traws* and *tyle*.

‡ Here again, Wotton is at fault. He translates *perging* by *antheppa*, a stew-pan. There is abundant authority, however, for the translation above given, notwithstanding the conflicting conjectures of which Wotton speaks: there is scarcely a farm-house in Wales which has not, even now, its old family settle, or *perging*.

§ *Trybedd*, original; *tripos*, Wotton. The *trybedd* was an utensil used for holding pans and kettles over a hearth-fire. It is still common in some parts of Wales, where the luxury of stoves and grates is still unknown.

|| *Llin achlan*. The utensils, and other articles, here specified, differ materially from those in Wotton.

¶ Mr. Richards, in his Dictionary, most unaccountably, considers the original word here, *trythgud*, as synonymous with *thysau*, jewels. Perhaps he fell into this error by finding, that the *trythgud* was employed for carrying jewels, and so, by a figure, mistook the container for the contained.

** *Llestri ymenyn bulch*, a'r *caws bulch*. †† *Cell*.

If the husband be privileged, let him show his privilege before the partition; and, after he has had his privilege, let the division take place as above stated.

Let their debts be divided into two parts.

If the separation take place before the end of the seventh year, let the husband deliver to the wife her marriage portion, her paraphernalia, and her maiden fee *. If she was betrothed when a maiden, she ought to have whatever utensils are in use †; and, if, before the seventh year, she shall desert her husband, she shall lose the whole of these, excepting her maiden-fee and her satisfaction for partial abduction ‡.

If, however, the husband should be leprous, should have a foul breath, or be unable to discharge his marital duties; if, from either of these causes, she should desert him, he ought to return all that belongs to her.

If, from the death of the husband, the separation takes place, she ought to have half of every thing, but the corn §; for no wife can have any corn except a bride ||.

In case of a separation through the near decease of either, the sick party shall divide with the aid of the priest ¶, and the other shall choose. The sick party ought not to bequeath any thing except mortuaries to the church, and the lord **, and the payment of his debts; and, although they are bequeathed, the son may break through the bequest: but he shall be styled an incor-

* The original words are *ei hagweddi, a'i hargyerau, a'i chowyll*, which Wotton renders by *dos, paraphernalia, et antipherna*. We have already given an explanation of *agweddi*;—*argyerau* means, generally, jewels or ornaments, and may imply, here, such as the wife brings with her;—the last word, *cowyll*, denotes the settlement made by the husband on the wife the morning after his marriage, and was similar to the *morgengabe* of the Germans. In Wales it was considered as the price of the bride's virginity.

† In the original, *ar ei garn*.

‡ *Gwynebgwerth am ei godwyn*.

§ Wotton's copy makes no exceptions.

¶ *Gwraig byws*: Wotton translates it *sponsa*. It would appear from this and some other passages, that different degrees of marriages, or rather of connubial contracts, were formerly known in Wales.

¶ The original word here is *periglaur*, which Wotton fenders by *parochus*. It appears to have meant, here, the priest, by whom extreme unction was administered, and who was, in such a case, allowed to assist the dying person. This mode of partition was called *ysgar byw a marw*, or a sharing between the living and the dead.

** The "lord" is not mentioned in Wotton.

rigible son*. Whoever shall violate a bequest, that is to say, of mortuaries or debts, shall be accursed.

If, while living, the separation should take place, the wife may abide with her property in the house for nine days and nine nights, that it may be known whether the separation is legal; and, if, at the end of the ninth day †, the separation should prove to be right, she may depart, her goods first, and, after the last penny ‡, herself.

The fine for the insult of a woman, when married, shall be according to the rank of her husband, that is to say, the fine of her husband §; before she is married, according to the rank of her brother, namely, the half of her brother's fine. The satisfaction for the murder of a woman, whether she be married or not, is half that of her brother.

If a man desire another wife, after having parted from his first, the former shall be free. After a man has parted from his wife, and she has been married to another, and the first husband repents of having parted from her, if he overtake her with one foot within the bed [of her second husband] and the other outside, he shall have his wife again.

If a married woman shall have committed any disgraceful act, *contrary to her conjugal duty* ||, the husband shall receive a satisfaction for the injury.

If she be convicted of adultery, the satisfaction for the injury shall be increased one half; for this is to be regarded as a species of enmity.

* * * *

If the husband shall deny his adultery, he shall clear himself by the oaths of fifty men, and the wife by the oaths of so many women.

* * * *

* *Mab anwar*—rendered, by Wotton, *filius improbus*: *anwar* is, literally, wild or ungentle, but appears here to have a technical signification.

† This has allusion to a time of appearance in law; the original word is *nauredydd*, and does not occur in Wotton.

‡ This is a literal translation of the original terms, which seem to imply the last partiele of the wife's property. Wotton's edition has, in this place, many various readings as well as additions.

§ Wotton has here, "the third part of her husband's fine," viz. *traean sachâed ei gwr*.

|| We may say of these Laws, as has been said of a celebrated Roman poet, that *quibusdam locis nolumus eas interpretari*. This is one of those

Whoever shall have clandestinely enticed a maiden, and, before they are united, she shall ask him "What art thou willing to give me?" and he shall state what he will bestow upon her, and that on his faith; if, after this, he shall attempt to deny it, and she take legal measures against him, then shall her word be good evidence; for he had taken her to a place where there were no legal witnesses*.

[*To be continued.*]

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS†.

[*Continued from p. 140.*]

E.

EDEYRN, the son of Nudd, or Lludd, ab Beli ab Rhun ab Maelgwn Gwynedd ab Caswallon Law Hir ab Einion Yrth ab Cunedda. He is the patron saint of Bod Edeyrn, in Mon, and of Llanedeyrn, in Lleyn.

EDWEN, a female saint of Saxon lineage, being either the daughter or niece of Edwin king of Northumberland, who was educated at the court of Cadvan, in Caer Segaint. To her is dedicated Llanedwen, in Mon.

passages, which, however, we will venture to give in the words of Wotton: "*Si facinus turpe matrona perpetraverit, vel dundo suavia, vel palpandum se præbendo, vel corporis copiam dando, viro ejus, &c.*" The two places below, wherein the sense is supplied by asterisks, relate to the same particulars. It deserves to be remarked, that similar provisions occur in the laws of Alfred (sec. 11 and 18), which affords an additional proof of the assistance he must have received, through Aserius Menevensis, from the Welsh Laws, while compiling his own famous code.

* The word in the original here is *neithiorwyr*, translated by Wotton *pronubi*, which, however, does not convey the full meaning of the Welsh term. A *neithiorwr* seems to have been one who attended the completion, or consummation, of the marriage ceremony. In the case, therefore, of a clandestine marriage, the unsupported testimony of the bride was admitted against the husband, and she is, accordingly, mentioned as one of the nine privileged witnesses, to whom we have adverted in the prefatory part of this article. A woman, married without witnesses, had, by the ancient law of Gwynedd, no more for her portion than three heifers; but, by the custom of Dyved, she was entitled to the same dowry as if she had been regularly betrothed by her parents.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 40-42.

EGRYN, the son of Gwrydr Drwm ab Gwedrog ab Geraint ab Garanog ab Glewddigar ab Cynwag Rhychwain, of Bod Rychwain, in Rhos. He is the patron saint of Llanegryn, in Meirion.

EIGRAD, the son of Caw of Prydyn. He was the brother of Cafo, Cwyllog, Gallgo, Maelog, and Peirio.

EINION, the son of Owain Danwyn ab Einion Yrth ab Cunedda. He had brothers named Seirioel, in Penmon, and Meirion, in the cantrev of Meirion. He is generally styled Einion Vrenin yn Lleyn, or Einion the King in Lleyn.

EITHRAS, who came with Cadvan from Llydaw into this island.

ELAETH, the son of Meirig ab Idno ab Meirchion ab Grwst ab Ceneu Coel Godebog. His mother was Onien Greg, or Onen, the daughter of Gwallog ab Lleenog. He is mostly styled Elaeth Vrenin, or king Elaeth. There is a chapel in Mon called after his name. *Cyngogion Elaeth* are ancient moral verses, supposed to have been composed by him.

ELEN, the daughter of Coel Godebog. "She found the holy cross, which had been hidden in the earth by the Jews."

ELERI, the daughter of Brychan, the wife of Ceredig ab Cunedda, and the mother of Sant the father of Dewi, archbishop of Mynyw. Avon Eleri is a river in Ceredigion, probably named after this saint.

ELERI, the daughter of Dingad ab Nudd Hael, and the sister of Baglan, Gwytherin, Lleuddad, and Tegwy. She lies buried in Pennant Gwytherin.

ELVOD, the son of Gŵlydd, a saint at Caer Gybi, in the year 773. His name is Elvodugus, in some books; and Nennius calls him Elbotus.

ELIAN, the son of Gallgu Redegog ab Carcludwys ab Cyn-gan ab Ysbwys ab Cadrod Calchvynydd. His mother was Cyna, the daughter of Tewdwr Mawr ab Madog ab Emyr Llydaw. There is a poem on the legend of Elian Ceimiad, as he is often styled, written by Gwilym Gwyn. Llanelian in Rhos is dedicated to him; and his well is there, wherein, on paying a fee to the owner, persons devote the names of their enemies, so that they may be afflicted with such pains as may be mentioned at the time when the ceremony of devoting them

takes place. This evil has been carried to great lengths, even down to the present time*.

ELINED, the daughter of Brychan, who lies buried at Crug Gorseddol.

ELLYD. He is probably the same with Illtud Varchog, the founder of Bangor Illtud, in Glamorganshire. Llanelltyd, in Meirion, is named after him.

ENDDWYN, the patron saint of Llanenddwyn in Ardudwy, Meirion.

ENVAIL, the daughter of Brychan, a saint at Merthyr Envail, in Caermarthenshire.

ENGHENEL, the daughter of Brochwel Ysgythrog. To her is dedicated Llanenghenel, in Mon.

ERBIN, the son of Cystennin Gorneu, and the brother of Digain.

EUDDOG. There is a church having the name of Llaneuddog near Dulas, in Mon.

EURGAIN, the daughter of Maelgwn Gwynedd. She is the patron saint of Llaneurgain, or Northop, in Flintshire.

F.

FAGAN. He came with Bran into this island. See Dwyvan. There is a church bearing his name in Glamorganshire.

* So lately as April, 1820, a person of the name of John Edwards, of the parish of Northop, in the county of Flint, was tried at the Flintshire Great Sessions, for defrauding one Edward Pierce, of Llandyrnog, in Denbighshire, of fifteen shillings, under the pretence (to borrow the classical language of the indictment on the occasion), "that the said Edward Pierce was put into Fynnon Elian (St. Elian's Well) and that some great evil and misfortune would, in consequence, befall the said Edward Pierce, and that he, the said John Edwards, could avert the said evil and misfortune, by taking him, the said Edward Pierce, out of the said well, if he, the said Edward Pierce, would pay unto the said John Edwards the sum of fifteen shillings." This "the said Edward Pierce" was weak enough to do, as well as to accompany the arch enchanter to the well, where several superstitious ceremonies were performed, to the no small satisfaction of both parties, and the ignorant dupe returned home with a full persuasion, that his affairs, which had long been "going cross," would thenceforward be in a more prosperous state than ever. Deceived in this, however, he brought the offender to justice, and the latter was rewarded for his ingenuity by an imprisonment of twelve months. This trial affords as extraordinary an instance, as any on record, of ignorant and superstitious credulity, and is more worthy of the monkish ages than of the nineteenth century.

FRAID, or **Fred Leian**, otherwise **Brid**, also called **Fred Wyddeles**, or **Fred the Gwyddelian**. She is the same as **St. Bride**. **Llan Sant Fraid Glàn Conwy**, and **Llan Sant Fraid Glyn Ceiriog**, are dedicated to her: but the churches in South Wales are dedicated to her as **St. Brid**.

FINAN. He was a disciple of **Aidan**. See *Mona Antiqua*, p. 153, and *Flaherty's Ogygia*.

FLEWYN, the son of **Ithael Hael** of **Llydaw**, and the brother of **Gredivael**. **Llanflewyn**, in **Mon**, is dedicated to him.

[*To be continued.*]

THE WISDOM OF THE CYMRY*.

THE COUNSELS OF THE WREN'S ATTENDANT†.

1. Seek instruction and advice, and act according to reason.
2. Trust to no one but to God, and to the strength that he has given to thee.
3. The best power is the power derived from reason; the power from reason is a power from God.
4. The best instruction is instruction derived from genius.
5. The best companion is a pure conscience.
6. The most courageous of all actions is to amend.
7. Be every thing from thyself, under the protection and power of God, and not from man, nor from wealth, nor from law, nor from suffering, other than a pure conscience, and what God may will.

THE WELCOMINGS‡.

Welcome a friend with wisdom:
 Welcome a stranger with a banquet:
 Welcome a female with courtesy:
 Welcome a nobleman with gallantry:
 Welcome the proud with flattery:
 Welcome the learned with silence:
 Welcome the young with song and familiarity:
 Welcome the old with amenity:

* See vol. ii. of the **CAMBRO-BRITON**, p. 392, in the Note.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 131.

‡ Ib. p. 132.

Welcome the blessed with piety :
Welcome God with blessedness.

THE NINE RURAL ARTS*.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Gardening. | 5. Harping. |
| 2. Working of metal. | 6. Weaving. |
| 3. Working of wood and
stone. | 7. Dyeing. |
| 4. Bardism. | 8. Pharmacy. |
| | 9. Barter. |

These were known and practised by the old Cymry before they had cities and a system of monarchy.

THE NINE POLITICAL ARTS†.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Grammar. | 6. Philology. |
| 2. Arithmetic. | 7. Military art. |
| 3. Mensuration. | 8. Navigation. |
| 4. Astronomy. | 9. Judicature. |
| 5. Pleading. | |

These were invented after the Cymry had congregated in towns and cities, and had established a system of monarchy and privileged arts.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE NAME "CYMRY ‡."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—The new etymology of the name CYMRY, first suggested by the Cambrian Register§, then patronized by the

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 121.

† Id. ib.

‡ We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following letter, not merely on account of its own merit,—itself a sufficient recommendation,—but because it involves an inquiry, which, although nominally philological, is, in fact, of considerable interest, in a more essential view, to the student of Welsh history, and indeed to the more general scholar. For this reason, we anxiously hope, that the "questions and doubts," proposed by our correspondent, will draw forth from some of our readers the answer he wishes. It is only by such a collision of sentiment that there is any chance, in a litigated point of this nature, of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion.—ED.

§ Vol. i. pp. 12 and 17. Our correspondent is wrong, however, in stat-

CAMBRO-BRITON *, and, lastly, used by the writer of the justly admired "Essay on the Antiquity of the Welsh Tongue†," as illustrative of that point, doth not appear, in the judgment of many of your friends and well-wishers, so well established as to bear the weight that is put upon it, but merits a revision and farther confirmation. To promote this object, I beg to propose, for information's sake, the following questions and doubts, to be answered and solved by yourself, or by some of your numerous and intelligent correspondents.

1. Is there any precedent or example, that sanctions or authorizes the general acceptance of this etymology?

2. Have the aboriginal inhabitants of any other country, in any age, been designated by a proper name, in their respective languages, implying a similar meaning?

3. Did a custom prevail among the earliest inhabitants of the earth to distinguish each other, as having been the first or last comers into a country?

4. Doth the prefix *CYN* invariably imply *first*, or *primitive*, in point of time? Doth it not also imply *chief*, or *principal*, in merit or in rank? And may not the appellation *CYMRY* signify, with equal propriety, the *chief people*, as they confessedly were, for the sovereignty of the island belonged to them? And may not this designation be intended rather than the other?

5. Is not the "*first day*" translated, not "*cyn-dydd*," but "*y dydd cyntaf*?" And doth not the name "*Brigantes*" come from "*Obricynta*," and not from "*Cyn-obri*?" And doth not the word "*cynrain*" signify "*chief spearmen*," and not "*first spearmen*?"

6. If we allow the *CYMRY* of Britain to be a first or primitive people, we must allow them to have been the immediate descendants of Adam and Eve, or at least of Noah, and that the language, spoken by the progenitors or renovators of the human race, must have been *CYMRAEG*, and that therefore the *CYMRAEG* must be the most ancient language in the

ing that this etymology was "first suggested" in the Cambrian Register: it may be found in Mr. Walters's Dissertation on the Welsh Language, p. 6. *et seq.* and also in Mr. E. Williams's Lyric Poems, vol. ii. p. 92.—ED.

* Vol. ii. pp. 44 and 373.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 24, p. 76.—ED.

world*. Doth not this concession tend to revive and restore the rejected descent from *Gomer*, the grandson of Noah?

7. If the CYMRY of Britain be identified with the *Cimbri* of continental Europe, and with the *Cimmerii* of Asia, why is no mention made of the former by the Latin and Greek historians, who have treated copiously and diffusely of the character and exploits of the two latter? And why do the *Bretons* of Gaul refuse to recognize the CYMRY of Britain, under that denomination, though descended from the same original stock?

8. If the continental *Cimbri* first peopled Europe, why is there no mention made of *them* also, till about one century prior to the commencement of the Christian æra, whereas Hu Gadarn conducted his CYMRY into Britain 600 years at least before that period?

9. If the continental *Cimbri* spake the CYMRAEG language, why are no traces left of it in the names of those territories, which these people are known to have possessed and inhabited, for a long continuance of time, viz. Jutland, and the northern parts of Germany? Doth not this circumstance give a plausible air to the assertion of many respectable and learned authors, that the language of these people was Gothic,—that they themselves were of the Gothic or Scythian extraction,—and that their name *Cimbri* is derived from *Kimber*, which word in the Gothic language is said to signify *valiant*?

10. The dispositions and habits of the CYMRY of Britain widely differed from those of the continental *Cimbri*. The former sought to obtain lands and dominion, not by fighting and bloodshed, but through justice and in peace. The maxim of the latter was "*Dentur fortioribus.*" Rapine, violence, and blood was their trade, and the order of their day. The one had instituted in a very remote period the refined and scientific system of Druidism: the other remained, as they were at first, barbarians. No two people could be more opposite in their principles, their practices, and their pursuits.

* Without wishing to anticipate, in any respect, the reply that may be made to the objections of our correspondent, we feel it our duty to observe here, that he appears to impute to the CAMBRO-BRITON a construction of the etymology in question with which it cannot fairly be charged. The term CYN, first or primitive, we never meant to apply exclusively, on the occasion under consideration, to the primæval race of mankind, but rather to a *priority* of settlement by the CYMRY, at whatever period of the world, in some particular country. See the passages of the CAMBRO-BRITON above cited.—ED.

11. Can no better proof of the alledged identity of these two people be adduced, than the fortuitous coincidence of the name? Will an argument, derived from so imbecile and unsupported a source, content the English and foreign antiquaries? Will they not smile at the far-fetched definition of the name CYMRAEG, quoted from Mr. Walters's Dissertation? Can this name mean any thing else than the "Speech of the CYMRY," as the CAMBRO-BRITON itself has defined it? What learned and judicious antiquary will be induced, by a mere *Ipse dixit*, to expunge from his vocabulary the word *Celtic*, and substitute in its place the word *Cimbric*, without any solid reason being given for so doing, but what arises from the absolute necessity of procuring support to an hypothetical etymology; or consent to a revolution in the antiquarian world, which subverts all those revered authorities, which have enjoyed the sanction of ages, sets aside the united testimony of every approved author, both ancient and modern, that has written upon the primæval population of Europe, and transfers the parental preeminence from one migrating tribe to another, as it serves to support or debilitate a preconceived opinion?

Deprecating, as I do, the application of weak and inconclusive proofs to the elucidation of British history, I hope that either you, Sir, or some of your correspondents, will remove these doubts, and place the subject in a clear and convincing point of view. That a certain tribe, speaking a language very similar to the present CYMRAEG, peopled the middle zone of Europe, I do stedfastly believe; and that the inhabitants of Wales were, from time immemorial, designated by the general name CYMRY, I do also believe. But that this name CYMRY was conceived *ab initio*, or at any period prior to the publication of the Cambrian Register*, to imply a first or primitive people, I do as stedfastly deny. The best and safest mode of interpreting British names of persons, places, &c. is to adopt and follow the example and practice of our British progenitors in the imposing of them. Their invariable custom was to call people after the name of their several territories, and to name the territories from some local feature, or striking position, which they respectively possessed. Let this process be pur-

* See the last note in p. 205. *antè*. We repeat the correction of this oversight, not because we deem it a matter of any importance, but because we wish the merit or fault (be it which it may) to rest where it ought.—ED.

sued by a modern Welshman in his attempt to interpret the signification of the names of the three primary divisions of the Isle of Britain, viz. CYMRU, LLOEGR, ALBAN; and he will find that, in the Welsh language, the first implies *a country of dales and steeps*, a character retained to this day: the second, *a region of lakes and marshes*, as the primitive state of England undoubtedly was, (amply attested, among other instances, by the name *Llyn-dain*, London, the lake of the Thames): the third denotes *towering hills*, corresponding, with surprizing exactitude, to the modern appellation, *High-lands* (of Scotland). These several derivations, now for the first time announced, and of which I solicit the favour of your opinion, flow in a natural and an easy manner, and are descriptive of the countries, which they respectively designate: whereas that of CYN-BRO, which must be changed, first, into CYN-VRU, next into CYMRY, seems to be forced and violent, and may be appropriated to designate, in the Welsh language, any *Aborigines* whomsoever, as well as those of Britain*. I am in possession of many other etymologies of British names, equally novel, striking, and descriptive, which I shall transmit to you, if acceptable.

LEOMINSTRENSIS.

P. S. In poetry, the life of which is fiction, it may be allowable to call *Mona* the dark isle: but, when it is gravely reported in a note, that *Anglesea* (or *Mona*), from its thick woods of oak, was anciently called the *Dark Island*, this requires animadversion. You, Sir, are of course sensible, that *Anglesea* (or *Mona*) did not abound anciently in thick woods of oak, more than it does at present, and that it was never called by any respectable author "*Ynys Dwyallt*." The most probable name of it was "*Ynys Dwyallt*," i. e. "not precipitous," like the adjoining county of *Caernarvon*, its surface being more level and plain, not raised into steep hills, but small elevations only †.

* After all, it is probable, that the names of the earliest inhabitants of Europe, who left Asia soon after the dispersion, are to be derived from the Hebrew language, such as the *Celtae*, *Scythae*, &c.—LEOMINSTRENSIS.

† The observations in this postscript have reference to a note on the "Lament on the last Druid," in our 24th Number, extracted from Mr. Parry's "*Welsh Melodies*", and which Mr. Parry appears to have introduced on the occasion merely as explanatory of the popular notion upon

EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES.

[Continued from Page 160.]

WE found the Hand, at Llangollen, a tolerably decent inn; and, ordering a steak by way of luncheon, we strolled out towards some old monastic ruins in the neighbourhood. After walking about two miles, we reached Valle Crucis, another retired spot, magnificently adorned with bold and picturesque scenery. In a recess, on one side, amidst a luxuriant grove of ash trees, the elegant ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey (called, by the Welsh, Llan Egwestl) disclosed their mouldering fragments to our sight. The most rigid anchorite,—even Hugh Bellot himself, austere as he was,—could not have selected a spot more completely secluded from the “busy hum of men,” than that in which this abbey is situated. Built at the very bottom of a deep dell, it is screened from view, till a person is close to it, by the high and well-wooded hills which rise around it; and there is something exceedingly tranquil and soothing in the scene which its decaying fragments exhibit. To judge from the architectural specimens which the Abbey still displays, it must have been a grand and magnificent pile. At the west end are the remains of a very beautifully ornamented arched door-way; above this are three lancet-shaped windows, and over them a circular one, with three divisions. A cloister on the south-side, which, a century ago, was merely a shell, is now a comfortable farm-house. The east end, from the style of its architecture, appears to have been erected at a later period than the rest of the building, and its long, narrow, pointed windows give it a very cumbrous and gloomy appearance. The dormitory is converted into a hay-loft, to which there is access by outside stairs of heavy masonry: it is supported by three rows of arches, on round pillars with ornamented capitals. The area of the church is too much crowded with ash trees to be seen to advantage; and the elegant window of the chapel is nearly quite concealed by the luxuriance of their foliage. A pleasing melancholy, however, pervades the whole,

the subject, with reference to an expression used in the poem. Under this impression we did not think it necessary to subjoin any remark of our own.—ED.

and creates an emotion infinitely more delightful than that which a more splendid and perfect structure might produce:—

Hail! mould'ring arches of yon reverend pile,
That seem in age's hoary vest to shine:
All hail! for here creative Fancy reads
Of ages past the long forgotten deeds!

Valle Crucis, like Vanner, near Dolgellau, was a Cistercian monastery, and dedicated to St. Mary. It was founded, in 1200, by Madog ab Gruffydd, the potent Lord of Bromfield, and grandson of the famous Owain Gwynedd, Prince of Wales. It is said to have been the first Welsh abbey which was dissolved, and its dissolution happened in 1235, from which time to 1612 it remained in the crown, and was then granted by James the First to Edward Lord Wootten. Its revenues were estimated at nearly £200 per annum*.

On our way back to the inn we turned aside to view the ruins of Dinas Bran Castle, situated on the summit of a lofty and very steep mountain, about a mile from Llangollen. It was a building of some magnitude, and, from its situation, must have possessed many important advantages. It is supposed to be one of the oldest fortresses in the Principality, but the precise period of its foundation is not known. It was the principal residence of the powerful Lords of Yale †, and

* The revenue of this abbey, which was £188, was, after its dissolution, appropriated to the tythes of Llangollen and Wrexham. According to tradition, this celebrated building comprised originally several distinct chapels, governed by their separate priests, and so contrived that the service, performed in any one, never disturbed the devotional ceremonies of the rest. One of the chimnies in the dwelling-house, formed out of the ruins of the southern cloister, contains a relic of a sepulchral monument, on which is the following fragment of an inscription:—"Hic jacet—ARVRVI—." There is also another mutilated inscription in the circular window above mentioned, which has been thus deciphered:—"AD—ADAM—DNS—fecit hoc opus pace beata quiescat"—and underneath "M—D—." Miss Seward, in her beautiful poem on Llangollen Vale, thus happily describes the situation of this monastery.—Ed.

—— "On the brink of Deva's wandering flood,
Your rich arch glimmering through the tangled glade,
Your gay hills towering o'er your night of wood,
Deep in the vale's recesses as you stand,
And, desolately great, the rising sigh command."

† The Lords of Yale were the descendants of Osborn Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, who followed Gruffydd ab Cynan from Ireland, whither he

might have been founded by one of them, In 1390 it was inhabited by Myvanwy Vychan, or Vaughan, a most beautiful female, and a descendant of the house of Tudyr Trevor. Her charms inspired more than one Child of Song, and the Bard Hywel ab Einion Llygliw addressed an ode of great sweetness to her; but, as it is to be found in Evans's "Specimens of Welsh Poetry," I shall not quote it*.

The ruins of this old castle present an object wildly desolate. The obtrusive weeds which fill the court-yard, the ivy and moss which cover the fast-decaying wall, form a scene at once pleasing and melancholy, and lead the imagination back to the days of old, when this now shattered fortress echoed loudly to the shouts of mirth and revelry. And, in contemplating the contrast, we cannot but reflect upon the omnipotence of time, and the comparative nothingness and vanity of man's boasted attainments †.

By the time we regained the inn we had been absent nearly two hours; and, after having discussed our steak with some little celerity—occasioned, probably, by the length of our walk, and the keenness of the mountain-air—we prepared to proceed on our way to Corwen (10 miles distant), which we had fixed upon as our resting-place, till the coach should take us up, and convey us towards Caernarvon ‡.

* * * * *

It was late before we reached Corwen, which is an insignificant village, but rather romantically situated at the foot of the

had retired to avoid the troubles which agitated Wales in the 11th century.—[The tradition, that this castle was ever the residence of the Lords of Iâl, wants confirmation.—Ed.]

* The original poem is preserved in the *Archæology of Wales*, vol. i. p. 512.—Ed.

† There are several vague traditions as to the foundation of this ancient fortress, and one of them, without much reason, ascribing it to the Gallic chieftain, Brennus, or Brân. The style of its architecture, however, as far as it can be traced through the present ruins, evidently belongs to the Britons; but the period of its erection is involved in obscurity, as is also that of its demolition. A brook, in the neighbourhood, bears the name of Nant Brân, which, no doubt, is derived from the same origin as that of the castle itself. The name of Brân was common to several British chieftains of ancient times.—Ed.

‡ The part, which immediately follows in the M.S., has already appeared in the *CAMERO-BRITON*, under the title of an "Extract from a Manuscript Tour."—[See vol. ii. p. 448.—Ed.]

Berwyn mountains. As we approached the inn we perceived two or three horses in the yard munching their corn, and seemingly just arrived from a journey. Sounds of hearty glee and conviviality issued also from the house, and two or three of the *femmes de cabaret* were hurrying to and fro, busily engaged in preparing for the entertainment of guests. We were somewhat fearful, from these signs, that the apartments of the inn, which is, by no means, large, were occupied for the night; and, as we had no great inclination to extend our peregrinations any farther that evening, we beheld these busy preparations with no great complacency. To ascertain, however, how matters stood, we entered the house, and learnt that we might have two very good beds and a sitting-room to ourselves if we wished, but that a party of gentlemen were just going to supper, and, most probably, would have no objection to our joining them. Both my friend and I are naturally of a social disposition, and the latter proposal was, by far, the most congenial to us. I, therefore, wrote on a card—"Two gentlemen from England, ramblers through Wales, would be particularly gratified by being admitted into your society for the evening;" and the landlord, Mr. Clark, immediately carried the note to the party in the parlour—

Alone he went—alone he came not on :—
a fine and hearty-looking young man accompanied him, and accosted us with much cordiality. "Gentlemen," he said, "my companions will be all very glad of your company. Had we known that you were in the inn, we should before this have petitioned you to add to the glee of our little party; but we had no idea that there were any English strangers at this time of the year at Corwen. Come, let me introduce you to my companions."—He opened the door of an adjoining room, as he spoke, and ushered us into the presence of a most goodly company. Round a table in the middle of the apartment were ranged seven or eight gentlemen in the most merry humour imaginable. A quantity of fishing-tackle, deposited in various parts of the room, indicated the manner in which the party had been occupied during the day: and we have since learnt, that these convivial meetings are by no means infrequent at Corwen, as the Dee in the neighbourhood affords the angler excellent sport. The ceremony of introduction was soon over,

and we sat down at the table, altogether unknowing and unknown. But we felt none of that awkward restraint, which a person usually experiences when he is conscious of having intruded upon the privacy of others; because we were convinced from the manner of all present, that we were heartily welcome, and that reserve would have been but a sorry return for so much free and warm-hearted suavity. Nay, we soon found, that it was the chief delight of the Welshmen to render us all those little nameless civilities, which are so gratifying to a stranger, and which—more than the most pompous and elaborate courtesy—impress him with a favourable opinion of the kindness and hospitality of his entertainers. There was a total absence of that frigid formality, which is always repulsive, and which, in most instances, indicates a lamentable narrowness of mind*; but there was abundance of that genial and attractive harmony, which is often to be found among the inhabitants of a secluded but civilized country. Our repast was excellent. Some very delicious salmon and trout from the Dee, with some prime mutton from the mountains, and some of the best fowls I ever tasted,—washed down withal with no stinted allowance of capital sherry,—was fare not to be slighted by two tired, and, we will add, hungry travellers. But it was the the charming spirit of good humour and conviviality, which cast so radiant a lustre over the whole. Never did I spend a happier evening than that which I passed so pleasantly at Corwen; and it was with no trifling regret that we bade adieu to these social Cambro-Britons, when they mounted their horses to return home. What part my friend and I played in the occurrences of that memorable evening, it becomes not me to relate; but I will record the flattering farewell of the young man, who first introduced us to the company—"Thank you, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, as he shook us warmly by the hand, "thank you for one of the pleasantest evenings I

* A highly esteemed friend of mine, who has travelled a great deal, says, that there are but two methods of treating those stiff, supercilious fops, which are to be met with in all parts of the kingdom,—either to out-fop them, or to treat them with downright boorishness. He has generally found the first plan most efficacious; for nothing vexes your superlative fine gentlemen more than a greater and more preposterous display of affectation. I mention this for the benefit of my rambling readers.—*Verbum sapientibus.*

have ever spent. I am sorry you go to Caernarvon. If you will alter your intention and sojourn with me at Llangollen for a week or two, you will contribute greatly to the pleasure of an old lady and her son, who will do their utmost to render your visit agreeable—can I prevail?" I replied, that a previous engagement with a friend at Caernarvon prevented us from accepting an invitation so gratifying; but, should we find time to stop at Llangollen on our return, we would most assuredly call upon him. "Well, I hope for the best," said he, as he mounted his horse; and, again shaking us by the hand, he bade us farewell—enjoined us to remember our promise—rode on, and we saw him no more!

How often do those persons, who are accustomed to travel through a secluded country, fall in, during their wanderings, with some bright ethereal spirit by far too beautiful to dwell amidst the rude but honest rustics around him! And how radiant do the attributes of such a spirit appear by being contrasted with the simple and homely qualities of the neighbouring peasantry! In this light did we view the young Welshman, whom we met at Corwen, and, although we saw him no more after the pleasant evening which we spent there, yet have I often thought of him in my idle hours of meditation, as one who might do noble things were his strong and ardent spirit withdrawn from its seclusion. There was that in his open brow, and expressive features, which told that he inherited a benevolent sensibility, and a grand nobleness of soul. I never remember to have met with a stranger, for whom I felt a more intense degree of interest, than I did for this young and warm-hearted mountaineer; and it was with no little sorrow that we quitted the Principality without once more seeing him. But an unforeseen occurrence hastened our return to London; so that we were constrained to forego the pleasure we had anticipated from spending a few days at Llangollen.

©

[*To be continued.*]

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

IN giving a place in our pages to the following letter, we are fully sensible of the tender ground on which we are about

to tread. The translation of the Scriptures is, in most countries, protected by so many pious prejudices and by so much well-merited veneration, that any attempt to impugn its accuracy is naturally regarded with jealousy and apprehension. In Wales, in particular, this feeling has always prevailed in a greater or less degree, and our national version of the holy volume has been held to possess, in its very errors, a privileged exemption from the profane interference of criticism.

The lapse of ages, and the consequent advancement of learning and knowledge, have only served, in this respect, to spread the shield of piety, with a more devoted enthusiasm, over the hallowed depository of so many divine truths; and, while its imperfections—we are still alluding to the Welsh translation—have been acknowledged (and what human work is without imperfections?), they have been, at the same time, pronounced to derive a new authority, as it were, from the consecrating powers of time.

To speak in general terms, however, of our national version of the Bible, we are ready to admit, that, in most, perhaps, in all, qualities, which give value to such a work, it may safely be placed in competition with the similar productions of other languages; and it must, moreover, ever remain a noble monument of the industry, and, in many respects, of the learning, of its compilers. But it must not be concealed, on the other hand, that it is chargeable with many inaccuracies of diction, arising, in some degree, from the imperfect state of biblical criticism, at the period in which it was written, but more especially, we think, from an inattention to the peculiar resources of the Welsh tongue, which, more than any other European language, admits of an adherence to the idiomatic characteristics of the original. The consideration of this point comes expressly within the scope of our labours, although we have no wish to render the CAMBRO-BRITON an arena for any angry controversy on the subject*. We feel no scruple, however, in admitting the following communication, and especially as the sentiments, it conveys, are delivered with a temper and judgment in every way suitable to the occasion; but, with respect to our correspondent's emendations, we leave them to speak for themselves.

* We are far from desiring, however, to exclude opinions, expressed with a becoming temper; and we even invite communications of this character.—ED.

THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR.—Will it be an unpardonable offence, if I say a few words on the Welsh translation of the Bible? I am aware that it is a subject of considerable delicacy. Such is the veneration, in which the performances of our ancestors are held by some, that any thing, that tends to derogate from their merits, is branded with the name of heterodoxy. This degree of veneration is surely indefensible; though, no doubt, a considerable portion of respect is due to them for their useful labours. The debt we owe to Dr. Morgan is undoubtedly very great, and also to them who amended and revised his first attempt; but to attribute perfection, or something that borders on perfection, to their works, is more, I think, than what can well be justified.

That the translation is generally faithful must be allowed: its deficiencies mostly consist in energy and elegance of expression, of which our tongue is so remarkably capable. There is a general looseness and superfluity in the diction, foreign to our language, and, in some degree, borrowed from the English. Had the idioms of the originals been more closely followed, the translation would have been much more energetic and elegant, and even more faithful, the Welsh being so similar to them in its construction, especially to the Hebrew.

The first object, no doubt, in translating such a book as the Bible, which contains the mind and will of heaven, and which reveals what is of the last importance to the welfare of immortal beings,—the first object, no doubt, is to convey its meaning in intelligible language, and intelligible, if possible, to the lowest capacity. But, if this first object can be secured while a more literal version is made, another material advantage is acquired, that of a diction more forcible and more elegant: and a literal translation, so literal as to be almost verbatim, or word for word, would, according to my humble opinion, be so far from injuring the intelligibility of the Bible to uncultivated minds, that it would add to it in no small degree, the meaning being thereby more concisely and more powerfully conveyed. The vehicle of truth, especially of truth so important, should not, I think, be the heavy and ill-shaped workmanship of a mechanic, who may have lived two or three centuries ago, when the world was just emerged from the whirlpool of ignorance

and papal superstition. After ages of improvement, it must be expected that its form and appearance, though materially the same, should undergo some change and be rendered more elegant, that an alteration should take place in it, similar to that which has taken place in those vehicles which traverse our public roads with so much velocity, and which, though now much more light and commodious* than when first invented and in shape greatly improved, are yet, on that account, not less, but much more, advantageous to the public in general. In a similar way, would, as I apprehend, the advantage be to the public good by an improvement in the diction of our translation. So important, indeed, are some of the truths of revelation, resting on facts so plain and intelligible, that no garb, however mean, can *materially* affect their worth and efficacy; but yet it may, in a degree, be injurious to them. Far be it from me to apply to this subject the sentiment contained in this line, *virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algá est*; and yet I am disposed to attribute considerable importance, in respect of usefulness and efficiency, to the dress in which truths appear: it is one of those subsidiary means to attract and win the attention of mankind.

Great apprehensions, I know, are entertained in some quarters, respecting the injurious effects likely to be produced on the public mind by any alteration in our present translation. A judicious proceeding in the business would prevent any effects of this kind; and not only would prevent any that may be injurious, but would produce such as may be good and beneficial to the public. The fear of creating doubts and perplexities in the minds of the uninformed part of society, would at once be dispelled by adopting this rule,—“not to alter the meaning, but to convey it in a more appropriate language.”—But let it not be thought that I am an advocate for a diction borrowed from the age of Taliesin, or from any of our ancient poets;—no,—the diction must be familiar and intelligible to the present generation. That the nature and character of what I have in view may be seen, I shall add two short specimens. The first contains 13 verses of the first chapter of Genesis, and the second, the first Psalm.

* We hope our correspondent will not be displeased with the alteration we have taken the freedom of making in this place; the original word, he will perhaps agree with us, on reconsideration, was not strictly correct.--Ed.

GENESIS.—Pen. I.

1. Yn y dechreuad y creodd Duw y nevoedd a'r ddaear. A'r
2. ddaear oedd avluniaidd a gwag, a thywyllwch ar wyneb y dyvnder, ac yspryd Duw yn ymsymud ar wyneb y dyvroedd.
3. Yna dywedodd Duw, "Bydded goleuni;" a bu goleuni.
4. A gwelodd Duw y goleuni mai da oedd; a gwahanodd Duw
5. rhwng y goleuni a'r tywyllwch: a galwodd Duw y goleuni yn ddydd, a'r tywyllwch a alwodd yn nos. A bu hwyr, a bu bore, y dydd cyntaf.
6. Yna dywedodd Duw, "Bydded ehangder ynghanol y dyvroedd, a bydded yn gwahanu rhwng dyvroedd a dyvroedd." Velly gwnaeth Duw yr ehangder, a gwahanodd rhwng y dyvroedd odditan yr ehangder a'r dyvroedd oddiar yr ehangder: a bu velly. A galwodd Duw yr ehangder yn Nevoedd. A bu hwyr, a bu bore, yr ail dydd.
9. Yna dywedodd Duw,—“Casgled y dyvroedd odditan y nevoedd i'r un lle, ac ymddangosed y sychdir:” A bu velly.
10. A galwodd Duw y sychdir yn ddaear, a chasgliad y dyvroedd
11. a alwodd yn voroedd. A gwelodd Duw mai da oedd. Dywedodd Duw hevyd,—“Egined y ddaear egin, llysiau yn hadu hâd, pen frwyth yn dwyn frwyth, yn ol ei ryw, sydd a'i
12. hâd ynddo, ar y ddaear:” a bu velly. Yna dugodd y ddaear egin, llysiau yn hadu hâd yn ol ei ryw, a phren yn dwyn
13. frwyth sydd a'i hâd ynddo, yn ol ei ryw: a gwelodd Duw mai da oedd. A bu hwyr, a bu bore, y trydydd dydd.

PSAL: I.

1. Dedwydd y gwr ag ni rodia
Ynghyngor annuwiolion,
Ac yn fordd pechaduriaid ni saiv,
Ac yn eisteddva gwatwarwyr nid eistedd;
2. Ond ynghyvrraith Iehovah ei hyvrydwch;
Ac yn ei gyvrraith a vyvria ddydd a nos.
3. A bydd vel pren a blaned wrth frydiau dyvroedd;
Yr hwn, ei frwyth a rydd yn ei bryd, a'i ddalen
Ni wywa; ac oll a wnel a lwydda.
4. Nid velly yr annuwiolion,
Ond vel us, yr hwn a wasgar y gwynt.
5. Am hyny ni saiv annuwiolion yn y varn,
Na phechaduriaid ynghynulleidva'r cyvianion.
6. Canys edwyn Iehovah fordd y cyvianion;
Ond fordd yr annuwiolion a ddivethir.

With the exception of one or two words, the foregoing translation is strictly literal, without even the least transposition

These exceptions are owing to a difference in the idiom of the two languages. The relative **וְשֵׁנ** is used in Hebrew, as **ο**; in Greek, very frequently without the verb substantive; but the practice in Welsh is the very reverse, the auxiliary verb is used without the relative. Of the few instances, in which the Hebrew and Welsh idiom differs, this is one; and of which our translators seem not to have been aware, for they used, in most places, both the relative and the verb.—By avoiding all circumlocution and cutting off all superfluities, the Bible would be considerably reduced in size (according to a calculation that I have made, at least, *one tenth*), besides the advantages of simplicity, force, and elegance in the diction. Your's truly,

BRAWD DEWI.

ANTHOLOGIANA.—No. II.

IN the former number of the ANTHOLOGIANA* we stated, that the article was designed to “embrace rather some of the scattered flowers of the *awen* than the charms of its luxuriant foliage in all its fulness and variety.” This is still the object to which we wish to adhere, though it may be thought, that the ensuing quotations somewhat exceed the bounds, we originally prescribed to ourselves. However, be this as it may, the passages, now selected, could not be curtailed without sustaining some injury; and, as they are all peculiarly characteristic of our ancient poetry, the reader, we hope, will not be displeased to have them entire. They are all extracted from the works of Taliesin, whose poetry, as the Welsh scholar knows, is impregnated with a particular description of mystic lore, over which time has, in most instances, thrown a dark and impenetrable veil. The first passage, that follows, depicting some strange monster, appears to be of this character.

From *Dyhuddiant Elfin*, or Elfin's Consolation †.

Y mae pryv atgas
Cyvrwg dwyn a bas,

* CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 24, p. 102.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 20.

Cyuled ei enau
A Mynydd Mynnau :
Nis gorvydd angau,
Na llaw, llavnan.
Mae llwyth naw-can-mèn
Yn rhawn dwy bawen ;
Un llygad yn ei bèn,
Gwyrdd val glas iäen ;
Tair fynnon y sydd
Yn ei wegilydd :
Mor-vryched arno
A noviant drwyddo.

There is a hideous beast
 Between the deep and the shallow,
 His jaws as wide
 As the Mountain of Peaks* :
 Him death shall not overcome,
 Nor hand, nor blades.
 There is the load of nine hundred wains
 In the hair of his two paws ;
 One eye *there is* in his head,
 Green like a blue sheet of ice ;
 There are three fountains
 In the nape of his neck :
 Sea-monsters thereon
 Do swim through him.

The next extract appears to describe a tempest, or thunder-storm, and, as we think, with much force of expression.

From *Anghar Cyvundawd*, or the Feud of Society †.

Gogwn attrevnawr
Cyrrwg nev a llawr,
Han atsain advant,
Pan ergyr divant,
Pan llewych ariant,
Pan vydd tywyll nant.

* Mynydd Mynnau, translated the Mountain of Peaks, is generally considered to be the name of the Alps.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 34.

I know who is the regulator
 Between heaven and the earth,
 When an opposite hill is echoing,
 When devastation urges onward,
 When the silvery vault is shining,
 When the dell shall be gloomy.

There are two or three words in this extract particularly expressive ; such, for instance, is *atsain*, which signifies a reversion : it is thus used in Ezekiel, with reference to the mountains, c. vii. v. 7.

From *Cad Goddeu*, or the Battle of the Trees *.

Cenynt gerddorion,
Erysynt gadvöon,
Dadwyrain i Vrython
A oreu Gwydion.

Minstrels were singing,
 Warrior-bands were wondering,
 On the raising-up again of the Brython †
 That was effected by Gwydion ‡.

The following lines from the same poem, descriptive of a warrior, deserve to be extracted.

My march melynghan,
Cyfred á gwylan ;
My dun nid eban
Cyvrung mor a glàn,
Neu gorwyv gwaedlan
Arno cant cynran.
Rhuddem ry nghylchry,
Aur ry ysgwydrwy ;
Ni gâned yn adwy
A vu ym gorwy,
Namyn Goronwy
O Ddolau Edrywy.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 28.

† The name of one of the early colonies that came after the Cymry into this island. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 47.

‡ A mythological personage, who is, probably, to be identified with the Saxon Woden.

My steed is of yellow-white,
 Swift of course as the sea-mew ;
 I myself pass not
 Between the sea and the shore,
 But I cause a bloody field
 With thereon a hundred heroes.
 Studded with ruddy gems my belt,
 Of gold the rim of my shield ;
 There filled not the breach
 Any that visited me,
 Except Goronwy
 Of the dales of Edrywy.

The foregoing passage furnishes a few more instances of the force and variety of the Welsh compounds, such as *melyngan*, *gwcaedlan*, *rhuddem*, and *ysgwydrwy*. But these and others must be sufficiently obvious to the Welsh reader.

From the Song of Daronwy *.

Dyddeu dwy riain,
Gweddw a gwriawg vain,
Heieirn eu hadain,
Ar wyr yn goriain ;
Dyddeu cynrain
O amdir Rhuvain,
Eu cerdd á gynghain,
Eu gwawd á ysgain.

There came two noble dames,
 A widow and a slender wedded one,
 Of iron were their wings,
 Upon warriors brooding ;
 There came primary men of spears
 From the surrounding land of Rome,
 Of whom the song is harmonious,
 Whose praise is spreading.

The words *cynrain*, *amdir*, and *cynghain* may be noticed in this extract as being farther illustrative of the poetical expressiveness of the Welsh language, and of the attention paid to it, in this particular, by the bards.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. 1. p. 63.

WELSH LITERARY SOCIETIES.

ADDRESS

Delivered at a MEETING in BRECON, Dec. 5, 1821, by the Rev. W. J. REES, M. A. on the formation of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT*.

“MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—According to the notice which has been just read from the Chair, we are met for the purpose of forming a Society in the District, for the preservation of the remains of the ancient, and the encouraging of the cultivation of the modern, literature of our country; and certainly a truly important purpose, inasmuch as, according to the attention which a nation has paid to the works of men of genius, and the patronage and encouragement, which it has given to the literary exertions of the human mind, it has prospered and become eminent, and, in proportion as this attention and encouragement have been withheld, the celebrity of states has declined, and degenerated into barbarism.

“When we contemplate the comparatively little spot, of which the Principality of Wales consists, we are astonished at the efforts in this respect of our ancestors, whose example loudly calls upon us to preserve the remembrance of their exertions, and to do justice to our country, by patronizing the energies of its literary talent. If we carry our thoughts back for eighteen or nineteen centuries, we shall find that a very considerable portion of Europe spoke a language of a kindred stock with the Welsh; but, through the effects of conquest, and the lapse of time, this language has in a manner disappeared in all countries except our own, and the districts of Ireland, Scotland, and France, where the Irish, the Gælic, and the Breton are spoken. While the modes of speech of the powerful states of ancient Gaul and Spain have become so in-

* We recommend this spirited and very able “Address” to the particular attention of such patriotic individuals, connected with Wales by their rank or property, as may not already have lent their patronage to the Societies, formed for the cultivation of our national language, and of the literary pursuits associated with it; and more especially do we recommend it to the consideration of those (for unfortunately there are some of this character) who, from an unnational and renegade feeling, have endeavoured to depreciate the value of objects, so intimately connected with the best interests of Wales, as those contemplated by the several Welsh institutions.—ED.

termixed with the Latin, and that of England and of a great part of Ireland and Scotland with the Teutonic, as to form new languages, the Celtic dialects remain in these sequestered spots in a great measure free from foreign mixtures in a wonderful manner; and, with respect to the Welsh, it has withstood the encroachments of the Saxons, the fury of the Danes, and the address of the Normans, and is written even at the present day by our literary characters in its genuine purity.

“ But, although the Celtic dialects have been preserved in some other parts as well as in Wales, yet, with respect to literature, she stands alone, paramount for ages among the nations of Europe. While darkness reigned over other countries, and other states were overwhelmed in the night of barbarism, she carefully preserved the ethereal spark, and frequently fanned it into a brilliant flame. It was from her, it is understood, that the Saxon ancestors of the English obtained their alphabet—it was from her that the renowned Alfred received instructions for civilizing and governing his kingdom—and it was from her that England procured many of her wise laws, through which she has become a mighty nation. When other countries were in a manner dead to literature, during the dark ages, her Gildas in the sixth century, her Tysilio in the seventh, and her Nennius in the eleventh, walked in, and illumined, the path of History. In the sixth century she had her Aneurin, her Taliesin, and her Llywarch Hen, pouring forth their melodious strains, and instructing and delighting their countrymen with the productions of their genius. In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, she had her Meilyr, her Gwalchmai, her Cynddelw, her Llywarch ab Llywelyn, her Davydd Ben-vrâs, her Gruffydd ab Maredudd, and a host of literary worthies, whose poetic works were an honour to their country. In the tenth century her Hywel Dda (Howell the Good) collected and published the laws of the nation, copies of which have been transmitted to us, and from a perusal we have not only information of the simplicity of the age, but also of the civilization and wisdom of the people.

“ But, in preserving the ancient documents of Welsh literary genius, many MSS. have, through want of care, been either lost or destroyed; some left to moulder unheeded in damp

places, some suffered to be irretrievably lost through neglect, and many consumed by accidental fires. To prevent a recurrence of such careless inattention, and unfortunate accident, and to collect what MSS. may be procured, that they may be placed in situations where they will be carefully preserved, and to print such as are worthy of publication, are among the objects of the Cambrian Societies; and surely what can be more praiseworthy? What can better indicate a true national spirit than to rescue from oblivion, and preserve from destruction, these literary productions, which have been the glory of the country, and rendered it celebrated among the nations?

“ In addition to these important objects, the Cambrian Societies promote researches into the ancient literature and antiquities of the country. In this respect, however, much has been done of late years. W. Owen Pughe, Esq. has published a copious and valuable Dictionary of the Language, and has favoured the public with a Cambrian Biography, and some valuable Prefaces to the Welsh Works he has edited; and the Editors of the Cambrian Register, and of the CAMBRO-BRITON have contributed most materially to the promoting of this interesting subject. This District has likewise great reason to be proud of what its living natives have produced in this branch of literature. In the Chancellor of the Collegiate Church of this town, born not far distant from it, and educated in its Grammar School, the District beholds the learned author of the *Celtic Researches*, and of the *Mythology and Rites of the Druids*—one who cannot be too much admired and revered for the depth of his research, the extent of his knowledge, the ingenuity of his remarks, and the classic elegance of his diction—one whose name will be noticed with respect, whenever mention is made of writers on Welsh literature. Besides this gentleman, I shall mention another, who was not only educated but also born in this town—one whom the District may contemplate with delight—one who, by publishing his *Horæ Britannicæ*, has given a species of digest of what others had previously said on the subject, and produced a work on Ancient British Literature, which both informs and entertains the general inquirer. I shall next advert to another, to whom the Welsh *literati* are under great obligations, who was born, and is resident, in a neighbouring

county in this District,—one who is a self-taught scholar, who, by dint of genius and application, has attained a considerable rank in literature—one whose whole life has, in a manner, been devoted to the subject, and who has made extensive and valuable Collections for the History of our Country*. I scarcely need mention that the person, to whom I allude, is the venerable Bard of Glamorgan, who is now engaged in editing a Work of considerable standing, and never before published, entitled *Cyvrinach Beirdd Ynys Prydain*. It is well known by those, who have paid attention to the subject, that the ancient philosophers had two classes of instruction—one containing their more mysterious and secret opinions, which were not divulged to any but to their immediate disciples—the other comprehending the principles which were made known without reserve to the common people; the first of which kind has been termed *esoteric*, and the other *exoteric* doctrines. Accordingly, because this work professes to contain what was kept a secret from the vulgar, the Editor, agreeably to the Welsh title, calls it, in English, *The Esoteric Literature of the Ancient British Bards*, a production, which, for curiosity and value, will, doubtless, be highly prized by the admirers of Welsh literature. But, notwithstanding what has been done by these and other literary individuals, there still remains much to be accomplished, and, accordingly, the Cambrian Societies offer Premiums for Essays on different branches of the subject, which are directed to be written in English for the accommodation of those who do not understand the Welsh language. These Societies also promote this important object by encouraging communications from literary characters, which may throw light on the history, literature, and manners of the Ancient British Nation, and by recommending to general notice works of merit on the subject, and encouraging their publication by promoting individual subscriptions.

“The encouraging of the cultivation of the Welsh Language is also among objects of these Societies; and, in this respect, the late proposals of the Cambrian Metropolitan Institution for

* We have had frequent occasion to allude to these “Collections,” and we gladly avail ourselves of the present, again to remind Mr. Williams of the promise which, under the patronage of the Cambrian Society in Dyfed, he has made to the public in this respect.—ED.

the best Essays in the Welsh Language from the scholars of the Grammar Schools in Wales, deserve the commendation of every friend to his country. For, surely, it must be of great importance to train young persons to a thorough knowledge of the language—many of whom are probably destined for the sacred profession, and may, ultimately, succeed to the care of Welsh parishes, and, the better they are acquainted with the language of the people, the better they will be able to impart spiritual instruction to their congregations.

“The encouraging of Welsh Poetry is a prominent object of these Societies, and the intention is to stimulate the genius, and rouse the spirit, of men of talent to produce something worthy of their country. Accordingly they propose Premiums for the best poetical compositions in the language. Wales has been, in all ages, renowned for its bards and poets, and several of the poems, which the Premiums of the Societies have already elicited, have been highly to the credit of their authors, and proved that poetical genius, so far from being extinct in the Principality, abounds among us, and needs only to be roused to produce compositions worthy of any age.

“Welsh Music is likewise a subject, which engages the attention of the Cambrian Societies, and they encourage its cultivation by proposing Premiums to the best proficient on the national instrument—the harp, and to the best vocal performers accompanying it, and by engaging the aid of superior minstrels to perform the beautiful compositions of the country for the entertainment of the members. In this respect, while the admirers of Welsh Music are under great obligations both to Mr. Edward Jones, and Mr. John Parry for their exertions in editing the Welsh Melodies, the members of these Societies are much indebted for entertainment to the professional performers of the Bath Harmonic Society, who sing the *Airs of Cambria* with a sweetness of tone, correctness of science, and chasteness of execution, which delight all who hear them.

“As there are some persons, who feel disposed to object to these Cambrian Societies, and assert, that, so far from being a benefit, they are prejudicial, to the Principality, I propose, with your permission, to advert to the most plausible of their objections, and make a few observations respecting them. It is said, that the Welsh Language is falling into disuse, and

that the English is making rapid advances in the country, and that the zeal, evinced for the cultivation of the Welsh tongue by these Societies, will prevent the English from becoming the only language of the people, which would be for their benefit, as being more convenient for the common transactions of life, and would render the two nations more united, who are already under the same government and the same laws. Now this objection is raised on the assumption of a fact, that the Welsh has been, and is, falling into disuse to a much greater extent, and more rapidly, than is true. For upwards of ten centuries, since the reign of Offa, who made his celebrated dyke to prevent incursions of the Welsh into his territories, the Welsh language has receded, comparatively, but little within the boundary,—especially in some parts of North Wales. And in other districts, when the long lapse of time since the conquest by Edward I. and the intimate incorporation by Henry VIII. and the great encouragement, given for the attainment of the English language, are considered, it has gained much less ground than could be expected. An Englishman, travelling the public roads of the Principality, often meets with persons who speak English, and those, whom he has occasion to address at the inns, are able to accommodate themselves to his language; the Gentry, he may visit, speak English, and those, who call upon them, probably use the same tongue in his hearing; and from these slight facts, which come to his knowledge, he erroneously concludes that the English is the prevailing language of the country. It is only one, who has resided a long time in the interior, having intercourse with the common people, that can form a true estimate of the extent of the Welsh language; and such persons will readily assent to the truth of the assertion, that the Welsh is the sole living speech, not only of thousands, but of tens of thousands, and even of some hundreds of thousands, of the inhabitants of the Principality.

“The use of the two languages, instead of one, is stated to be productive, in a *religious* point of view, of no inconsiderable evil to the country, as, in consequence of both being used in some places in Divine Service, those, who do not understand the English, are induced to leave the Church, and become frequenters of the Meeting-House. The evil, here adverted to,

certainly exists, but does not arise from the cause alleged by the objector, and is owing rather to the English part of the congregation not understanding Welsh, than the Welsh not understanding English. In the parishes, adverted to, the majority of the inhabitants, for the most part, scarcely understand any thing but Welsh; yet the Minister, frequently out of courtesy and complaisance to a few English families of consideration, who are resident, gives part of the service in the language they understand, hoping to induce them thereby to become a part of his congregation. The ultimate consequence, however, in many instances is, that, the poorer people hearing in church what they do not comprehend, several of them betake themselves to other places of worship, where the service is altogether in their own tongue, and some by degrees think, in their simplicity, that the Church is intended rather for the gentry than themselves, and that they do nothing wrong in attending where they hear what is most suitable to their understandings. In those parishes, therefore, where the English inhabitants are not sufficient to constitute separate congregations and have English service to themselves, it would be desirable for the few, who are resident, to learn the Welsh, as thereby the service would of course be altogether in one language, the native inhabitants not induced to leave their church, and the evil complained of receive a complete remedy.

“Another evil complained of, which the Cambrian Societies are said to promote, and to be the means of continuing, is the inconvenience arising from the Laws being administered in the Courts of Justice in the English language among people who do not understand it. This evil, however, arises, and is continued, through the Laws being administered in a language not understood by those who are principally interested, which cannot be altogether remedied: as, however, witnesses are generally illiterate, and have not opportunities of learning the language of the Courts, and as the Welsh tongue is likely to remain for ages, the evil may be somewhat diminished by those, who are employed in the administration of justice, learning the language of the people. Were the judges acquainted with the Welsh tongue, they would be able to notice such nice points in the evidence, as are necessarily lost in a translation, and therefore more competent to perform the duties of their high office. Did

the counsel understand it, they would be able to examine the witnesses to better purpose, and correct the interpreter when his version of the evidence was not sufficiently accurate *. And, were attornies always thoroughly acquainted with the language, they would better understand the cases of their clients, and conduct the legal proceedings with greater probability of doing them justice. Indeed there is no person of superior station, who resides, or has duties to perform in the Welsh, which is by far the most considerable, part of the Principality, to whom an acquaintance with the language is not of importance. Without a thorough knowledge of it, the clergyman cannot become acquainted with the spiritual concerns of his parishioners, and give them proper instruction ; without knowing it, the medical man cannot understand the information communicated by his patients, and therefore administer proper remedies for their diseases ; without a knowledge of it, the commercial man cannot transact dealings with his customers, the landed proprietor converse with his tenants, or the Member of Parliament have communication with his constituents. The traveller on business, or for recreation, meets with great inconvenience from not knowing it, and the independent gentleman of fortune feels his happiness much diminished by not understanding the language of his neighbours.

“ But it is said, that these evils would be removed, if every encouragement were given to the English tongue, in order that it might become the sole language of the people. It may, however, be asked, what greater encouragement can be given than has already been bestowed. For several centuries, the laws have been administered in English, an acquaintance with the English tongue has been the road to honours and preferment in church and state, and the English is almost always the first language which is taught to children in the schools of the Principality. Yet, notwithstanding these discouraging

* It would be of great benefit to the administration of justice in Wales, if a regular interpreter, well experienced in the Welsh and English languages, were attached to each circuit. At present, this duty, from being taken up by any accidental attendant on the court, is, for the most part (we speak more particularly of one circuit), very ill performed, and as often through a want of accurate knowledge of the English, as from an ignorance of the Welsh tongue, though both causes have their proportionate operation.—ED.

circumstances, so long continued, the Welsh still remains the living language of by far the majority of the people, and will, doubtless, remain so for many ages yet to come; and, as the only practicable remedy for the evil arising to the country from the use of two languages is, that those, who know only the English, should also become acquainted with the Welsh; and, inasmuch as the Cambrian Societies, without discouraging in the least the Welsh from learning the English, indirectly promote a knowledge of the Welsh tongue among the superior classes of the resident English, and the Cambrian Institution in London professedly in the Grammar schools in Wales, they surely, in this respect, merit the patronage of every person desirous to promote the prosperity of the Principality.

“With respect to the particulars of the institution of these laudable Societies, I beg leave to advert to what I have caused to appear in a provincial paper, and mention that the Principality has, for the purpose, been divided into four Districts—Dyved, Powys, Gwynedd, and Gwent,—which coincide in general terms with the four Welsh Law Circuits; and it has been thought appropriate that the societies should be instituted, and the Eisteddvods, or General Meetings for the recitation of the Prize Compositions, and the competition of the Musical Performers, held, in the principal town in the central county of these districts. Thus the Society in Dyved, or the Western portion of South Wales, was instituted, and the Eisteddvod held, at Carmarthen, as being in the county which is central with respect to those of Pembroke and Cardigan. The Society in Powys, or the Eastern portion of North Wales, was instituted, and the Eisteddvod held, at Wrexham, in consequence of its being a principal town in Denbighshire, which is central between Flintshire and Montgomeryshire; and the Society in Gwynedd, or the Western portion of North Wales, was instituted, and the Eisteddvod held, at Carnarvon, as being in the central county between those of Merioneth and Anglesea—the several counties, respectively together named, forming the three first-mentioned districts. It is with the same idea that the Cambrian Society for the District, comprehending the Eastern portion of South Wales, called for this purpose Gwent, is proposed to be formed, and the next Eisteddvod held, in this town, in consequence of its being in the central county between

those of Radnor and Glamorgan, to which, however, is added that of Monmouth, constituting, with Glamorgan, the greater part of ancient Gwent, termed the *ARCADIA* of Wales—the land of poetry and music—the country celebrated for Bardic patronage, and formerly belonging altogether to South Wales.

“It is intended by these Societies to hold the *Eisteddvod* in either of these Districts every year, by means of which arrangement it will return to the same District every fourth year; from which circumstance, these meetings have not been inaptly called the Welsh Olympics, in allusion to those celebrated ones, so called, of ancient Greece, where contests of various kinds took place, and prizes were awarded to the victors, in like manner, every fourth year.

“The *Eisteddvods*, already held under the auspices of these Societies, have met with very great success;—being numerously attended by the aristocracy, by the landed and commercial wealth, by the various respectable classes, and especially by the literary talent of the country, they have been peculiarly brilliant. That at Carmarthen exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, the Wrexham meeting was, notwithstanding, better attended, and lately, at Carnarvon, a still more numerous assemblage met on the interesting occasion. What remains to complete the Districts is the *Eisteddvod* proposed to be held in this town, which, it is anticipated, will be at least equally splendid with the preceding. And, for the obtaining of this desirable object, it is confidently hoped that the Nobility and Gentry resident in, and connected with, the District, comprehending, as before-mentioned, the counties of Brecon, Radnor, Glamorganshire, and Monmouth, will be zealous and prompt in affording patronage to the proposed Society, and that they will prove their love for their country, by giving such *éclat* to the *Eisteddvod* by their attendance, co-operation, and support, as will render it highly honourable to their patriotic feelings, and a new era in the annals of this important and interesting portion of the Principality.”

DRAMATIC WRITING.

AMONG the peculiarities of the ancient literature of Wales there is nothing more remarkable than its deficiency in that species of writing, which is adapted to scenic representation. If we except the *Mabinogion*, there are no remains of past times, within our knowledge, that have any pretension to a dramatic character; and it is only, from their colloquial form, that the *Mabinogion* are all to be considered in this point of view. The other requisites of a dramatic composition are entirely wanting; and it is, moreover, certain, that they never could have been designed for theatrical representation. It has, indeed, been somewhat rashly asserted, that this species of amusement was formerly well known among that class of nations, of which the Welsh form a part: and the vulgar buffoonery, until lately common in Wales, under the name of *Anterlute*, has been adduced as a proof of this assumed fact*. The very name, however, of this histrionic exhibition (such as it was) seems, notwithstanding the ingenious and erudite etymology just quoted from the *Cambrian Register*, to indicate a comparatively modern origin, since it is obviously a mere corruption of the English word *Interlude*†. And whoever has

* We allude in this place, more particularly, to a note in the third volume of the *Cambrian Register*, p. 99, which we here insert for the edification, as well as amusement, of our readers.—“The dramatic entertainments, formerly so prevalent among the Celtic tribes, and still in vogue in some parts of Wales, from the paucity of their characters, and the moral tendency of their subject, may probably be traced to the same source. [*The Damhegion and Mabinogion*]. They are generally acted, in the open air, on temporary stages erected in woods and forests, and are denominated *Chwareu'r Hen-dre-lwyd*, Dramatic Sports of the old Town. They are asserted by some antiquaries to be of Trojan origin. Many of the inferior Welsh bards delight in this species of scenic composition, which they corruptly call *Enterlude*.”—Who the writer, or rather dreamer, of this sage note was we know not; but we cannot help observing, that Swift's derivation of *Alexander the Great*, from “All Eggs under the Grate,” is quite as much to the purpose as the foregoing etymology of *Enterlude*. It is owing to such wild and unmeaning conjectures as this, that the real character of our ancient literature has been so much misunderstood, and so unjustly despised.

† There are, we believe, some printed collections of these Welsh *Interludes*, but none, of which we are aware, anterior to the last century. And it deserves also to be noticed, with reference to this point, that none of our

witnessed one of these stage-performances must have seen how little allied it was to any thing of a *scenic* character, if we except the plaustral strains of Thespis and his uncouth associates,

Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.

Yet, this very resemblance between the Welsh *Anterlute* and the first dawns of the dramatic art in Greece may be assumed by some as a proof of the antiquity of the former, as if it were probable, that, through the various changes of manners and customs, during the lapse of so many centuries, it should still have retained its primitive character. The thing is incredible, and is not only at variance with the experience of other nations, but receives no countenance from any thing that is recorded in the literary history of our own.

The cause of this singularity in the manners and literature of the ancient Cymry is, perhaps, to be found, at first, in the operation of the Bardic or Druidical Institution, which appears to have been, in many respects, inimical to the encouragement of those lighter arts, which have for their object the relaxation, or the enjoyment, of time. The severity of its laws, and the grave import of most of its doctrines, may, like the sectarian spirit of after times, have had a kind of prohibitory influence on the ordinary recreations of life. And, when the mystical system of Bardism ceased to operate in its primitive vigour, the state of warfare, in which the Cymry were plunged for so many ages, must have had, though through means totally different, a tendency to the same ultimate result. To this union of causes must, in all probability, be ascribed that deficiency in the early literature of Wales, to which we have alluded, as well as the sober and staid character, which it generally assumes, supplying so rarely, as it does, any of those sportive sallies of the imagination, which, among a people, addicted to any species of public diversions, could not but have been prevalent.

We now turn from these prefatory remarks, naturally suggested by the occasion, to the particular design of this article, which is to redeem a pledge, we have long made, by intro-

early bards, even so low down as Davydd ab Gwilym, have any allusion to dramatic representations among the Welsh, a circumstance which can only be explained by their non-existence.

ducing to our readers a few specimens of a Cornish Play or Opera, which, after what we have just said, will be regarded, perhaps, as a sort of phenomenon in Celtic literature. Similar compositions, however, seem to have been common at one time in the Cornish language, as was also a rude mode of scenic representation*; but it does not appear, that the practice is to be traced to any remote age. On the contrary, it owed its origin, most probably, to the intercourse, that existed between the people of Cornwall and their English neighbours, and is, therefore, not to be considered as characteristic of their ancient and national manners. The original of the following production is deposited, we believe, in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford: and a copy of it, in the hand-writing of our celebrated archæologist, Mr. Edward Llwyd, is preserved among the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. It is from the last-mentioned MS. that the following extracts are taken; and, if the taste of our readers at all corresponds with our own, we are sure they will not be displeased with the parsimony we have exercised on the occasion. For it will be seen, that, however curious this Opera may be in some points of view, it cannot be regarded as a fair sample of Cornish literature; since, instead of exhibiting the language in its mature and native vigour, it obviously betrays, by its diction, the feeble decrepitude of its declining age. In justification of this remark, we shall insert, among our extracts, the commencement of the original, which will prove, by its corruptions, that, at the time of its composition (two centuries ago), the Cornish tongue had lost most of its genuine characteristics.

Of the plot of this drama it is hardly necessary to speak,

* Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, has, on this subject, the following passage:—"The Guary Miracle, in English, Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history. For representing this they raised an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of this enclosed plain some 40 or 50 feet. The country people flock from all sides to see and hear it; for they have therein devils and devices to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their heels with the book in his hand." See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 16, where the reader will find a letter on the subject from Dr. Percy, whose researches in antiquarian literature are so well known and so justly appreciated.

rejecting, as it does, not only the established unities of the stage, but the ordinary probabilities of history :—

————— *velut ægri somnia, vanæ* ,
Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.

It seems, indeed, to have been written in imitation of those extravagancies, called scriptural or mystical dramas, which, about the same age, made their appearance in English literature, mixing with their many anomalies an indecent, if not a profane, perversion of the sacred narrative on which they were founded*.

The MS. in the British Museum, has the following title :—
 “ The Creation of the World, being a Cornish Play or Opera, written by Mr. Wm. Jordan, and, for the better understanding of that language, translated *verbatim* by Mr. John Keigwyn of Monshole, of the Lower House, at the request of the Rev. Father in God, Jonathan, Lord Bishop of Exon, 1691†.”—And it thus concludes :—“ Here endeth the Creation of the World with the Flood, written by William Jordan, Aug. 12, 1611.”—To the whole is subjoined a note, intended probably for Welsh, by Mr. Edward Llwyd, of which the following is a literal transcript :—“ Mi a gydbrovays hwn â'r kynscriv, yn Akadhev Rhydychen, yr igeinvod o vis Hwevrar A° 170½.—E. Lhd.”

Our extracts commence with the first eight and twenty lines of the Cornish.

CORNISH OPERA.

AN GREANS AN BYS.

An Kensa Core Gwawy.

DEW AN TAS.

Ego sum Alpha et Omega
 Heb dalatho na dowethva :

Pur wyre me yw.

* We cannot be suspected, we hope, of including within the objects of this animadversion such a performance as the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton. Our remarks have reference to such wild and anomalous creations of the brain, as the Miracle-plays alluded to in the preceding note. These monstrous productions, as far as we recollect, had risen into particular estimation during the puritanical days of Cromwell.

† According to a note, accompanying this play, it appears that the translation was finished in the year 1693.

Oma a vythan clowdes
 War face an dower yn sertan;
 Try person yn udn dewges
 Ow kys raynya bys vicar,
 In mere honor ha vertew.

**Me haux Mab ha Spirissans,
Try ythen yn un substance*,
Comprehendys in udn Dew.**

**Me yw henwis Dew an Tas,
 Ol golosaix dres peb tra :
 Seon y vyth gwrys derow ras
 Nev place royall tham trigva,
 Hav throne sethva on both yw may vo henna.**

Han noore ynweth a wollas
Seon worth compass a vyth gwrys :
Hena vyth ow scavall droosa,
Rag ow pleasure pub preysa,
Ha thom honor maga ta.

Nev omma yn grwyes genav,
Orth ow Dewges yn sertan,
Hag ynny y with gorrys
Neb an gorth gans joy ha cane.
Mea vyn may fons nevrc.

Naw order glath glories,
A vyth royall ha splaw,
Thanhasawo then danvenys,
Rago ow servya bys vicar :
Lemyn pub order thy scat.

Me a vyn may fo gorrys,
Ha pub onyn thy theecree
A vith gorrys thom servya,
Pan vidnav ve commandya.

The preceding passage is thus rendered by Mr. Keigwyn.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

The First Act of the Play.

GOD THE FATHER.

**I am Alpha and Omega,
Without beginning or ending : Very true I am.**

**In this place shall be my praises
On the face of the water certainly ;**

* See Gen. ch. 10.

Three persons and one Deity
Do rule of the world sovereign,
In much honour and virtue.

I my Son and Holy Ghost,
Three persons and one substance,
Comprehended in one God.

I am called God the Father,
All light above every thing :
Soon shall be made by my grace
Heaven a royal place for my dwelling,
And my will is that it be my throne of residence.

And the earth likewise below
Soon by compass shall be made :
This shall be my footstool,
For my pleasure at all times,
And mine honour as well.

Heaven here is by me made,
By my Godhead certainly ;
And within it shall be put
Who worship me with joy and song.
I will, they shall be for ever.

Nine orders of glorious angels
They shall be royal and bright,
Halleluias to me shall send
To serve me, sovereign of the world :
Now each order to its seat.

I do will that they be put,
And to every one his charge
Shall be appointed to serve me,
When I shall command.

The next extract describes the commencement of the interview between Eve and the Tempter, but can hardly remind us of the corresponding passage, wherein "the spirited sly snake" is first introduced by the sublime muse of Milton.

SERPENT.

(In the Tree.)

Eva, why wont you draw nigh
To discourse and talk with me,
I know what if you knew,
Very joyful I would make you :
Hearken to me if you will.

EVE.—Who art thou within the tree,
Above with noise and melody ?
I wonder to hear thee.

I make no society with thee ;
From whence comest thou to me ?
I wonder to see thee.

SERPENT.—O, good woman, wonder not,
To seek I come by lot
From heaven in great haste.

To discourse with thee it is
Here now very privately ;
Something I beg not to miss,
Do not into wonder hie :
Nor fear to see me.

EVE.—I conceive no fear of thee,
Since in face so fair you be :
Nor yet any doubt in the world.

For by thy word it is no lie,
That thou art come from heaven here,
And, if from thence thou art verily,
Welcome to me thou dost appear,
And thy errand shall be believed.

Utter thy message unto me,
And, if I can answer thee,
No doubt thou shalt not be denied.

SERPENT.—It falls to good, doubt no thrall,
Good woman, on my honesty ;
Otherwise I shall you fail,
And in it sin grievously,
And I ought to be punished.

EVE.—Good Sir, you have truth expressed,
An ugly thing I should appear ;
A mighty longing hath me press'd
To understand what this thing were :
In short time speak, I pray.

SERPENT.—Eva, to thee I'll relate,
Thou should'st be as wise as fate,
And, above all, credit me,
Thou should'st be in as brave a state
As God, who is above thee,
And so surely accounted.

The ensuing lines, which narrate the death of our first parent, are remarkable for that mixture of ludicrous mummery with the most serious scenes, which prevails in other parts of this heterogeneous performance. The devils, introduced on the occasion, were, no doubt, important personages, when embodied, on the stage, in all the dignifying attributes of flesh and blood.

DEATH.—Adam, be ready for me,
Thou see'st me come,
To take from hence—

Thy life with my spear.

To take from hence
There is no longer stay ;
Wherefore let me pierce thee,
That I may hole thee—through the heart that I may.
[Death smiteth him with a spear, and he falleth upon a bed.]

ADAM.—Death, I give thee much thanks,
To take my life—

Out of this world.

I am weary of it, I thank God for it,
My life will be glorious to me to be fetched hence ;
Vexation and sorrow of the world :—
They all followed me here.
Therefore let me commend my soul to the Trinity.

First DEVIL.—Comrades be ready,
All you devils,
Adam is dead,
Come fetch him to the kitchen :

To the pit below.

LUCIFER.—No, no, you shall not do so ;
'Tis otherwise ordained for him :
In Limbo on the other side,
There he shall stay.—

So 'tis ordained by the Father.

Thou knowest, that in the large hell
There be real mansions,
Where the devils are,
That came out of the bright heavens :
Bearing rule together with me.
The dwelling of the churl Adam
Shall be on the higher side,

In one of those cloisters,
Where he shall not be the more glad,
In losing the presence of the Father.

First DEVIL.—All our voyage
Is not worth the great Devil an egg :
Let the churl stay where he is.
Let us carry his associates together
To hell, to bear pains :—
Pains that shall endure for ever.
My soul of old Adam,
Come with me to hell :
There is a place prepared
By the Father for thee without falsity,
To remain for a season.
When the oil of mercy shall come,
Thou shalt be carried to joy :—
To the high heaven.

We shall conclude our extracts with a description of Noah's entrance into the ark, and of the subsiding of the Deluge, all comprised in about forty lines, upon the same principle that the whole Opera embraces a period not much short of seventeen hundred years.

NOAH,—Now the ark is built,
Fair and agreeable to my desire,
Of all species of beasts
Bring me quickly by couples,
Cattle and birds likewise,
Two and two, female and male.

SCHEM.—There is neither beast nor woman in the world,
 Female and male here
 By me they are brought you :
 Here in the ark they are.

CHAM.—O father, now make ready,
The flood is come :
There be many men in the world,
That truly said before this time,
That you were foolish.

**When you built an ark,
Just here in the midst of the land,
There was no sea nigh,
To put it in motion.**

JAPHETH.—They made a scoff of it,
The fear of God's anger was not

On them, I am sure.

NOAH.—The Flood is come—
'Tis good for me to dispatch :
Every sort of beast is gone
Into the ark to their kind,

As is commanded to me.

My children go together,
And their wives also ;
The earth is almost covered
By the rain above,—

Thou, woman, come in, wilt thou be drowned ?

NOAH'S WIFE.—'Tis fit to save what is,
I must not cast it away.
They cost store of money,
The things, that are here,

Dear Noah, you know that.

NOAH.—'Tis a long time, truly,
Since we lost sight of land ;

Wherefore go forth the raven.

Fly speedily and see,
If thou canst find land ;
And the dove, very surely,
I will send very quickly,

If she can have sight of the earth.

FATHER IN HEAVEN.—Every thing is dead,
In which the spirit of life was :
I will command anon
The rain that it rain no more.

We here bid adieu to Mr. Jordan and his "Opera," nothing doubting that our readers are fully satisfied with the taste they have had of it. As one of the few relics of Cornish literature (if we may so speak of it), it is, perhaps, curious, and, now that the language has become wholly extinct, must, with all its imperfections, possess an interest, to which it could not otherwise be entitled, and, least of all, as a literary production. It is, at once, a singular specimen of the corruption of the language, and of the depraved taste of the times, in which it was written.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XVII.

I. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

As we admitted the letter of DEWI into our last Number, it may be expected, that we should now, in reply, offer some defence of a position, which has been rather strenuously maintained in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and particularly in the "Essay on the Antiquity of the Welsh Tongue," lately inserted*. The position in question, in the words of the Essay, and to which the remarks of our correspondent more immediately apply, is this—that "the hypothesis of an original divine language, complete in all its parts, is not to be defended by any arguments drawn from Scripture or reason." In answer to this DEWI observes, that "he can no more doubt, that language was, at first, communicated to man by the Almighty, than that the substance of his food and the materials of his raiment were provided for him;" and this language, so communicated, he afterwards describes to be "a perfect speech, sufficient for all the purposes of the first man, adapted to his capacities and situation, to the nature and state of things, to the world in which he lived,"—although he had previously characterized it by other terms, which, as we shall presently see, may be regarded as somewhat at variance with those we have just quoted.

Our readers have now before them the whole question in dispute between the writer of the Essay and our correspondent; the former denying the divine origin of language in a systematic form, and the latter, apparently, supporting the affirmative of this hypothesis. We say *apparently*, because there certainly is some contradiction of terms in DEWI's letter upon this point; since, on one occasion, as above quoted, he speaks of the original language as "a perfect speech," adapted to the existing state of things, and, on another, treats it as no more than the "elements" or "materials" of speech. Now, if we consider our correspondent's last-mentioned view of the question, we shall find, that it precisely agrees with that, taken of it by the writer of the Essay, who distinctly states it as his opinion, that "language was, in its infancy, composed of the

* See also vol. i. pp. 41 and 81.

most simple elements, which, although incapable of expressing the various ideas, that subsequently thronged into the human mind, formed the simple yet solid basis, upon which the grand superstructure of human speech, in all its splendid and majestic varieties, was progressively reared." This, surely, differs only in the mode of expression from what DEWI himself says, when he observes, that "man, having received the materials, the simple and primary elements, of speech, as many as were at first necessary, was capable afterwards of encreasing these materials by different modifications." As we take it for granted, however, that our correspondent had no intention to admit the justice of the Essayist's conclusion on this point, we shall treat this quotation as a mere *lapsus linguae*, and proceed to examine the other assumption, that "a perfect speech," commensurate with the various necessities of the first man, was the immediate boon of the Deity.

Now, if, as we presume, DEWI here means, by "a perfect speech," one of a systematic character, however circumscribed its vocabulary, we repeat the opinion, expressed in the Essay, that such a speech could not have been divinely communicated, and for this obvious reason—that, in man's primitive state, such a boon must have been totally useless. That the first man was endowed by his Maker with the capacity of forming such a speech out of those elementary principles, that are to be found in the natural articulations of the human voice, we have, on former occasions, admitted*; and we have also assumed, what we here repeat, that this is the only manner, in which language can be said to have been originally the gift of heaven. The "elements" of language, indeed, like the "substance of food," and the "materials of raiment," were, no doubt, of divine origin, inasmuch as they were implanted in man's nature at his creation; but, to assume, that he then received "a perfect speech," is as rational as to assert that the refinements of "food" and "raiment," known afterwards to the world, were supplied to him then. In his simple and unsophisticated state the one must have been quite as necessary as the other: an accomplished language, which is but another term for "a perfect speech," must have been as much wanted by the first man as a high seasoned dish for his palate, or a luxu-

* See the places referred to in the preceding note.

rious covering for his body. To ascribe, therefore, to the Deity the boon under consideration, is to impute to HIM, *qui nil molitur inepté*, a conduct at once unnecessary and unmeaning.

The foregoing remarks, our readers will perceive, are offered on the presumption, that DEWI meant to imply, by "a perfect speech," a language regularly and systematically constructed. If, however, his expression had reference only to those "primary elements," of which he elsewhere speaks, then there exists no difference of opinion between him and the writer of the Essay, who has merely maintained, that a *complete language* was not divinely communicated to the first man. With respect to the elements of one, the Essay distinctly admits, that they were naturally implanted in him, and, consequently, an emanation from his Creator.

We cannot conclude this reply without noticing the charge of impiety (for such it must virtually be considered), which DEWI seems to have made against two writers quoted in the Essay,—M. de Gebelin and Dr. Priestley,—on account, as it would appear, of their espousal of the opinion, which we have here endeavoured to defend, as if such conduct were, indeed, as DEWI would insinuate, "to divest the Deity of his prerogatives," and to "exalt the creature at the expence of the Creator*." We cannot furnish a more satisfactory answer to this covert accusation than what may be found in the following very just and apposite remarks, extracted from the *Celtic Researches*†; and we hope that, in so doing, we shall not expose the worthy author to our correspondent's animadversion.

"I deprecate," says Mr. Davies, "the imputation of impiety for supposing, that man was not furnished with language at his creation. Would it have been a more stupendous miracle, or greater mercy, to constitute a language for man, than to endow him with requisite powers, and with pre-disposition, to make one for himself?—Had primitive language been of divine origin, man would have been under the sacrilegious ne-

* Although the expressions, here quoted, are applied only to Dr. Priestley, and, we must say, with no very great liberality, they must be taken, from the context, as having reference also to the other writer, with respect to the subject immediately under discussion.

† Page 384.

cessity of mutilating it, or altering it, every day. No language could have accommodated itself, exempted from those changes, to the conditions of society, for which man was designed : something would be superfluous or something deficient. Even the language of the Old Testament contains a multitude of terms in acceptations, which Adam, during the first years of his life, could not possibly have understood. How, then, could he have preserved their meaning?"

II. ANSWERS TO THE "QUESTIONS ON THE WELSH LAWS*."

1. THE Welsh acre was less than the English : it comprised 2822 square yards. In the Welsh Laws the acre is called *erw* ; but the term, most frequently used, is *cyvar*.

2. There is no reason for believing, that the divisions of *Cantrev*, *Cwmwd*, &c. prevailed throughout England before its subjugation by the Saxons. The contrary, indeed, is more than probable ; for it is well known, that the Romans, during their occupation of the island, introduced their own territorial divisions ; and the state of warfare and anarchy, that intervened between the fall of the Roman power and the final success of the Saxons, could hardly have been propitious to the establishment of any extensive political regulations.

3. *Arghwydd* seems to have been used in the Welsh laws for the Lord of the Manor or feudal proprietor, without any reference to the rights of primogeniture. The word has, at present, merely a general signification.

4. There is no instance, of which we are aware, of any national council, composed of the *Natu Maximi*, formerly prevailing in Wales, similar to the English House of Lords.

5. The *Pencenedl*, or Head of the Tribe, seems to have resembled the Chief of the Clan in Scotland. Anciently the whole community was, in Wales, divided into families ; and each family had its *Pencenedl*, to whom every member of it, as far as the ninth degree of consanguinity, was politically attached. The duties of a *Pencenedl*, therefore, must have been the general patronage and protection of his Tribe ; and he also assisted at certain national councils. See Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. pp. 290 and 307.

* See the last Number, p. 180.

6. As far as we understand this question, we think it very probable, that the Welsh *Cantrev* was the origin of the English Hundred, and that it may also be considered as having formed a county, or canton, of the old Welsh Principalities. The subdivisions of a *Cantrev* were in the following gradation:—
 1. *cwmwd* (comot); 2. *maenawr* (manor); 3. *trev* (hamlet); 4. *gavael* (tenement); 5. *rhandir* (share-land); 6. *tyddyn* (messuage); and 7. *erw* (acre).

7. There is no account, we believe, of the formal coronation of any British king after the time of Constantine; but Arthur is recorded, in the Historical Triads, to have been elected to the sovereignty by a public national convention, as is also Owain, son of the Emperor Maximus, at the close of the fourth century. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. pp. 168. 281. The species of convention, at which these elections took place, was called a Convention of Urgency, and a description of it may be found in the Institutional Triads. See Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 290.

III. MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

THE following are extracted from a Welsh medical book, written in the year 1611, which is now the property of Mr. John Parry, of Ferm Beilie, in the parish of Llangristiolus, Anglesey.

For the Stone or Gravel.

Take the seed of the broom in good old ale, which the patient is to drink hot every morning during nine successive days: and he certainly will be well.

A Powder to destroy Proud Flesh.

Take the lees of ale, and put it in an earthen pot to be burnt into a powder: apply this to the sore, and it will be well.

To make Eye-water.

Take the black snails off the dew in the month of May, and put them on the spit to roast, and receive the grease in a clean vessel; then mix the grease with an equal quantity of the juice of celandine and the third of white wine. With this anoint thy eyes, and it will improve and brighten the sight.

Awen Cymru.*A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.***PENNILLION.****XCVII.**

BLIN yw sangu pigau dur,
 A blin yw cur y galon;
 Blinach ydyw colli bun,
 A hi ei hun yn vodlon.

XCVIII.

Moes dy law, cei law dani;
 Moes dy gred, cei gred os myni;
 Moes dy veddwl addwyn, tirion:
 Yn eu lle cei gorf a chalon.

XCIX*.

Merched glan, vawr a man,
 Dyma gan gynhes:
 Clod i vun hardd ei llun,
 Liwdeg v'un lodes;
 Trwyn a gen, teg ei gwen,
 Elen angyles;
 Llygad main blodau drain,
 Talcen brenines;
 Ni bu goes, yn ein hoes,
 Ei bath gàn Saesnes;
 Nac erioed y vath droed
 Ar helw Gwyddeles.

C.

Tebyg ydyw morwyn serchog
 I vachgen drwg mewn ty cymydog:
 A vñni vwyd? Na vñnav mono—
 Eto er hyny marw amdano.

* This *pennill* is adapted to the beautiful air of *Morva Rhuddlan*. The character of the original is strictly observed in the subsequent translation, with the exception only of the uniformity of the alternate double rhymes, which it was found impossible to preserve without injury to the sense. This variance, however, does not affect the metre.

English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

XCVII.

LIKE walking over pointed steel,
 So painful is heart-pining;
 More pain to lose my love I feel,
 And she to me inclining.

XCVIII.

Pledge thy hand, and I'll pledge mine, love,
 And my faith, if thou'lt give thine, love:
 Give each thought, that's kind and tender,
 And take all I can surrender.

XCIX *.

Maidens all, great and small,
 My song is cheering:
 Praise my fair, bright her air,
 Shapely appearing;
 Nose and chin, smiles that win,
 Angelic seeming;
 Eyes that shine †, forehead fine
 Like a queen's beaming;
 Ne'er was found leg so round
 With a fair Saxon ‡;
 Ne'er, I ween, foot so sheen
 Irish girl walks on.

C.

How much a girl in love resembles
 A wayward boy, who pouts and grumbles,
 When press'd to eat:—he seems t' abhor it,
 Yet all the while is dying for it.

* See the note in the preceding page.

† In the original the expression is "her small eyes ike hawthorn blossoms."

‡ The word in the Welsh is *Saesnes*, an English or Saxon female; and *Gwyddyles*, an Irish woman, occurs afterwards. This peculiarity, common to the Welsh tongue, cannot be transferred to the English.

THE "DEE'S DRUID WATER*."

AIR—"Cader Idris†!"

I.

I CROSS'D in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water,
 The waves, as I pass'd, rippled lowly and lone;
 For the brave on their borders had perished in slaughter,
 The noble were vanish'd, the gifted were gone!
 I pass'd by thy pillar ‡, firm rooted to waken
 Long mem'ry of chiefs, that in battle had sunk;
 But the earthquake of ruin its basis had shaken,
 The voice of the thunder had shatter'd its trunk!

II.

I pass'd by thy castle §, once mirthful and splendid,
 Its court was too truly the emblem of thine;
 I pass'd by thy abbey ||—its worship was ended,
 The ivy hung dark over portal and shrine.
 Yet weep not, fair Cambria, though shorn of thy glory,
 Thy star shall yet rise in ascendancy again,
 Song and science are treasuring the leaves of thy story,
 Not a page shall appeal to our bosoms in vain.

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's Second Number of "Welsh Melodies," and written by Mr. Wiffen.—ED.

† *Cader Idris*, or the seat of *Idris*, is a high mountain near the town of Dolgellau, in Meirionethshire. Tradition reports that *Idris* was a giant, and a sublime astronomer, and that he used to contemplate the heavenly bodies from this mountain." [See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 388.—ED.]

‡ *Eliseg Pillar*—a British column, considered one of the most ancient existing; erected by *Concenn*, to the memory of his grandfather *Eliseg*, who was killed in a battle fought with the Saxons, near Chester, in 607. The pillar stands in the Vale of Crucis, near Llangollen."

§ Chirk Castle."—[See the last Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 154.—ED.]

|| The beautiful ruins of the Abbey of Valle Crucis, founded about 1200, by *Madoc ab Gruffydd Maelor*." [See pages 210 and 211 of this Number.—ED.]

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR CYNDDYLAN*.

1.

Oh, mourn for Cynddylan, ye Cambrians mourn,
His sleep is the slumber that wakes not with morn;
The cold hand of death on his eyelids hath press'd,
And his form's on his barrow reclining in rest.

2.

But his soul, on the winds of the land that he sway'd,
Above the dark hills rides in terror array'd;
His voice was the thunder that lately hath roar'd,
And yon blue flash of light was the gleam of his sword.

3.

He comes to his people, his praises to hear,
Let the strings of the *telyn* † be wet with a tear,
That the notes of our woe, as they rise on the wind,
May be soft as the "plaint of the dove for its kind."

4.

Oh! mourn for your hero, oh, mourn for your king:
His glance was the glance of the hawk on its wing;
His speed was the speed of the *iwrch* ‡ on the plain,
Be the tears of your woe as the drops of the rain.

5.

His arm was the bearer of death to his foes,
Let the sons of the Saxons, he gave to repose,
Amid their rejoicings be stricken with dread,
For the blood that shall flow for the shade of the dead.

6.

On high let his banner be placed in the hall,
As high be the shield that shall gleam on the wall:
And oh! let the sword, ever firm in his hand,
Be given to him who shall now rule his band.

7.

Mourn, mourn, maids of Cambria, your tresses bedew
With tears,—for the fallen was gen'rous and true;

* Cynddylan ab Cyndrwyn lived in the sixth century, and was prince of a part of Powys. He appears to have been slain in the defence of a town, within his territory, called Tren. Llywarch Hen, a cotemporary bard, has left us a long elegy on his death; and there is also one by Meigant, who lived in the following century. Both are preserved in the *Archæology*.—ED.

† Harp.

‡ Roebuck.

His heart was the ring-dove's, when warmed by your charms,
But the vulture's, when rushing to battle's alarms.

8.

Thou land of the lovely, the noble, the brave,
Whose soil hail'd his birth, and now gives him a grave,
Lament! for the arm of thy strength is laid low,
Thy spear now is broken, unstrung is thy bow.

9.

Then mourn for Cynddylan, ye Cambrians, mourn,
The halls of his mansion are dark and forlorn;
The death shaft has withered the might of the strong,
The soul of our battles, the theme of our song.

S. R. J.

Monthly Register.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN DYVED.

ON the 10th of last month a Meeting of the Committee of this Society took place at Carmarthen, on which occasion the chair was filled by that patriotic prelate, the Bishop of St. David's. Among the Resolutions, adopted by the Meeting, the following deserve to be here recorded:—

1. That the communication, transmitted by the Secretaries of the Cymmrodorion in Powys, accompanied with the Resolutions of a meeting lately held at Welshpool, be thankfully acknowledged, and that the hearty congratulations of this Society be communicated to the Cymmrodorion in Powys for the zeal manifested by them in the measures adopted for the preservation of ancient British literature*.

2. That the Queries, relative to the remains of ancient British literature, proposed at the Primary Meeting of this Society †, be forthwith issued by the Secretary in a circular ad-

* We are totally ignorant of the nature of the communication thus made by the Cymmrodorion in Powys. or it should have appeared in our pages. We take this opportunity of stating, that we shall always be happy to give insertion to such proceedings of the Societies in Wales, as possess any public interest, and shall even feel obliged to the Secretaries for the communication. Information of this nature, it is scarcely necessary to add, falls peculiarly within the province of the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

† See the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 73.—ED.

dress to the Subscribers and to such other persons as may possess, or have any knowledge of, ancient British MSS.

3. That the Secretary do transmit the thanks of the Committee of this Society to the Committee of the Cambrian Society in Gwent for copies of their Primary Resolutions.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT.

WE noticed last month the institution of this Society, as well as some of the Resolutions, adopted at the Primary Meeting of the Committee. Want of room, however, prevented us from being as explicit, as we wished, on this latter point: we, therefore, insert here the three leading Resolutions, passed at the adjourned Meeting of the Committee, on the 6th of December, and which, with those already published relative to the Prize Poems and Essays, comprise all the proceedings on that occasion of any general interest. In doing this, we cannot refrain from acknowledging the proud feeling, (and we hope also a pardonable one), which the following notices of our humble labours are so well calculated to inspire.

RESOLVED.—1. That the under-mentioned Gentlemen be elected Honorary Members of this Society, and Members of the Committee:—Sir Edward Pryse Lloyd, Bart.; Charles W. W. Wynn, Esq. Rev. Thomas Beynon, Archdeacon of Cardigan; Rev. Edward Davies; W. Owen Pughe, Esq.; Rev. Walter Davies; Rev. Rowland Williams, Meivod, Montgomeryshire; Rev. John Jenkins, Kerry, Montgomeryshire; Rev. W. J. Rees; John Humffreys Parry, Esq. London; Mr. Edward Jones, Bard to his Majesty; Mr. John Parry, Editor of the “Welsh Melodies”; Mr. John Hughes, Author of “*Horæ Britannicæ*”; Mr. Edward Williams, Bard; Mr. David Thomas, *Davydd Ddu o Eryri*; John Parry Wilkins, Esq. the Treasurer; and Philip Vaughan, Esq. Secretary of this Society, and the Secretaries of the Cambrian Metropolitan Institution, and of the Dyved, Powys, and Gwynedd Societies.

2. That this Meeting recommend to the notice of the Members of this Society the following works, either on the Welsh Language, or on Welsh Literature:—*Horæ Britannicæ*; *Gwaith Prydyddawl Huw Morris*; the “*Welsh Melodies*,” edited both by Mr. Edward Jones, and Mr. John Parry; also *The Life*

of *Owain Glyndwr*, by the Rev. Thomas Thomas; *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, edited by Iolo Morganwg; the Rev. Walter Davies's Prize Essay, at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod, on the Bardic Institutes of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, about to be published; and the Monthly Publication entitled the CAMBRO-BRITON.

3. That the Secretary communicate the thanks of this Meeting to the Editor of the CAMBRO-BRITON, for his zealous and judicious exertions in promoting the cause of Cambrian literature.

WELSH CHURCH IN LIVERPOOL.

A FEW years ago a proposal was made by some of the most respectable inhabitants of Liverpool, that are connected with Wales, to raise a subscription for the erection of a Welsh Church in that populous town for the benefit of the lower classes of their countrymen, who were not sufficiently versed in the English tongue. On the 20th of last August a General Meeting of the subscribers, resident in Liverpool, took place, at the Welsh Charity School there, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the funds, when it appeared that they amounted to the sum of £933. 14s. 3d. and that the number of subscribers was seventy-eight, of whom forty-eight are resident in North Wales, and the remainder in Liverpool. In consequence of this statement, from which the inadequacy of the means to the proposed end is but too evident, it was resolved by the Meeting, that a list of the subscribers should be printed for distribution amongst such individuals as might be interested in the promotion of this laudable design, and particularly among the inhabitants of Liverpool connected with the Principality.

The measure, just alluded to, we take it for granted, has since been put into execution, and, while we express our most cordial wishes for its success, we feel it unnecessary to dwell longer upon the the advantages contemplated by the proposal, adverted to, than merely to state, that the natives of Wales, resident in Liverpool, are calculated to amount to near twenty thousand, of whom the greatest proportion is stated to be attached to the established church, and to be very imperfectly acquainted with the English language. The benefits, therefore, in every point of view, whether religious or political, of instituting, amongst such a multitude, a national place of worship in their native tongue, are too obvious to need any argument in

their support ;—at least as long as the rational doctrines of the Church of England shall continue to be regarded among the strongest bulwarks of our venerable constitution.

We hope, therefore, soon to hear, that the individuals, who are interested in the success of this design, whether residing in Liverpool or in Wales, have, by their patriotic patronage, rendered its accomplishment no longer a matter of doubt. Subscriptions, it appears, are received by Messrs. Heywood and Co. Liverpool, and also at the several banks in Carnarvon, Denbigh, Holywell, Machynlleth, and Welshpool.

Literary Announcements.

It will be seen by an advertisement, accompanying this Number, that Mr. Pughe's Translation of PALESTINE and other Poems has just made its appearance; and our readers will not be surprised to hear, that it amply justifies the expectation we held out respecting it on a former occasion. We propose, next month, to offer a review of this interesting production, which we need scarcely recommend, in the mean time, to the perusal of those, who admire our native tongue in its purest and most genuine beauty.

Part VII. of Mr. Cathrall's HISTORY OF NORTH WALES has recently been published, and is equally creditable, with those that have preceded it, to the industry and judgment of the compiler. In the next Part Mr. Cathrall proposes to commence the History of Druidism, as it anciently existed in Britain.

There has lately issued from the press AN HISTORICAL GUIDE TO ANCIENT AND MODERN DUBLIN, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, A. M., accompanied by a short "Preliminary Dissertation" on the ancient history of Ireland. The work embodies a great variety of interesting information connected with the Irish capital; it is also embellished by several excellent engravings, and is executed, altogether, in a style of neatness, which reflects considerable credit on the different individuals concerned in its production.

Proposals have just been circulated by the Rev. P. WILLIAMS, D. D. for publishing an abridged, and, as the Proposer hopes, an improved, edition of *Hanes y Fydd Gristionogol*. The price to be 4s. in boards; and the names of subscribers to be communicated to the principal booksellers in North and South Wales.

Mr. CAMPBELL, the Scotch antiquary, has recently returned from an excursion through Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, where he has been completing his map of the places connected with the Poems of Ossian, a new edition of which he designs to publish in the ensuing Spring, illustrated with geographical and other notes, demonstrating, as Mr. Campbell conceives, the authenticity of the productions ascribed to the old Celtic bard.

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MARCH, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

It will give us great pleasure to afford AP EDWYN OF TEGAIN-
GLE all the assistance in our power, towards the accomplishment
of so praiseworthy a design as the study of his native tongue.
Our literature, indeed, does not abound in elementary treatises,
but there a few which may be consulted with great advantage :
among these we should recommend, particularly, Owen's Gram-
mar, which gives the clearest and most comprehensive view of
the principles of the language, of any work hitherto published.
The Dictionary too, by the same author, would also be a necessary
accompaniment ; but, as the large work is become scarce and ex-
pensive, we would recommend, as a commencement at least, the
abridged edition. To these books we would add the Welsh transla-
tion of the Scriptures, which, when our correspondent has mas-
tered the rudiments of the language, would be decidedly the best
work for facilitating his farther progress.—We feel obliged to
AP EDWYN for his information, of which we will endeavour to avail
ourselves ; but, as yet, we have not been able to meet with the book.

OBSERVATOR is again entitled to our best thanks ; he will find
that we have made use of all his very acceptable contributions.
We wish we had some apology, worthy of his acceptance, to offer
for the non-fulfilment of the promise we made in our last ; how-
ever, we trust, he will soon find, that we have not wholly for-
gotten it.

We omitted, in our last, to inform LEOMINSTRENSIS, that his
“ other etymologies of British names ” would be truly “ accepta-
ble.” He will find, that we have done our best to answer his ob-
jections ; and, we hope, that nothing we have said will prevent a
continuance of his correspondence, a circumstance we should ex-
tremely regret.

We sincerely hope, RHYDYCHENWR is alive and well, and on
friendly terms with the ladies of Parnassus. *Verbum sapienti !*

Our apologies are due to GWILYM for having so long neglected
to notice his letter ; it had really escaped our recollection. He
will find, at our Publishers', the answer he wishes.

BRAWD DEWI will see that we have, as requested, corrected
the two errors in his communication ; the first was the printer's,
the second, and the more important one, his own.

We have to thank one of the SECRETARIES of the CYMMRODORION
IN POWYS for his obliging packet ; which, however, as it arrived
only on the 27th ult., was too late for our present Number. But,
he will find, that, by the favour of a friend, the general purport of
his kind communication has been anticipated. Should any thing
remain to be noticed, we shall attend to it next month.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. XXVI. p. 206, l. 25, “ *cyntaf* ” (*cyntav*). l. 5, of the notes, “ vol. ii. ”
(vol. i.) p. 219, l. 20, “ pen, ” (pren). id. “ ei ryw ” (en rhyw). p. 221, l. 32,
“ *Han* ” (*Pan*). p. 250, l. 5 of the notes, “ *Gwyddyles* ” (*Gwyddeles*).——
[In order to avoid any farther repetition, we shall here again notice, once
for all, that the corrected words will always be found within parentheses.]

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

MARCH, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE LAWS OF HYWEL.

THE COMMON LAW.

[Continued from page 201.]

*Of Women *.*

IF a man shall marry a woman, whom he shall afterwards discover to have been previously violated, and he shall conceal it until the morning after the marriage, he shall take from her nothing that is her due; but, if he shall immediately make the discovery known to the bride-men†, and shall lie with her no longer that night, then she shall have nothing on the following day. * * * * * For which reason the law allows her to clear herself by the oaths of seven persons, namely, of her mother, her father, her brothers, and sisters. But, if she should be unwilling to clear herself, let her shift be torn as high as the hip, and let a year-old bullock, after having his tail greased, be put into her hand, and, if she can hold him, let her take the half of her paraphernalia‡; and, if she can not, let her go without any§.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 379. Wotton's "*Leges Wallicæ*," p. 81.

† *Neithiorwyr*:—respecting which word see note in the last Number, p. 201.

‡ *Argyfrau*. Wotton has here "*rectius o'i gwaddawl vel agweddi*", but, as it appears, not with much reason. *Gwaddawl* and *agweddi* both mean a marriage portion. Wotton, in a note, explains *argyfrau* to mean "animals given by the wife's parents;" for which, however, he does not seem to have had any good authority: see p. 199, of the last Number.

§ According to other copies of these laws, the woman was to have the bullock or ox for her dowry, if she could hold it, while two men goaded

Whoever shall give a woman in marriage shall pay the commutation-fee * for her, unless he shall have taken sureties from her, that she would pay it herself; and, if she shall, of her own accord, have disposed of herself, she shall pay the fee herself, for she herself was the betrother.

If a woman be privately abducted by a man, and he take her to the house of a gentleman † to sleep, and shall not have taken sureties for the payment of her commutation-fee, he shall pay it himself.

If a man have taken a woman by private abduction, she shall have, at the end of seven years, three bullocks, whose horn and ear are of equal length ‡; and, if she shall lose her privilege, she shall still retain this privilege throughout the seven years. If she have brought with her any paraphernalia, they shall be retained entire throughout the seven years; but, if she allow them to be consumed, she shall have no compensation for what is consumed in food and clothing. At the end of seven years, if three nights shall have passed from the eighth,

it on each side, otherwise only as much soap, as adhered to her hands. It is by no means improbable, that this strange law was the origin of a custom, formerly known in some English manors, where the widow of a vassal, who had been convicted of a violation of the laws of chastity, was condemned to ride backwards on a black ram, holding the tail in her hand, into the lord's court, where, upon the confession of her delinquency, her lands, which had been previously forfeited, were restored to her. The lines, she recited on the occasion, must be familiar to most of our readers; and, if not, we must be excused from repeating them here. Similar to a part of this Welsh law was an ordinance, known to the ancient Saxons, which is thus related by Verstegan.—“If either wife or maid were found in dishonesty, her clothes were cut off round about her, beneath the girdle-stead, and she was whipped and turned out to be derided of the people.”—To return to the bullock's tail, it cannot fail to strike our readers, that the custom may have had some connection with the old Welsh proverbs, of which we made honourable mention in our twenty-fifth Number, p. 170, to which we beg to refer the curious inquirer.

* The original word is *amobrwy*, which was a fine payable to the lord, or, according to some authorities, to the lord or father, on the marriage of a female vassal. Dr. Davies, accordingly, renders it by “pretium virginitatis,” which would assimilate it to the *cowyll*, except that the latter was payable to the woman herself. See a note in the last Number, p. 199.

† The word here is *uchelwr*, which means, literally, a man of superior quality. It implied, likewise, a freeholder, or a gentleman.

‡ The original expression here seems to have been misunderstood by Wotton, who renders it by “capita diminuta.” The words are “*cyhyd eu corn ac eu hysgyvarn*.”

they* shall be divided into two parts with her, in the same manner as if she had been a betrothed wife; for a wife, whether by abduction or by betrothment, shall not be detained by virtue of her portion †, except to the end of the seventh year. After that they shall divide in two parts.

Whoever shall sleep three nights with a woman, from the time the fire is put out at night until it is lighted again in the morning, and then wishes to separate from her, shall pay her an ox, worth twenty pence, another worth thirty pence, and another worth sixty pence; and, if he take her to his own house and estate, and live with her to the end of seven years, he shall divide with her as with a wife, who had been betrothed to him.

There are three legal marriage portions:—the portion of a king's daughter four and twenty pounds, and her maiden-fee ‡ eight pounds; the portion of a gentleman's daughter three pounds, and her maiden-fee a pound; the portion of a vassal's § daughter a pound, and her maiden-fee four and twenty pence.

* * * * *

If a man separate from his wife, and she be pregnant at the time of the separation, half a year shall be allowed to her from that period for supporting the child she bears; and, after the child is born, the sustenance of it belongs to her to the end of the year, out of the goods of her husband, be he willing or not. These are the goods he ought to supply: a milch cow, a petticoat worth four pence, a pan worth a penny, and a cart-load of the best corn from her father's township ||; and that to the end of the year on account of her sustenance of the child. After this, she shall herself support it for half a year; and from that time forward she is not compellable to maintain it, except

• Namely, her *argytrau*.

† *Agweddi*:—see a note in the last Number, p. 196.

‡ *Cowyll*:—see *ibid*, p. 199.

§ In the original *mab aillt*, which means an adopted son as well as a servant or vassal. The latter, however, seems to be the signification here. The clause, in which this word occurs, is not to be found in Wotton's edition.

|| The original word in the *Archaiology* is *trev*: in other copies it is *tir*. The articles, to be provided by the father for the support of a gentleman's child, differed from those above mentioned. Among them were a sheep with the fleece and lamb, a cake of tallow, and a cart-load of corn to make *ued* for the child.

as to her own part, unless she choose. And from that time, to the end of fourteen years, two parts of the maintenance belong to the father, and the third to the mother; and at the end of fourteen years the father ought to take him to the lord *, that he may do homage to him †; and from that time forth he shall be at the cost of the lord.

* * * * *

If a man commit a rape on a woman, and confess it, let him pay twelve cows as a forfeiture to the lord, and also the lord's fine; and, if it be a maid, her maiden-fee and her marriage portion to the utmost amount, that he ought, and her satisfaction ‡, and her warranty §; and, if it be a married woman, her satisfaction for the insult encreased by one-half.

If a man take a maiden by private abduction, it shall be lawful for her lord and her family || to rescue her from him, even against his consent. But, in the case of a widow, she cannot be rescued, even although she has been secretly taken away, unless she herself wish it.

The three chief indispensable things appertaining to a woman are her maiden-fee, her satisfaction for insult, and her fine for loss of enjoyment ¶. These are called the three chief indispensable things, as being the three marriage indispensables of a woman, and she cannot, on any account, be deprived of them. Her maiden-fee is that which she receives for her coverture. Her satisfaction for insult is for every thing her husband shall do to her, except three things: these three things are her chastisement for giving away what she ought not to give, and for being found with another man, and for wishing

* For some observations on the term *arglwydd* see the last Number, p. 247.

† The original word is *gwrhäu*, which Dr. Davies translates "dedere se, homagium facere, fidelitatem promittere." It is rather singular, that this sense of the word has escaped Mr. Owen, who has merely "to render or become manly," which is, indeed, its ordinary acceptation.

‡ *Gwynnegwerth*:—see the last Number, p. 197, in the notes.

§ *Dilysrwydd*:—this word is, literally, certainty or security, and is explained, in another part of the Laws, to imply the warranty made by a vendor to a purchaser, to ensure the right of the latter to the thing purchased. It seems to be used in a different sense here.

|| In the original it is *cenedl*, which means also a tribe or clan: its particular application here is uncertain.

¶ *Gorwyn*.

disgrace on her husband's beard. And, if she be beaten for being detected with another man, she ought not to suffer any forfeiture in addition to that; for there ought not to be forfeiture * and punishment for one offence. Her fine for loss of enjoyment is when she shall detect her husband with another woman, when he shall pay her six score pence, and for the second time a pound, and, if he be detected a third time, she shall be separated from him without the loss of any of her property; and the goods, she shall receive in satisfaction for these three things, shall be her portion apart from her husband.

The king's wife may, without the consent of the king, give away the third part of such utensils as belong to the king.

The wife of a gentleman's son may give away her cloak, her shift, her shoes, her head-cloth, her meat, her drink, the contents of her store-room, and the loan of all her furniture.

The wife of a vassal can give nothing, except the loan of her sieve, and the cock, as far as his voice can be heard off the dung-hill, and her bonnet of three stays †.

A woman, when she has been slept with, ought not to quit the house until the end of the ninth day; and, when she has separated from her husband, she ought not to quit it until the end of the ninth day, and then after the last penny; and, when her husband is dead, she ought not to leave the house until the end of the ninth day, and then after the last penny.

From three causes is a wife entitled to her commutation-fee: from endowment and entail, if she have not been slept with; the second, from open cohabitation, if there be no endowment; the third, from a state of pregnancy.

The commutation-fee of the daughter of the house-steward is a pound; that of the steward's daughter six score pence; that of the daughter of a chief of a family † a pound, and six score pence; that of the daughter of a gentleman six score pence; that of the daughter of a vassal four score pence;

* *Divwyn*—which is of a meaning somewhat similar to the last: it seems to import here any penalty, that might be inflicted on the wife, besides corporal chastisement.

† The original words are *pencuoch tri gorsav*, the meaning of which we do not exactly comprehend: they necessarily refer to some head-dress formerly worn by the lower class of females in Wales.

‡ *Pencnedl*:—see p. 207 of the last Number.

that of the daughter of a stranger * four and twenty pence; that of the daughter of every head-officer, with respect to some, a pound,—with respect to others, six score pence; that of the daughters of other officers, with respect to some, six score pence, with respect to others, three score; that of a female vassal, twelve pence †.

[*To be continued.*]

DIDACTICS OF GERAINT.

THE “CHOICE THINGS” OF GERAINT THE BLUE BARD †.

A morning bright and calm, and birds joining in song;
 Trefoils sparkling with drops of passing dew;
 A cloudless welkin, with a plain of smooth turf;
 The matin song of a lark and a black-bird on the bush;
 The trilling shrill note of the nightingale from a near woody cove;
 A pebble-bottomed rippling brook, and pasture decked with flowers;
 The discourse of birds, with weather sunny and mild;
 A sweet and healthy sky, with a stag on a spangled path;
 The concert of hounds, the voice of lambs and sheep;
 A sweet-tuned harp, with a sweetly-impassioned lay;
 A song of ardent love from the sweet lip of a fair maid;
 A merry and handy damsel, and the fruitfulness of genius;
 A grove verdant and lovely, and fondly spoken words;
 Courteous society, and the sight of a dexterous feat;
 Old sweetly-savoured mead, and habitual kindness;
 A lady perfectly beautiful, and a speech wisely splendid;
 A home-range of easy paths, and the concealment of a secret;

* *Alltud* :—the word means, commonly, an alien or stranger, but is often used in the Welsh Laws for the farmer of another's land, or a tenant.

† The last seven clauses, here translated, do not occur in Wotton's edition.

‡ Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 106. The original is in rhymed couplets of ten syllables each; every couplet corresponding with a line in this translation.

A softly sweet glance of the eye, and love without wantonness ;
 The salute of a fair maid on a verdant glade ;
 A faithfully discreet love-messenger, and a friend of good
 understanding ;
 Amiableness in conversation, and the hatred of an old jealous
 pite ;
 A secluded walking-place to caress one that is fair and slender ;
 To love one that loves me, and to obtain one that may ad-
 vise me ;
 To reside by the margin of a brook in a tranquil dell of dry soil ;
 A house small and warm, fronting the bright sun-shine ;
 A wisely indited book of genius, profound in reflection ;
 The visiting of poets, and the welcoming of the wise ;
 The disputation of songs, and expressions correctly sweet ;
 To enjoy my friends from among bards pre-eminent ;
 To enjoy my mistress in the bands of ardent love ;
 And, in having the fond fair, while I live to conceal her.

THE "OBNOXIOUS PEOPLE" OF THE BLUE BARD *.

1. A man without religion and virtue :
2. A youth without learning and art :
3. A female without shame :
4. A servant without fear and humility :
5. One that is poor and over proud :
6. One that is proud of his bad feats :
7. One who boasts of what is disgraceful to him :
8. One who is wealthy by theft and extortion :
9. An unamusing and irregular bard :
10. A bishop without goodly acquirements of knowledge :
11. A man who loves not his kindred :
12. A parish without a minister :
13. An unconscientious usurer :
14. A rapacious king :
15. A judge without merciful equity :
16. One that is wise without good works :
17. One that laughs at every thing without considering why :
18. One that takes offence without a cause :

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 107.

19. One that has had instruction without mending his life :
20. One that has not seen and desires not to see :
21. One that is stubborn against all reasoning :
22. One that is timid in every thing :
23. The habitual liar :
24. One that says yes with every body :
25. That disputes against every one :
26. That speaks his mind where it is not sought for :
27. That stays behind in every difficulty :
28. The habitual slanderer :
29. The flatterer of every body :
30. One who loves intermeddling and fighting without a cause.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[Continued from p. 204.]

G.

GALLGO, the son of Caw of Prydyn, and the brother of Cafo, Eugrad, Maelog, Peirio, and Cwyllog. Llanallgo in Mon is dedicated to him.

GARMON, the son of Ridicus, a native of France, who came into this island in the time of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau. In ecclesiastical history he is called Germanus. Several churches in Wales are dedicated to him.

GERWYN, one of the sons of Brychan, a saint in Cornwall.

GOLEUDDYDD, one of the daughters of Brychan, a saint at Llanhesgin, in Gwent.

GORVYW, a saint whose pedigree is not mentioned. Capel Gorvyw, at Bangor uwch Conwy, is named after him.

GREDVYW, a saint who lies buried at Llanllyvni, in Arvon.

GREDIVEL, the son of Ithael Hael of Llydaw, and the brother of Flewyn. His shrine is at Pen Mynydd in Mon.

GRWST, the son of Gwaith Hengaer ab Elfin ab Urien. His mother was Euronwy, or Crierwy, the daughter of Clydno Eiddyn ab Cynwyd Cynwydion ab Cynvelyn. Llanrwst in Denbighshire is dedicated to him.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 42—45.

GWAWR, one of the daughters of Brychan, the wife of Elidyr Lydanwyn, and the mother of Llywarch Hen.

GWEN, one of the daughters of Brychan, otherwise called Gwènan. Her shrine is said to be at Talgarth; but which is also said to be the shrine of Clodvaith.

GWEN TEIRBRON, the daughter of Emyr Llydaw, and the mother of Cadvan.

GWENDDYDD, one of the daughters of Brychan, otherwise called Gwawrddydd. The manuscripts confound her with her sister Tangwystl, as the wife of Cadell Deyrn Llug, and the mother of Cyngen, the father of Brochwel Ysgithrog. Her grave is at Towyn in Meirion.

GWENVAEN, the daughter of Pawl Hen of Manaw, and the sister of Gwyngeneu and Peulan; and their mother was Angad Coleion. There is a chapel dedicated to her at Rhoscolyn, in Mon, and where there is also Fynnon Gwenvaen, or the well of Gwenvaen.

GWENOG, a saint whose pedigree is not given, unless he was the same as Gwynog. Llanwenog, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him. "*Gwenog helpa!*" is an invocation used in the laws for the confirmation of particular rights*.

GWENLLWYVO, a saint whose pedigree is not given, and to whom Llanwenllwyvo, in Mon, is dedicated.

GWGLADUS, of the daughters of Brychan. She was the wife of Gwynlliw ab Gliwys ab Tegid ab Cadell Deyrn Llug, and the mother of Catwg and Gliwys Cernyw.

GWRGON, one of the daughters of Brychan, and the wife of Cadrod Calchvynydd, who was ravished by Tynwedd Vaglog in Rhydau Tynwedd.

GWRHAI, one of the sons of Caw. He was buried at Penstrywiad, in Arwystli.

GWRNERTH, the son of Llywelyn, a saint buried at Trallwng. There are some moral verses composed by him in the Archaeology of Wales.

GWRTHELI, a saint whose pedigree is not given. There is a chapel named after him in the parish of Llan Dewi Brevi, in Ceredigion. "*Gwrthiau alarch Gwrtheli*"—The miracles of the swan of Gwrtheli—is a passage in an old poem.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 332. See also No. 25 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 137.

GWYDDVARCH, the son of Amlarys or Malarys, a prince of the Pwyl, or Poland. He was buried at Meivod.

GWYNGAWR, one of the sons of Gildas ab Caw.

GWYNGENEU, the son of Pawl Hen of the North, and the brother of Gwenvaen. There is a chapel named after him near **Caer Gybi**, or Holyhead.

GWYNLLIW, the son of Cyngar ab Arthog ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, and the cousin of Cynvolyn ab Bleiddud. He is also called Gwynlleu ab Garthog.

GWYNODL, the son of king Seithenin of Maes Gwyddno, whose land was overflowed by the sea. **Llangwynodl**, near **Pwlheli**, in **Lleyn**, is dedicated to him.

GWYNOG, one of the sons of Gildas ab Caw. Near the church of **Llangwm Dinmael** the chapels of Gwynog and his brother **Noethon** are now converted to a mill and a kiln.

GWYNYN, one of the sons of Helig ab Glànog, of **Tyno Heli**, whose land was overflowed by the sea. See **Boda** and **Brothen**.

H.

HAWYSTL, one of the daughters of **Brychan**. "Hawystl is a saint in **Caer Hawystl**"—but where this is situated is not known.

HELIG, the son of Glànog, of **Tyno Helig**, whose land was overflowed by the sea. He was the father of **Boda**, **Brothen**, and **Gwynyn**.

HYCHAN, one of the sons of **Brychan**. **Llan Hychan** in the vale of **Clwyd** is dedicated to him.

HYWYN, the son of **Gwyndav Hen** of **Llydaw**. He was confessor to **Cadvan** and the other saints his contemporaries, in the **Isle of Enlli**, or **Bardsey**.

I.

IDLOES, the son of **Gwyddnabi ab Llawvrodedd Varvog**, or **Llawvrodedd Varvog Coch**, and **Llawvrodedd Varchog Coch**. **Llan Idloes**, in **Montgomeryshire** is dedicated to him.

IDDEW CORN PRYDAIN, the son of **Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini**.*

* **Iddew**, otherwise **Iddawg**, is recorded in the **Triads** as a holder of one of the three treacherous meetings of the **Isle of Britain**. See vol. i. of this Work, p. 171.

IESTIN, the son of Geraint ab Erbin ab Cystennyn Gorneu ab Cynvar ab Tudwal Morvawt. Llan Iestin, in Caermarthen-shire, is dedicated to him.

IESTIN, the son of Caden ab Cynan ab Eudav ab Caradog ab Bran ab Llyr Llediaith.

ILAR, a saint whose origin is not known, unless he be the same as St. Hilary. He is sometimes styled Ilar Bysgodwr, or Ilar the Fisherman. Llan Ilar, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him: and St. Hilary's day is the time of the wake there.

ILID, one of the teachers that accompanied the family of Caradog on its return from Rome; and who, in some books, is called *Gwr o Israel*, or a Man of Israel. There is a Llan Ilid in Glamorganshire.

[To be continued.]

EXCERPTA.

THE subject of the following *excerptum* is one of considerable interest to those, who take any delight in tracing to their source the various mythological superstitions, that anciently composed the religious creed of the greatest part of the earth. For, by ascertaining the affinities that exist, in this respect, between such portions of the globe as are most remotely dissevered, we arrive at a demonstrative conclusion, that the customs or traditions, in which this similarity prevails, must be traced to one common origin. Thus it appears to be with respect to the mythological notions of the Hindoos and those of the ancient Cymry, between which there are several points of resemblance, that never could have been the result of mere accident; they must have been the wrecks of that primitive system, which prevailed amongst both nations, when united, during the infancy of the world, in one social community. The following letter, extracted from the Monthly Magazine, touches but partially on the subject; yet, what little it communicates is particularly interesting, and the more so, as coming from a writer so well qualified to make the necessary researches. It is our intention, on a future occasion, to enter more at large into this curious enquiry*;

* For some incidental notices of this subject in our former pages the reader is referred to vol. i. p. 128 and vol. ii. p. 389.

for the present, we shall close our few introductory remarks with a quotation from the "Mythology and Rites of the Druids," wherein the learned author takes a general but judicious view of a question, which, however, we think, the particular character of his work might have justified him in discussing much more minutely.

"How are we to account," observes Mr. Davies*, "for such a coincidence in the mythology of nations so widely separated? Perhaps, it would not be an unreasonable supposition, that the rudiments of those fanciful systems, which prevailed over the Gentile world, whatever changes they may afterwards have undergone from local corruption and mutual intercourse, were laid before the nations separated from the patriarchal stock. How are we otherwise to account for the prevalence of the same fabulous relations and commemorative symbols in the east of Asia and amongst a sequestered people in the west of Europe? I am aware, that this difficulty has generally been solved by the supposition, that certain Eastern sages, in some distant age, found their way into these remote regions. But the experience of our countrymen and neighbours, for the last three hundred years, may serve to convince us, that a new religion, *essentially* different from that of an established society, whether polished or barbarous, is not easily introduced. However this may have been, it is curious to observe in the old poems and tales of the Britons, and in the ancient books of the Hindoos, the same train of superstitious ideas."

CONFORMITY BETWEEN INDIAN AND BARDIC THEOLOGY †.

"To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine."

"SIR,—Whenever I have the curiosity to look into books, which treat of the antiquities of India, I am surprised what a close affinity is to be discovered between the original language of that part of the world and the bardic system and language of Wales. This has made me very anxious for the acquaintance of a scholar in the Shanscrit, and I have altogether been unsuccessful; but, perhaps, Sir, there may be, amongst the

* Mythology and Rites, &c. p. 227.

† Monthly Magazine, vol. iv. p. 342.

readers of your Magazine, some one capable of communicating many curious illustrations upon the subject*. The following comparison is made of notes, which I took in reading Sir W. Jones's translation of the Laws of *Menu*, and are offered to your notice as a specimen of the affinity which I have mentioned.

"*Laws of Menu.*"

"*Menu*, supposed to be the same with the *Mneues* of Egypt, and the *Minos* of Greece. Pref. p. viii. *Menu* with his divine bull. *Apis* and *Mneues*—both representations of some personage. *Minos* under the emblem of the *Minotaur*. The bull *Mneues* the first law-giver, p. ix. The etymology of *Menu* from the root *Men*, to understand, also intelligent. It has also an affinity with *Menes*, *mens*, and mind. P. x.

"The first *Menu* supposed to be *Adam*: *Brahma* taught his laws to *Menu* in 100,000 verses. P. xi.

"The 100,000 verses, containing the laws, were arranged under twenty-four heads. P. xii.

"*Minotaur*, *Minotaurus*.

"Oblation to be made, accompanied with the three mighty words—Earth, Sky, Heaven. P. xii.

"*The Welsh.*"

"The Welsh have preserved the names of a few mythological personages, and amongst these *Menu* is one. In one of the Triads we have *Menu*, the son of the Three Utterances or Cries, as one of the three persons having the power of fascination and of becoming invisible. In another Triad *Menu* is one of the three chief magicians: in another he is reckoned one who had the power of illusion†. The word *Menu* has the same abstract meaning in the Welsh as is given of the Indian name,—the power of intellect; and from the same root is derived *menydd* or *emenydd*, the brain.

"Once there was only the good muse, which *Adam* had originally from heaven.—*Bardism*.

"The twenty-four metrical canons embrace all the possible varieties of metres.

"*Menu-taru*, the *Bull Menu*, or the *Bull Intellect*.

"*Menu*, the son of the Three loud Utterances.

* Should any of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON possess any information of this nature, we need scarcely add, that it would be most gratefully received. The author of the late Gwyneddigion Prize-poem on the "Fall of Llywelyn" states, in a note, something on this subject, with reference to some lines of Taliesin, which it would be very desirable to have more fully explained.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. pp. 389, 390.

"Laws of Menu."

"*Nared*, the sage among Gods,
P. xii.

"*Nara*, the Spirit of God:
Ayana, place of motion; the Deity
is thence named *Narayana*,
moving on the waters. P. 2.

"*Antara*, a period of the reign
of each *Menu*. P. 9.

"*Menwantara*, the reign of
Menu. P. 11.

"*Agni*, regent of fire. P. 62.

"*Indra*, regent of the atmos-
phere.

"*Viasya*: let the *Viasya* be al-
ways attentive to agriculture.
P. 287.

"*Gandharvas*, aerial musicians.

"*Gour*, a name for Bengal.
P. 12.

"*Huta*, that is offered; a name
given to the sacraments.

"The Welsh."

"*Nar*, a supreme; plural *Na-
redd*. *Nared*, a supreme state.

"*Nara*, a flux of the supreme:
an, to go, to move; *auan*, mov-
ing; *auanai*, that moves. '*Bid
euain alltud*,' let the stranger be
in motion. *Ll: Hen*.

"*Antur*, *antura*, a going on-
ward, a venture.

"*Menu-antura*, the venturing
onward, course, or sway of *Menu*
or intellect.

"*Egni*, ardency, energy.

"*Hin*, the atmosphere, the
weather; *hindra*, the state, or
sway, of the weather.

"*Bid i vaeasai ovalu yn wast-
ad am drin tŷr*.—Let the *field-
man* be taking care continually
of agriculture.

Gwyntoarweis, youths of the
wind music; *gwyntarwest*, wind
music.

"*Gwyr*, (*gower* in the English
orthography,) land jutting into
the sea, a peninsula. *Bengal*,
the fair high-land, or head land.

"*Huta*, *huda*, an offer, also,
the imperative of the verb, take.
Gwell un hwta na dau a daw.
One offer is better than two pro-
mises.

"This comparison might be extended to a great length; but
I am induced to conclude, lest it should not appear sufficiently
interesting. I remain, Sir, your's &c.

"MEIRION."

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XIV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—“*Mentra Gwen*,” *Venture Gwen*, is a peculiarly elegant melody, and possesses much originality; though the last eight bars are very similar to “The Melody of North Wales.” Yet the commencement is strikingly novel. The words, adapted to it by Mr. J. Jones, are very appropriate; it is a serenade called “Ellen Dear.” The note, which accompanies it, may amuse those who are strangers to the ancient customs of the Cymry; I shall therefore transcribe it:—

“Serenading used to be very prevalent in Wales formerly. There is still a curious custom on May-day morning, when the swains deck a bough of rosemary with white ribbands, &c. and place it at the chamber-window of the fair ones whom they admire. But a different present is left at the doors of those, whom they are not on friendly terms with: a *penglog*, i. e. a horse’s head, is procured from a tan-yard, and made fast to the latch, to the no small annoyance, and even disgrace, of the nymphs, who are anxiously looking out for the “Garland of Love.”

“*Meillionen*,” *The Trefoil*, but better known as Sir Watkin’s Delight, follows *Mentra Gwen*, with words adapted to it by one, of whom I could say much, were I addressing any other person but the author of “The Heroes of Cymru,” which appeared in No. 14 of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

“Wyres Ned Pugh,” *Ned Pughe’s Grand-daughter*, is a favourite air, with the pennillion-singers; the metre is similar to that of Llwyn Onn. “The Exile of Cambria,” written by a lady expressly for this work, is a song calculated to warm the *calonau* of the Cymry, when distant from the “Hills of their Fathers.”

“Rheged”—Query—whether *Reged*, or *Rheged*, the Welsh for liberality, bounty, &c. &c. or *Urien Rheged*, a distinguished chieftain who flourished about the latter part of the fifth century. The melody is a most elegant, flowing composition, and, if it be very ancient, it certainly bespeaks more refinement and feeling than are generally attributed to a rude people; such as

some authors would fain make us believe our forefathers were.

"Tri chant o Bunnau,"—*Three Hundred Pounds*. This bold and energetic air was noticed in my seventh letter, (vol. i. p. 416) and is merely mentioned here, because the fine song of the "Hirlas Horn," written by Mrs. Hemans, was inserted in the last Number* of the CAMBRO-BRITON, as adapted to this melody.

"Rhyvelgyrch Gwyr Harlech,"—*The March of the Men of Harlech*. This fine and characteristic air has also been noticed in vol. i. p. 95. The subject of the words, adapted to it, is "The Death of Llywelyn," written by the author of the "Heroes of Cymru," who, I hope, will gratify your readers by inserting the poem in the CAMBRO-BRITON.

Very few can conceive the difficulty there is in writing English words to some of the Welsh Melodies; the tune must be altered, the irregularity of the rhythm and metre must be attended to, and, above all, the character of the composition must be preserved, or my countrymen will not be satisfied.

In reviewing the Second Number of the Welsh Melodies, one of the papers observes, "Among the sixteen airs which this publication contains, besides four harmonized, there are several of a striking character, and several very pretty, which will afford delight to players. Others have an oddness of measure, which must have rendered writing to them a very difficult task, so abrupt, as apparently to defy melody,—and so quaint, as to *bother* rhythm worse than if they had been *Irish*." All this is very gratifying to us Cambrians; we like the oddness and quaintness of our national airs. What *Cymro* would allow his "*Noble Race of Shenkin*" to be considered second to any composition of the kind; or, would have his "*Hob y deri*" yield to the most scientific of the Italian Buffas? The Welsh music seems wedded to the language—and they certainly agree, considering the length of time they have been united, far better than most married folk now-a-days!

I have endeavoured to procure words for the different airs, written in close imitation of the Welsh songs and *Pennillion*; how far I have succeeded I will leave to those who love the songs of olden times to decide, most earnestly inviting them to

Join me in wishing that the language, music, and customs of the ancient Cymry may never die.

"Oes y byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg."

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Newman Street,

JOHN PARRY.

Jan. 17, 1822.

EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES.

[Concluded.]

BEFORE we retired to rest at Corwen, we enquired at what time the coach would arrive; and, finding it did not go direct to Carnarvon, we determined to *post* thither, and accordingly ordered a chaise to be ready by nine the next morning. Having been apprised that we should find ample occupation for our time after our arrival at the capital, we resolved to make no more tarryings on the road, although we might have done so with advantage, and (for our post-boys were incorrigibly lazy and our horses intolerably tardy) about two o'clock on the day, that followed the one on which we left Corwen, we found ourselves at the door of the Royal Hotel, at Carnarvon, and shortly afterwards in very comfortable apartments, at that most respectable and commodious inn.

Having arranged ourselves in garments somewhat more seemly than our brown and dusty travelling habiliments, we strolled out towards the residence of my old and esteemed friend, Mr. G. We soon arrived at the house, but did not find him at home; his lady, however, welcomed us with as much cordiality as her lord could have done, and gave us to understand, that she had been expecting us for some days. We did not wait long before our host himself arrived; and, as many long years had elapsed since we had seen each other, with what hearty joy he shook us by the hand may be better imagined than described.

O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!

"My dear Jane," said he to his better half, "my old friends will of course dine with us to-day; we will make no strangers of them, and, while you are making the necessary arrange-

ments, we will sit down and talk over old times ;” and we were soon in the midst of a most interesting colloquy, enacting over again the exploits of our boyhood with a glee truly enviable. It is delightful to revive the recollection of those days, when all around us was fair, beautiful, and innocent: we love to let our imaginations wander to that happy period when the cares of the world had not yet overshadowed our brows nor tinctured our minds with moroseness and distrust; when we had felt but little of disappointment and still less of sorrow—

Ah! happy days, like lightning fled!
 For ever, and for ever gone!
 Ye come upon us like a tone
 Of music issuing from the dead.
 Before our view is then unfurled
 A map of feelings—perish’d—past—
 The vision of another world
 Without a cloud o’ercast!

And a meeting with any of the participators of our youthful pastimes will always engender these pleasing retrospections. So, however, we found it by our meeting with Mr. G——, and the time passed on so rapidly and pleasantly, that we were summoned to dinner long before we had finished our “talk of old times.”

After tea our friend proposed a stroll to the Castle, to which we readily assented, and a short walk brought us under its dark and frowning battlements. It must have been a noble structure in its day: even now—and the heavy hand of time has not passed lightly over it—it is an imposing and extensive pile; and its massive architecture (for the walls are eight, and in some places, nine feet thick) indicates that strength, rather than elegance, was the object of its construction. It was a place indeed of such power and solidity, as to withstand the most violent assaults of the enemy, and it possessed every convenience for the support and management of a siege*. Edward

* A narrow gallery, or covered way, formerly extended round the castle, by which, during a siege, communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one side, this gallery remains yet undemolished, though grievously ruinous; it was next to the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow openings, which served as stations from whence arrows and other missiles could be discharged upon the enemy.

seems to have spared no pains in its erection, for (we are informed) twelve years elapsed before the building was completed. The state-apartments were large and commodious, perhaps, splendid, for the rude age in which they were constructed: they were situated in that part of the castle, which is denominated the Eagle Tower, and were probably occupied by the monarch and his household, when his presence was required at the capital of his newly-acquired dominions. This tower,—“the Eagle’s Aerie,”—as it has been called, rises from one end of the inner court-yard, in the form of a parallelogram, and derives its name from the figure of an eagle placed on the summit:—

Cowering with unsteady wing,
The royal bird prepares to spring
Upwards, as his eye surveys
Radiant Sol’s meridian blaze *.

There is no fortress in North Wales so conspicuous, in an historical point of view, as the Castle of Caernarvon. Even the very circumstance, which gave existence to it, originated in the most memorable event which ever befel the Principality,—its conquest, namely, by the First Edward. After this enterprising monarch had succeeded in subjugating the Welsh, (and long and powerfully did he strive for the mastery), he built several strong-holds in different parts of Wales, and garrisoned them with English soldiers, for the purpose of securing his conquest, by awing into subjection the murmuring mountaineers. The contumacious disposition of the natives of Caernarvonshire, together with the wild and mountainous state of that part of the country, most probably induced him to erect the castles of Conwy and Caernarvon, two of the largest and strongest fortresses in North Wales. The grandeur of the latter—the most magnificent badge of our subjection, as Pennant calls it,—displays a noble monument of the Conqueror’s policy; for, the pertinacious resistance of the Welsh, particularly of those who dwelt amidst the Alpine fortresses of Caernarvonshire, determined him to build a fortress, which should with-

* It was in this “Aerie” that the Conqueror’s unfortunate successor was born and murdered; and a small gloomy-looking room is pointed out as the birth-place of the first English prince of Wales. Unhappy man! thy days were days of sorrow, and thy death the death of a martyr.

stand the assaults of man, and be subject only to the inevitable ravages of time. This, among other facts, tends to prove that the Conqueror of Wales experienced no trifling difficulty in curbing the eager patriotism of the Cambro-Britons. Even after he had annihilated the royal power of the Principality, after he had vanquished and slain the brave and generous Llywelyn, and exposed his lifeless head to the derision of the multitude, and after he had cruelly murdered his brother Davydd, he still found, that the Welshmen were unwilling to bend the knee to one, whom they looked upon as a terrible and blood-thirsty tyrant; and it was not till the superior might and prowess of England had crushed the glowing patriotism of the mountaineers, and deprived them of all means of resistance, and almost refuge, that they submitted in sullenness to the yoke of the Conqueror. In none of the glorious transactions of his busy life did Edward display a greater depth of policy than he did in the preservation of his newly-acquired territory. At one time soothing and flattering the vindictive dispositions of the fiery Cambrian,—at another, punishing with rigour their unbending contumacy, he effectually succeeded in removing all opposition to his dominion over Wales, and in fixing the foundation of his conquest upon a firm and secure basis.

But this glorious achievement was not effected without much bloodshed on both sides. Nay, the king himself was obliged to make more than one severe personal sacrifice before he could obtain the homage of the Welshmen. He had promised them a prince, who should speak no other language than their own, and who should be born in their own country: an old, but faithful historian shall tell the rest:—"King Edward perceiving the Welsh to be resolute and inflexible, and absolutely bent against any other prince, than one of their own country, happily thought of this politic, though dangerous, expedient. Queen Eleanor was now quick with child, and ready to be delivered; and, *though the season was very severe, it being the depth of winter*, the king sent for her from England, and removed her to Caernarvon Castle, the place designed for her to lye-in. When the time of her delivery was come, King Edward called to him all the barons and chief persons throughout all Wales to Ruthland, there to consult about the public

good, and the safety of their country. And, being informed that the Queen was delivered of a son, he told the Welsh nobility, that, whereas they had often-times entreated him to appoint them a prince, he, having at this time occasion to depart out of the country, would comply with their request, and upon condition that they would allow of, and obey, him whom he should name. The Welsh readily agreed to the motion, only with the same reserve, that he should appoint them a prince of their own nation. King Edward assured them, he would name such an one as was born in Wales, could speak no English, and whose life and conversation nobody could stain, whom the Welsh agreeing to own and obey, he named his son Edward, but little before born in Caernarvon Castle*.—Edward certainly loved his faithful and affectionate Eleanor, as much as it was possible for his rough and warlike heart to love any woman; and it must be allowed, that he put a considerable restraint upon his feelings, when he desired her to travel from London into the very heart of Wales, in the depth of the winter season, and in a situation so delicate and critical. The historian, just quoted, has omitted another fact materially connected with this event; namely, that the Queen, notwithstanding her advanced pregnancy, *performed her journey on horseback*†.

There are two or three other historical incidents relating to this Castle. In 1404 it was besieged by Owain Glyndwr, but was gallantly defended, for king Harry, by Ieuan ab Mcredydd, and Meredydd ab Hwlkin Llwyd, of Glynllivon in Caernarvonshire. Ieuan died during the siege, and his body was smuggled out of the Castle, and buried in the parish church of Llanvihangel in Anglesey, about twelve or fourteen miles distant. Owain, finding that he could make no impression on its stupendous walls, raised the siege, and marched his men to another part of the country. In the civil wars of the Commonwealth it was bandied about from one party to another with the most capricious mutability. It was taken by a captain Swanby in 1644, one of the Parliament's men, and afterwards retaken and fortified for the king. Lord Byron, who was appointed governor on this occasion, surrendered it,

* Powel's History of Wales, pp. 300, 301.

† Warrington's History of Wales, vol. ii.

in 1646, to the Generals Mytton and Langhorne; and these two ferocious republicans were nearly taken prisoners, two years afterwards, by Sir John Owen, a gallant Welshman, and one of the most faithful and effective of the poor king's servants. He boldly besieged the Castle with only two hundred and seventy men, and was so resolute in his determination of gaining possession of the fortress, that he would most probably have succeeded in starving out the garrison, had not intelligence reached him, that a large detachment from the enemy's main army was hastening with all speed and diligence to the relief of Mytton and his colleague. He immediately raised the siege, and marched to meet the enemy. The contending parties met on the sands between Bangor and Conwy, and, after a furious encounter, Sir John was defeated, thirty of his men killed, and himself and an hundred others taken prisoners. After this engagement the whole of North Wales became subject to the Parliament. Caernarvon Castle is now, I believe, the property of the English crown: it was formerly held by the Wynns of Glynllivon and Gwydir, the Bulkeleys of Baron Hill, and the Mostyns of Mostyn and Gloddaeth. The entrance into this fine old fortress,—“this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur,”—is through a lofty portal*, over which is yet to be discerned something like an effigy of the royal founder. The interior of the building is falling fast under the influence of the elements; in some parts, however, the walls are yet entire, and either covered with ivy, or rearing their gloomy masonry undecayed by time, and still strong and massive in their old age.

I was highly gratified with our visit to Caernarvon Castle, for, having previously obtained a tolerable outline of its history, I viewed it, not as a curious specimen of a particular style of architecture, but as having been the scene of some of the most important events which relate to the annals of Wales. My imagination was busily occupied. I fancied, that I saw the very apartments where the Conqueror held his court—surrounded by his tried and valiant men-at-arms, with their glittering armour, and nodding plumes, and giving audience to his

* Under this portal are the grooves of no less than four portcullises,—a barrier sufficiently impenetrable, one would think, to resist the effort of any earthly force.

new subjects, redressing their grievances, and sedulously courting their allegiance and affection. I pictured to myself the noble and commanding countenance of the English Justinian, and the rough soldier-like, yet courteous, manner, in which he bent his ear to the complaints and petitions of the Welshmen. Among the gay throng of courtiers round the throne are a few of the most eminent of the Welsh nobility, conspicuous by the rude simplicity of their attire, and by their bold, unbending, air. They listen attentively to all that is going forward; and, if, perchance, the King should not vouchsafe a gracious answer to the poor suppliant before him, their swarthy brows become more contracted and gloomy, and plainly bespeak their disapprobation of the decree. Nor must the fair and affectionate Eleanor be forgotten. She sits on the monarch's right-hand, smiling sweetly on the rude warrior-forms, and encouraging, by her amenity, the approach of those, who seek redress from the sovereign. Knights, esquires, and guards, with an indistinguishable throng of attendants and spectators, complete a scene, which may once have existed, even as I have thus fancifully portrayed it. Long did we linger amidst the ruins of this princely fortress, and we did not summon resolution to depart, till the frowning battlements above us were becoming more and more obscure in the deepening gloom of twilight, so that it was nine o'clock by the time we reached the residence of our friendly *cicerone*. After a most pleasant evening, we returned to the hotel, having prevailed upon our friend, in the meantime, to breakfast with us the following morning, when we intended to have arranged respecting our future progress through the country.

But fate had ordained that we should be disappointed in this matter; for early on the ensuing morning I received a summons to return to London as soon as I could, as my presence could not be conveniently dispensed with. This summons I, of course, obeyed, but not without resolving to embrace an early opportunity of exploring the hills and vallies of Caernarvonshire*.

©.

* We cannot bid a reluctant farewell to our friendly *Excursionist*, without expressing our thanks for the entertainment he has afforded us; and we feel satisfied, that we may do this on the part of our readers as well as upon our own. We will hope, however, to meet again.—ED.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE NAME "CYMRY."

As we have not been favoured with any answer to the letter of LEOMINSTRENSIS, in our last Number *, on the etymology of the word CYMRY †, we feel ourselves in some respect bound to take up the question, and, more particularly, as the writer has addressed his objections, in a main degree, to the observations, that have appeared on the subject in these pages †. Our reply to these objections shall be as concise as the nature of the investigation may allow; but we foresee, that, with all our caution in this respect, we shall be under the necessity of trespassing, at some length, on the reader's patience. However, as the inquiry, although professedly philological, has, in fact, an intimate connection with the early history of this island, we offer no apology for the space it may occupy. As a question of etymology, indeed, we know of none, in which the Welsh reader can be more interested.

In the following answer we shall first notice, in a particular manner, the "questions and doubts" of our correspondent in the order, in which they occur, and shall subjoin to the whole such remarks, as may be suggested by a general view of the subject.

1, 2, 3. The import of these three questions, however they may differ in their phraseology, is obviously the same, and amounts only to this—whether there exists, amongst any other people, a precedent for this etymology? Now, in the first place, we do not think, that the discussion of this inquiry should depend at all upon precedent, provided a clear and rational explanation can be given of the etymology in dispute, supported by historical evidence. Precedent, in a case of this

* Page 205.

† It appears advisable to repeat, in this place, the etymology in dispute, which is CYN, first or primitive, and BRO, a poople, "adopted either," to use the words of the CAMBRO-BRITON on a former occasion, "on account of a priority of descent from the *Noachidæ*, or of the CYMRY being the first race, that colonized Europe." We take this opportunity of mentioning, that the reference to the CAMBRO-BRITON in the last Number, p. 206, ought to have been vol. i. not vol. ii., as there misprinted.

nature, must be extremely difficult of attainment, and especially with reference to "the earliest inhabitants of the earth." The extinction of most of the primitive languages of mankind, and the overthrow or dispersion of those nations, by whom the globe was first colonized, throw a veil over the origin of most ancient names, which is not now to be penetrated. The CYMRY, in this respect, appear to form a singular exception; the very language as well as the people having existed, from remote antiquity, even to this day: a phenomenon, which, if fortified by the testimonies of history, ought to exempt their case, if it were necessary, from any dependence on precedent. And we cannot help here observing, that, when our correspondent asks, whether a custom ever "prevailed amongst the *earliest* inhabitants of the earth to distinguish each other as the first or *last* comers into a country," he is guilty of a little Hibernianism. For, surely, it would require some ages, at least, to ascertain, (if, indeed, the point could ever be said to be determined,) who the "*last* comers" were in any particular country. It is not likely, therefore, that such a designation should ever have been adopted; but it is extremely probable, that a wandering tribe, as yet without a name, should distinguish themselves, or be distinguished by others, as *first* settlers. And this must, moreover, have operated as a sort of permanent evidence of that prior claim to the country, they occupied, which they would naturally be desirous of establishing. Accordingly we find, that one of the most ancient people, recorded in Pagan story, the *Titans*, actually derived their appellation from such a circumstance, and were called by the Greek and Roman writers Γηγινις and *Terrigenæ**, names of

* The primitive or aboriginal character, ascribed to the Titans, by ancient writers, is so well known that it is almost superfluous to dwell on the point; but we cannot resist the temptation of quoting one or two instances. Thus, in the Orphic Hymns, we have the following lines:—

Τίτνες, γαιῆς τε καὶ οὐρανόθεν ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
 Ἡμίτερον προγονοὶ πάντων. H. 36. 1.

Titans, illustrious sons of earth and heaven,
 Our sires' progenitors.—

And again, in the same ancient fragments, the poet, addressing the Titans, says,—

Εξ ὑμῶν γὰρ πάντα πόλεις γένεα καὶ ἄνθρωποι

From you are descended all the tribes throughout the world.

similar import with the original word, according to its Hebrew etymology, and in which sense it is taken by Milton, when he says—

“*Titanian or Earth-born, that warr'd with Jove.*”

The name, therefore, like CYMRY, implies aboriginal, or indigenous, a character, which Cæsar is known to ascribe to the early inhabitants of this island*. Thus, if precedent were at all necessary, it may be said to exist in the name we have just noticed; but we consider it, as we have already said, by no means indispensable to the question. The etymology of CYMRY may securely be left to rest on its own merits, provided it have, moreover, what we think it possesses, the sanction of history in its favour.

4, 5. These two questions, although varying in expression, have also, like the three preceding, substantially but one object, and that is—the signification of the primitive term CYN, and its effect in the composition of words. And here again we do not conceive, that we are driven to the alternative, suggested by our correspondent's question, of proving that CYN does “invariably imply first or primitive in point of time;” it is quite sufficient, that this is its primary sense, the other of *chief* or *principal* being obviously secondary, or what may be called figurative, inasmuch as the idea of preeminence has its origin in that of priority. And is not this the case also with the corresponding terms in all other languages? The objection, therefore, as to the abstract signification of the prefix CYN, must be admitted to be without any real weight: it only remains, then, to examine its force when employed in the for-

To the same effect also is the following observation of an ancient scholiast—Οἱ δὲ πρῶτον γενεῶν τῶν Τίτανος φασί.—Some describe the Titans as the first race.—Hesiod in his *Theogony* has likewise some lines to the same purpose, which the classical reader will be at no loss to recollect; but it may be remarked, that Hesiod has, in some respects, confounded the history of this people by supposing the Giants and Titans to have been a different race. However, his descriptions, in the Battle of the Gods, are often of historical value, and have obvious allusions to the first Dispersion. The Titans are supposed by most writers to have been the descendants of Ham and Chus. Sanconiathon describes them as *exiles* and *wanderers*; and Mr. Davies, in his *Celtic Researches*, p. 84, is of opinion that the same people are alluded to in the 30th chapter of Job, v. 1. to 9. to which we refer the reader.

* Bell. Gall. l. v. c. 12.

mation of words. But, ere we do this, we must be allowed to express our surprise, that so general, we may even say so universal, a feature in the character of Welsh compounds, as this use of the word CYN in its primitive sense, should have escaped our correspondent's penetration. So common indeed is it, that we feel quite at a loss how to make a selection from the multitude of instances, which may be adduced towards its illustration. The following, however, are a few:—*cynar*, first ploughing; *cynblant*, first born; *cyndad*, first parent; *cyndwv*, first growth; *cynddail*, first leaves; *cynddydd*, the first part of the day or old time*; *cynvam*, first mother; *cynvedydd*, first baptism; *cynvyl*, first boundary; *cynrain*, first lineage†; *cyn-taid*, first swarm; and *cyntevin*, first part of the summer.—These few examples, selected from amongst hundreds, will be sufficient, we hope, to set this part of the objection at rest, by proving, that the ordinary use of CYN, in a compound form, is first in time, and not chief in rank. To the two instances, apparently of a contrary nature, adduced by our correspondent, we have adverted in the preceding notes; and, with respect to his etymology of *Brigantes*, we can only say, that we never before heard that the word was deduced either from *Cynobri* or *Obricynta*. On the contrary, we have always understood it to be a derivative of the Welsh *brig* or *brigant*, a height, and, consequently, to be synonymous with Highlanders or Mountaineers, an epithet peculiarly applicable to the *Brigantes*, or *Brigantwys*, of this island, from the particular character of the country they occupied. And it cannot but strengthen this etymology to notice, that two other nations, inhabiting respectively the Pyrennees and the Alps, bore anciently the same appellation.

6. Hitherto our correspondent's objections have been con-

* We select this word, as it happens to be one, adduced by our correspondent in support of his opinion. *Cynddydd*, however, has, in a compound form, the import we have here given it, and may imply the "first day" as well as the first part of the day, notwithstanding that, in common conversation, "*y dydd cyntaf*" is used in the former sense.

† This is another of our correspondent's examples, which, however, proves nothing in favour of his opinion. We admit that *cynrain* may mean first spears, as a compound of *cyn* and *rhain*, but it also admits of the sense we have above adopted; and in both instances *cyn* may imply first in time as well as in rank.

finer to the principle of the etymology under consideration; and we trust, we have sufficiently shewn their general fallacy. The question, we have now to examine, as well as those that succeed it, relates more immediately to the point in dispute. The substance of the objection, contained in it, is—that the admission of the controverted etymology implies, as a necessary conclusion, the immediate descent of the CYMRY from our first parents, and the consequent identity of their language with the most ancient speech of mankind. Now all this we deny: it is, by no means, a fair or a reasonable deduction. The CYMRY may be acknowledged as a first or primitive people, without any reference to an immediate descent from the first family, and, consequently, without involving the question, as our correspondent would infer, of “the rejected descent from Gomer.” The terms of the etymology, as quoted in a preceding note, are expressly in the alternative, assigning to the CYMRY a priority, either in their patriarchal descent, or in their colonization of some particular country, though, in confining that country to Europe, we, perhaps, contracted the question more than we ought to have done. However, it serves to shew, that the proposed etymology does not exclusively rest on the primæval descent of the CYMRY; but, even if we were disposed to maintain that alternative of the proposition, it would still involve no insinuation that the CYMRAEG must be “the most ancient language in the world,” unless it could be shewn, that there was but one language spoken after the Dispersion, and, consequently, that the Scriptural account of that great event is inaccurate.

7. Of all the objections of our correspondent this is decidedly the least tenable. To doubt the identity of the CYMRY with the *Cimbri* and *Cimmerii*, because “no mention is made of the former by the Latin and Greek historians,” is precisely the same as if he were to doubt the identity of the CYMRY with the *Welsh*, because the latter name only is used by English writers. As well too might he question the identity of the *Anglois* with the *English*, because the latter denomination is never employed by the French; or, to come more to the point, the *Ρωμαιοι* and *Romani* could never have been one people, because, forsooth, the Greek historians mention them by the former name only. In a word, there is no nation, ancient or modern, which

will not exemplify the complete futility of this objection ; but the few, we have adduced, will, we think, be sufficient. What we contend for, on this point, is this—that, presuming, as we do, the CYMRY, *Cimmerii*, and *Cimbri* to have been originally one people, the etymology of the two latter names may be accounted for on the same principle as that of the first, the Greek compound adopting a mutation of the last syllable, BRO, and the Latin name retaining it in its original form, without any change. And we are sure, our correspondent's recollection will supply him with numerous instances wherein the names, given by foreigners to particular nations, differ much more widely from that adopted by the nations themselves, than in the example before us. With respect to the “refusal of the Bretons of Gaul to recognize the CYMRY under that denomination,” (by which we presume our correspondent to allude to their assumption of a different name,) there is nothing in the circumstance, that we can discover, more extraordinary than the loss of the patronymic appellation amongst other people “descended from the same original stock.” The only matter of surprise is, that, after so many ages and through so many vicissitudes, the primitive name of CYMRY should still be exclusively preserved amongst the mountains of Wales.

8. The answer to the former part of the last question may serve as a reply to this also, since, upon the presumption that the *Cimmerii* and *Cimbri* were but one people, the objection is evidently of the same character. All it amounts to is this—that the nation is not noticed by any Roman historian till “about one century before the Christian æra *;” but, although we hear nothing of it under the *Roman designation* previous to that period, surely, we are not, therefore, to infer, that the nation might not have existed for centuries earlier, unknown to the Romans. This objection, indeed, like the one preceding it, appears to be founded on an hypothesis, that the same people could not have been anciently known by various names, whereas the contrary is so obvious from the Latin and Greek

* We take it for granted that our correspondent here alludes to the famous *Cimbric War*, in which the Romans, under the consuls Manlius and Servilius, were defeated with great slaughter by the *Cimbri* and *Teutoni*. This happened, according to the best authorities, 109 years before Christ. Florus describes the *Cimbri* as a very powerful people.

writers, that it were a mere waste of words to attempt to prove it.

9. The fact, assumed in this question, even if it were strictly accurate, could not, we think, materially affect the object of our inquiry; for, considering how many centuries have elapsed since the *Cimbri* were expelled from the North of Europe, and considering also the intermixture of nations and tongues that has since taken place on the European continent, it could not be a subject of any great astonishment, if there really had been "no traces left of the *Cimbric* language in the names of the territories, which the people are known to have inhabited." Have we not a case in point in our own country, where, within a much shorter period, the primitive names of numberless places have given way to those imposed by the Saxons? Is not the term *England* itself a proof of the inconclusiveness of any argument founded on such a basis? In the same manner the ancient *Cimbric Chersonese* received the name of *Jutland* upon the expulsion of the original inhabitants by the *Jutæ*. But, what is the actual fact in the case before us? So far from there being now no traces of the language of the *Cimbri* in the names of places in the North of Europe, it has been maintained, that several instances of this nature are to be found along the course traversed by the *Cimbri* in their progress towards the West*; and, what is of yet more importance, the very language itself may be said to be still spoken in a part of the Prussian dominions, at no great distance from the ancient settlements of the *Cimbri*. At least, such is the general affinity of this tongue with the modern CYMRAEG, that there can be little doubt of

* Among many writers, who have investigated this point, we refer our correspondent to Mr. Roberts in his "Early History of the Cymry," Mr. Davies in his "Celtic Researches," p. 207, &c. and, above all, to M. Pezron in his "*Antiquité de la Langue et de la Nation des Celtes*," who does not hesitate to affirm, from the phenomena which present themselves in this respect, that the language, spoken by the aboriginal inhabitants of this island, must have been the same as that of the *Titans*, since the etymology of so many names of places, over which the empire of that people extended, may still be found in the languages of Wales and Brittany. To this presumed identity between the CYMRY and *Titans* what we have said in a preceding note may not be inapplicable. With reference to the particular subject of this note, we may also recommend to the reader's notice a curious communication, signed HANESAI, in a subsequent part of this Number.

their original identity *. With respect to the presumed derivation of *Cimbri* from the Gothic word *Kimber* †, it will be time enough to consider that, when the etymology, now under discussion, is proved to have no foundation. In the mean time we can hardly be expected to undertake the establishment of a negative.

10. In reply to this question, we have first to say, that there exists no positive testimony, that “the dispositions and habits of the CYMRY of Britain widely differed from those of the continental *Cimbri*.” It is certainly recorded in the Triads, that the CYMRY, under Hu Gadarn, established their dominion in this island “through justice and in peace ‡,” but this seems to have reference only to the priority of their arrival here and the consequent undisputed possession which they took of the country. For we have the authority of the same ancient records, that, before the settlement of the CYMRY, the island was inhabited only by wild beasts §. The Triads, therefore, cannot be said to prove any thing respecting “the dispositions and habits of the CYMRY,” in their memorial of this event, as it afforded no opportunity for “fighting and bloodshed;” and it deserves, on the other hand, to be noticed, that the Roman historians, who wrote from the best authority, represent the ancient inhabitants of this island as a warlike and brave people, while Taliesin distinctly ascribes to the first settlers a similar character ||. The Druidical or Bardic Institution, indeed, may have inculcated principles of a contrary tendency; but it is reasonable to presume, that these were confined to a privileged number, and had no more influence on the general habits of the people than the pacific doctrines of the Quakers of

* We here allude to the *Wekdi*, respecting whom we have some curious documents, which we design to insert on some future occasion. See also CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 97, and No. 24, p. 80.

† Among other profound etymologies, which English writers have given of CYMRY, we may notice that of Cleland, who sagaciously informs us, that it is derived from “*lym*, one of the most ancient Celtic words for a mountain, a corruption of *kean* head, and which latter word is synonymous with *pen*.” *Ex uno disce omnes*.

‡ See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 47.

§ Id. *ibid*, p. 8.

|| See his Poem, entitled “*Ymarwear Lludd Bychan*.” Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 76.

these days could have upon the nation at large, or than the grand principles of Christianity itself appear to have, in this respect, on the general conduct of the Christian world. In a word, we can see no force whatever in this objection, since, at last, whatever difference of manners or character may have existed between the *Cimbri* of the North and the CYMRY of Britain might readily be accounted for by such local and circumstantial changes, as have occasioned a similar diversity amongst other nations, when once disunited from one common stock.

11. It is unnecessary to say much in answer to this question, as it appears to be little more than a summary of the writer's scepticism on the subject before us. We are ready to admit, however, that the identity of the CYMRY with the nations above specified ought not to rest merely on "the fortuitous coincidence of the name," but that it ought also have the sanction of history, as far as that sanction can now be obtained. And we hope it will, on the other hand, be conceded, that such historical testimony would tend materially to confirm the propriety of the etymology in dispute. For, if it could be reasonably shewn, that the CYMRY, *Cimmerii* and *Cimbri* were of one family, it would also appear, according to our view of the question, that the former are entitled, for one of the reasons above surmised, to the name of a FIRST OR PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. As a necessary corollary from this proof we conceive it would be farther evident, that *Cimbric* and not *Celtic*, as our correspondent contends, was the patronymic distinction of that class of nations of which we are speaking, and, consequently, that the term *Cimbric* has not been adopted merely "from the necessity of procuring support to an hypothetical etymology." In a word, it must be our business to shew, that this etymology does not depend on its plausibility only, but that it is also fortified by such historical and other reasonable evidence as belongs to the peculiar nature of the inquiry. Something, we trust, has already been done towards this end in the answers, we have now given to the "questions and doubts" of our correspondent: but we propose to resume the subject, in our next, in a more connected and methodical form. The length, to which this article has already been extended, compels us thus to postpone, contrary to our first intention, the full accomplishment of our design.

We ought not, however, to omit here to notice our correspondent's new etymologies, as he styles them, of CYMRU, LLOEGR, and ALBAN; and of the first two we must say, that we are not aware, by what philological torture they could be twisted to the meaning he would apply to them. But we deem it unnecessary to discuss this point, inasmuch as we conceive, that both the CYMRY and LLOEGRWYS were so called before their settlement in this island, and, consequently, that they gave their names, in time, to such portions of it as they respectively inhabited. That such was the fact with respect to the CYMRY we have already partially shewn and hope to prove more satisfactorily hereafter; and we have the authority of the Triads as to the LLOEGRWYS, whom they describe to have emigrated hither from Gascony, wherefore it is not improbable, that they may be identified with the ancient *Ligurians* *. With respect to ALBAN, we believe the etymology, given by our correspondent, to be correct; but he is wrong in stating it to be "now for the first time announced." It may be found in Mr. Owen's Dictionary, in the Cambrian Register †, and, we believe, in other publications connected with Wales.

CAMBRIANA.—No. IV.

OUR readers are aware, that the design of this article is the republication of occasional gleavings, connected with the literature, history, or manners of Wales. The following are extracted from the notes in a publication of *Miscellaneous Poems*, by Mr. R. Llwyd *, author of the admired poem of "Beaumaris Bay," and who is also justly celebrated for the researches he has made in the genealogical history of his native country.

WELSH FAIRIES.

"In Wales, as in other pastoral districts, the fairy tales are not yet erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 47.

† Vol. i. p. 24.

‡ Published at Chester in 1804.

neglects to inform youth, that, if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the Fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till day-break, sing the well-known strain of *Toriad y Dydd*, or *The Dawn*, leave a piece of money on the hob and disappear. The suggestions of intellect and the precautions of prudence are easily discernible under this fiction: a safety from fire in the neatness of the hearth, a provision for its extinction in replenished pails, and a motive to perseverance in the promised boon.”—P. 34.

THE HIRLAS.

“ These were the mead-horns of ancient hospitality, and called the *Hirlas*. That of Owain Cyveiliog, Prince of Powys, has been the subject of a beautiful ode, for the appearance of which in English the public are indebted to the pen of an accomplished scholar*. An elegant specimen of the ancient *Hirlas* is still preserved at Lord Penrhyn’s seat in Caernarvonshire.

“ Fill with mead the Hirlas high,
Nor let a soul this day be dry;
The hall resounds, the triumph rings,
And every bard the conflict sings.
Ednyved’s trophied shield displays
Themes of glory, themes of praise,—
A lion in the tented field,
A lamb, when vanquish’d heroes yield.
Ednyved, bravest of the brave!
His name shall live beyond the grave.”—P. 59.

LLANDDONA—DWYNWEN—LLANDDWYN.

“ Llan Ddona (so called from Dona, fourth in descent from the celebrated Brochwel, Prince of Powys, who built a cell there, upon the sea-shore, in the ninth century,) is a parish adjoining Llangoed, on the north-east, in the island of Anglesey. The fair damsels of this district have, from time immemorial, borne the same addition as those of Lancashire, both having, probably, been peculiarly favoured by Dwynwen,

* There have been more than one English version of this celebrated poem, but we are not aware to which Mr. Llwyd here alludes.—ED.

the Venus of ancient Britain. The parish, dedicated to this goddess, (Llanddwyn), on the western shore of the island, has been for some ages overflowed by the sea, determined, as it would seem, to verify the fable in the Heathen Mythology, that "she should rise out of the waves."

"Davydd ab Gwilym, the British Ovid, invokes Dwynwen in favour of Morvudd, the object of his adoration, then on her pilgrimage to the shrine of St. David; and this beautiful production has appeared in English in the volumes, published by Mr. Edward Williams, the intelligent Bard of South Wales.

"Richard Kyffin, Dean of Bangor, was rector of Llanddwyn, in 1485: from this place he corresponded with Henry VII. then an exile in Brittany, and took a very active part in North Wales, in conjunction with Sir Rhys ab Thomas, who led South Wales, in bringing about his restoration."—P. 80.

THE BIRCHEN-WREATH.

"It is still a custom in Wales to adorn a mixture of birch (*bedw*) and *criavol*, or quicken, with flowers, tie it with a ribbon and leave it where it is likely to be found by the person intended on May-morning. Davydd ab Gwilym, addressing a chaplet, given by Morvudd, has the following beautiful lines:—

Vy medw rhwym, vy myd ai rhoes.

My world, my all, by Morvudd given.

Y vun lwys a'm cynhwysai

Mewn bedw a chyll, mentyll Mai!

In groves my fair and I were gay

Of hazle, birch, thy garments, May.

"The birch was the *bay* of the Bards, and this idea is not ill expressed in a copy of congratulatory verses, addressed by Mr. Henry Bulkeley, brother of Robert, the second Viscount Bulkeley, to his tutor, the Rev. Gronwy Davies, on his promotion to the mastership of Beaumaris School, in 1550.

"But, if you chance the rod to use,

For to quicken our dull muse,

I know, your *birch*, another day,

Will prove unto our heads a *bay*."—Pp. 125 and 129.

WYNNS OF GWYDIR.

"The Wynns of Gwydir, long eminently known as Tylwith Sion ab Maredudd, were, for centuries, the chiefs of an extensive district in southern Snowdonia, an intermixture of rocky and sylvan scenery; but the shelter, which the woods afforded to the perturbed spirits, who were let loose upon the country, when the accession of Henry VII. put an end to the wars of the Roses, rendered it necessary to cut them down. Mary Wynn, Duchess of Ancaster, the last of this great race, conveyed this property into that family; and Lord Gwydir, who now possesses it in right of his lady, is planting to a great extent the eminences, that tower above this venerable mansion."—P. 126.

THE RED DRAGON.

"Our historians agree, that king Arthur bore upon his helm a Red Dragon; it was also the cognizance of his father Uthyr, thence called Pendragon*. Henry VII. knew this, and, sensibly appealing to that union of local attachment, innate honour, and perhaps prejudice, which constitutes what is called nationality, displayed a red dragon upon a standard of green and white silk at Bosworth. This, when Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, fell, in a personal rencontre with King Richard, Henry judiciously gave to Rhys ab Maredudd, of Hiraethog, a man of great personal strength and prowess, whose tomb is still to be seen at Yspytty Evan in Denbighshire; and such of my countrymen, as correctly bear *gules*, a *lion rampant*, *argent*, will find this hero of Hiraethog among their forefathers. Of these the Wynnes of Voelas, and the Prices of Rhiwlas, are leaders.

"The Red Dragon was borne as one of the supporters to the royal arms from the accession of the Tudors to that of the Stuarts, when it gave place to the Union, as now depicted: it also gave rise to a department in the College of Arms called *Rouge Dragon*.

"Upon a late re-arrangement of the national quarterings, taste, science, and conciliation would have pointed out the

* Perhaps Mr. Llwyd is not strictly accurate here; however, we have no intention, at present, to enter into any discussion of the subject. On a future occasion we may.—ED.

adoption of this ancient symbol,—would have allotted one compartment in the regal escutcheon to that charge, which originally occupied the whole ; and the omission is the more apparent in its inducing a repetition of what are erroneously called the Arms of England, the lions, or leopards, as an English bard calls them,—

(Our leopards, they so long and bravely did advance
Above the *fleur-de-lice*, even in the heart of France.)

in the first quarter, being those of Normandy, Guienne, and Aquitaine, and in the appearance of a defect, which ought not to exist in an empire composed of four nations.”—P. 196.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR

OF the late Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Head-master of Ystradmeurig School, in the county of Cardigan*.

“ ON the morning of Good Friday last, (1818) in the 73d year of his age, the Rev. John Williams, Vicar of Nantmel, in Radnorshire, Prebendary of Brecon, and upwards of forty years Master of the endowed Grammar School at Ystradmeurig, in the county of Cardigan, closed his mortal course.

“ Throughout his life, as long as his health permitted, he continued unremitting in the duties of his sacred profession; and his ability in the discharge of them was generally acknowledged in the correspondent effect. In early life a steadiness of principle and conduct, and a natural unstudied sedateness of demeanour, seemed to designate him as the guide and instructor of youth; and in this arduous task, through a long period of years, he was laboriously and successfully engaged: first at Cardigan, then at Ross, and for the last forty years at Ystradmeurig. Invited to this last engagement by the una-

* We extract this “Memoir” from the Provincial Papers, in which it appeared about three years ago. And we have no doubt, from the general estimation, in which Mr. Williams was so deservedly held, as well as from the public station, he so ably and zealously filled, that many of our readers will be pleased to see this brief record of his virtues and talents preserved in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

nimous wishes of the Trustees, he succeeded, in this well-endowed appointment, a man of extraordinary powers and attainments, whose persevering exertion of a singular and powerful genius (though almost self-taught) had long previously raised the school to much celebrity, while his liberality had materially increased its endowment; and the successor also (his former pupil) happily gave full proof, in the sequel, of his possessing those various qualifications which the peculiar exigencies of the appointment called for. In a province not abounding in wealth, and situated at a distance from the two Universities, it has been found expedient to admit candidates for Holy Orders, without insisting on the regular but expensive graduation at either of the Universities. In this state of things the qualifications of the master of this school, as a place of preparatory study, became an object of no small consequence; and, in this instance, the master proved himself particularly and respectably prepared—not only by his classical attainments, but also by an extensive knowledge in scriptural and ecclesiastical learning. Even in early life he was well versed in the ancient Fathers, and thoroughly conversant with the writings of the principal luminaries of the English Church, (among whom the judicious Hooker and the able and well-discriminating Bishop Bull were his favourites): and in his own religious principles, matured by study and reflection, he was, in no common degree, qualified to superintend and direct the studies of young men preparing for the Church. To promote this end, there is, attached to the School, for the use of the students, a tolerably well-furnished library. In the general result, for the last five and thirty years, the several Bishops, in succession, who have presided over the diocese of St. David's, particularly Dr. Warren and Dr. Horseley, have repeatedly spoken handsomely, in general, of the qualifications, both in classic literature and in theology, of the candidates that came before them from this quarter; and, at a more recent period, Dr. Cleaver, in the adjoining diocese, was decided and open in similar commendation.

“Long flattered, however, as the master was, by the respect and civil expressions of several bishops in succession, he still remained without any substantial proof of their favourable sentiments, till the arrival of Dr. Horseley, whose discernment

soon marked him with particular notice and distinction; who, on presenting him to a small benefice, assured him it was by no means what he wished and intended for him. But, being soon after translated from the diocese, he had no opportunity of farther realizing his declarations. The present pious and learned prelate, however, kindly took an early opportunity of making some improvement in his church appointments.

“ His state of health declining for some years, he had an opportunity of contemplating, at his leisure, the end of his labours. It may not be altogether either uninteresting or unedifying to know how such a man met the apparently approaching dissolution of his earthly tabernacle. In the course of the year 1815 he writes thus:—“ My constitution is now become so nice, that the least trifle deranges it, and throws it off its balance. I am somewhat doubtful about the issue; it may deliver me up to a gradual decay, or it may be the means of renewing me for some time longer—God’s will be done! I hope and trust I may say without presumption (I know it to be the result of much thought) that I am, in some degree, *in utrumque paratus*—for life or death. I shall, at all events, endeavour to join you. Perhaps it may be the last time when the three brothers may have an opportunity of meeting*.”—His words proved prophetic—one of the party, after that meeting, saw him no more. At parting, the convalescent invalid repeated, with more calmness and cheerfulness than the other could meet his address,—“ Farewell, my brother. Of our meeting again I somehow have a strong persuasion; but I do not expect it in this world.”

“ About this time a number of his former pupils, consulting together, unanimously determined on presenting him with some testimony of their gratitude and respect, and soon after sent him a handsome silver cup, or vase, with a suitable inscription: the circumstances are recorded in the third volume of the Cambrian Register. Not long after the same grateful respect pressed on him the united request of numbers that he would submit to sit for his portrait, to be placed in the library at Ystradmeurig; and with that view, he was much solicited to pay a visit to London. Though to visit his brother, residing in

* “The two others were the Rev. David Williams, of Heytesbury, Wilts; and Mr. Edward Williams, a respectable bookseller, in the Strand.”

town, would have given much pleasure, yet so averse were his sentiments from making the sitting for his portrait the inducement of such a journey, that he begged to decline it. An artist from town attended him in the country, and, it is said, succeeded in a tolerable likeness. But, while his young friends were intent on this mark of respect to his person, his thoughts were moving to another direction.—“This bustle about this portrait of mine,” says he, in a letter to his brother at Aberystwith, “only the more strongly impresses upon my mind the far greater importance and necessity of another kind of portrait, so often recommended to us in the Epistles of St. Paul—the portrait, at present in contemplation, is a picture of what will soon be reduced to dust—but there is an image to be drawn on the soul—the image of God! not by the lines and pencils of a mortal artist, but by the finger of the Holy Spirit on the interior man, in knowledge, righteousness and true holiness. This portrait consists, first, in a thorough repentance of whatever is amiss; which is, as it were, the clearing and preparation of the canvas; when faith and evangelical knowledge must be deeply engraved on the very soul; manifesting their lines in love to God and love to man.—In other words, the constituent parts of the picture are—faith in Christ, resting on the cross; hope, with her anchor fixed beyond the veil of present things, on the eternal rock of ages; and charity, rising from this faith and hope, in strength invincible, active, zealous, and persevering.—May God grant that this image, this qualification and only passport to a happy eternity, may be stamped effectually on my mind, on your mind, on the souls of all our friends—then shall we be sure to meet again, never more to part!”

“A few months before his death, he writes thus—“Under frequent ailments and growing infirmities, I thank God, I generally feel a delightful serenity of mind; arising from the firm belief of the great truths of our religion, and an earnest endeavour to make its laws the rule of my practice; still with so much weakness and imperfection, that, at times, I am greatly humbled; though my depressions never sink to the failure of hope—my hopes ever rest on the mercies of the Gospel.”

“The frequent recurrence of palpitations of the heart, with other unknown causes, brought on a low nervous fever, which

confined him several weeks, and induced a general debility; terminating at the last in an apoplectic seizure, with paralysis. Though, on the proper applications, his recollections were recovered, the vital powers were exhausted. In the most exemplary spirit of resignation, he continued sensible to the last; and his last breath was wafted in prayer. "He died," says his eldest son (his well-qualified successor in the school, and the emulator of his virtues) "he died, as he had lived, in the peace of God—May my death, as well as the remainder of my life, be like his!"

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—If you should think the following lines, and the accompanying Welsh version, worthy of a place in your entertaining publication, you are very welcome to insert them; if not, throw them into the fire.

I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

CHWILIEDYDD.

LAMENT OF THE CANARY CONFINED IN A CAGE IN ONE OF ITS OWN ISLANDS.

AH what avails this golden coat,
Or all the warblings of my throat,

While I in durance pine?

Give me again what Nature gave;

'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I crave,

Thee, Liberty divine!

II.

Free is thine hand, sweet maid*, and kind,

That doth for me these dainties find,

And bounteous thus bestow:

But can that hand, though fair, controul

The magic workings of the soul,

Or heal *internal* woe?

* Its attendant.

III.

Yet why should I, poor brute, bemoan,
When, hark, that piteous, dying groan,
Floats daily o'er the wave?

"That monster whips me to the shore*,
'Reft, 'reft of thee for evermore!
"Save me, O mother, save!"

IV.

What good will *that* man e'er impart,
Who spurns th' emotions of the heart;
Or what assistance give?
He never will, and never can,
Say to his wretched fellow-man,
"Accept this *boon*, and live!"

TRANSLATION.

Y CANARY YN GALARU O'I ADARDY YN UN O'I YNYSOEDD
EI HUN.

OCH, pa lesâd vy ngwêdd, a'm prŷd,
Tra bwyv yn poeni yma o hŷd,
A'm holl ganiadau cû:
Adverwch vy naturiol vaint,
Fy Rhyddid! nid oes mo'i gwerth na'i maint;
Nid oes, ni vydd, ni vu!

II.

Dïolch i ti, herlodes lan †,
Am dy holl roddion, mawr a mân!
Ond tyr'd, iacha vy mriw:
O vewn vy nghalon 'i y mae
Trymder, wylovain, ing, a gwae;
Dw̄g rhai 'n, a bydd vy nuw!

III.

Nid ydwyv vi ond 'sgrubl gwael,
Am hyn na vô vy nghŷwyn rhy hael;
Pa achos sydd, paham?

* Canary Islands near the coast of Africa—the scene of that murderous traffic—the Slave Trade,—shame and disgrace of every Christian nation!

† Ei weinyddes.

Dim, mal y bloedd sy accw draw,
Y tristweh, trallod, govid, braw!
Clyw—"Achub vi, vy mam *!"

IV.

Nid ydyw'r cynvil hwnw ddyn,
Dim dynol ganddo ond y llŷn,
'R hwn ni wnaeth dda erioed:
Yr hwn ni theimla dros y gwan;
Nid oes TRUGAREDD ynddo ran:
Rheswm yn over iddo rhoed!

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XVIII.

I. BARDIC MOTTO IN POWYS †.

Ο φθόνος ιστὶ κακιστος, ἔχει δὲ τι κακὸν ἐν αὐτῷ.
Τήναι γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδίη.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—As you have in your Number for January, page 161, in the words of the Carthaginian Queen,—

("Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,")

candidly declared your pages open to animadversions upon such communications from your correspondents, as stand fairly exposed to wholesome castigations, I have presumed to offer a few remarks upon a letter inserted in the same Number, signed "A Powysian." In a style of studied turgidity, smelling strongly of oil, he commences his attack upon an unoffending individual, by passing some flattering encomiums on the "great erudition and discretion displayed at Caermarthen, in September, 1819,"—on the "much talent and erudition exhibited at Wrexham" the following September, and

* Mae'r Ynysoed a elwir *Y Canaries* yn agos i Africa, lle y mae masnach erchyll mewn dynion! Gwarudwydd a chywilydd Cristionogion!

† We admit the following letter upon the principle, to which our correspondent adverts at the commencement of it; but there are one or two expressions in it, of which we must not be thought to approve, and which we cannot regard as having been strictly justified by the occasion.—ED.

on the "admirable accomplishments of the antiquarians," &c. at that *Eisteddvod*. Here the "Powysian" might as well have closed his declamation: but praise, unadulterated with flimsy aspersions, would not have answered his purpose.—The basilisk of ancient romance, crested with scales of ruby and sapphire hues, had a tail armed with a venomous sting;—so, in this case, an ill-natured reptile is discovered lurking beneath the withered flowers of forced eulogium. The "Powysian," after being so lavish of his praises on the Bard of Nantglyn, declaring that he and his prize-ode "*both* deserved a medal of gold," betrays the cloven foot by picking a quarrel with the Bard's shadow, or the motto upon his well-earned medal.—"It is objectionable," he says, "from two considerations—1st. poetical imperfection—2ndly. and chiefly, the vague idea which it conveys." Here are two elves conjured up by the exorcism of the "Powysian," which have no existence, saving in his own fanciful brain; and now let us try, whether these said *elves* will not vanish into fœtid air, by being exposed to the eye of candour.

1st. As to "poetical imperfection."—The motto, as far as I can learn, as well as the whole inscription on the obverse, was adopted by some friend of the Bard's in London, (and friends he has many in town and country wherever he is known)—and must have been nearly to the following purport—for I have never seen the medal:—"To Mr. R. D. of Nantglyn, Chaired-Bard of the *Eisteddvod* at Wrexham, September 1820, for his Ode on the death of George III;" and then followed the distich, the effect of friendly humour:—

" Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Ei hun biodd hen Bowys."

Whether the first word (*Bardd*) occurs on the medal, I cannot tell; it must, however, have been intended, as the line is one syllable too short without it.—It was certainly omitted in your Catalogue of the Medals inserted in your Number for April last—and whether the omission originated with the engraver, or your compositor, is of no great moment. But give me leave, Sir, to notice, that in the same Catalogue you placed the Chaired-Bard, Mr. R. D. in the second class as it were, or below Mr. Evan Evans of Treiriw. This little error ought to have sufficiently gratified the "Powysian," and acted as a

narcotic to allay his spleen. But no: he proposes another distich as a substitute for the erroneous one, which had given him so much offence; which is this—

“ Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys,”

Here it is evident, that “poetical imperfection” is more glaring than in the original distich so much complained of, and I would advise Mr. R. D. to adopt the second line, “*Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys*,” as an example of “*Twyll Cynghanedd*,” among the “*Beiau ac Anawau Cerdd Davawd*” in the third edition of his Welsh Grammar, which, it is expected, will be called for by a discerning public.

Now for the 2nd eye-sore in the motto, *supposed* to be on the medal, namely the “vague idea which it conveys.” This vagueness is thought to exist in the second line: “*Ei hun biodd hen Bowys*.” I own that this line is a venial plagiarism. It was written by Rhys Cain in the sixteenth century, and applied to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, a prince of Powys in the eleventh. I see no harm at all in borrowing this line, and appropriating it with good nature and humour to the successful bard of Powys at Wrexham. He has, at least, as legitimate a right to the *chair* of Powys as Bleddyn had to the *sceptre*: and their respective rights are founded upon bases sufficiently distinct, so as never to be confounded by any person in the time present or to come—in Powys, Gwynedd, Gwent, or Dyfed—save by the solitary and much chagrined “Powysian.” The Bard of Nantglyn’s claim to his *chair* is grounded upon the correct effusions of his flowing *awen*: Bleddyn ab Cynvyn’s claim to his *sceptre* had its origin in blood and massacre—the fall of the illustrious Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, and the favour of the Saxon Harold:—claims as absolutely distinct—as mind is from marble, or a writing-pen from a blunderbuss. And, to shew the fatality of the “Powysian’s” argument in a still clearer light, the motto in question is connected with the dedication to the Bard—upon the obverse of the medal—so that the much-foreboded misconception can never possibly take place, except in the cranium of such as seek occasion to quarrel with shadows and non-entities.

If this apology for the Bard of Nantglyn, and the motto on his medal, be deemed worthy of a niche in your interesting

miscellany, I beg pardon for trespassing so much upon your pages, which ought to be filled with more sterling and appropriate matter than the crude farrago of any itching writer, whether "A Powysian," who "makes much ado about nothing," or, Sir, your obedient servant and constant reader,

Jan. 10, 1822.

A CORNAVIAN.

II. HAMBURGH, OR TREVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—I had formerly in my possession a splendid Dutch Atlas, which, so far as I can recollect, was upwards of a hundred years old, and wherein TREVA was inserted instead of the present name of *Hamburgh*. This is the only instance of my ever seeing that city so called; and I am very anxious to be informed, through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, from any of its readers acquainted with the geography of Germany, whether so remarkable a name be still known, or used in the neighbourhood of that city, or by any people in the north of Germany; or in what ancient authorities it is to be found.

The reasons for my inquiry are, that the Historical Triads, published in the former volumes of your interesting publication, represent the *Cymry* as having originally come to Britain from that part of the continent; that Denmark was historically known by the appellation of the *Cimbric Chersonesus*, or, as we should call it—*Pcnryn y Cymry*; that the *Wendi* of Lusatia, on the northern banks of the Elbe, still speak a sister dialect of the Welsh; and lastly, that TREVA, as a Welsh word, is, literally, a translation of *Hamburgh*.

HANESAI.

III. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.—WELSH LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—Logomachy is not my object; but the remarks in your last on my letter were rather of this character*.

* DEWI is wrong, if he supposes, that a war of words was more our object than his: we had no other intention than to defend the position, which he had attacked. We now insert his rejoinder to our reply, and, even under this disadvantage of two to one against us, have no objection to leave the case to the reader's judgment.—ED.

Perhaps I was not *strictly* correct in the use of some terms; but my meaning, I think, might, without any mistake, be collected from the whole. By elements and materials of speech, the same thing was meant by me, as was meant by the author of the Essay, by "simple elements, which," he says, "although incapable of expressing the various ideas, that subsequently thronged into the human mind, formed the simple, yet solid, basis, upon which the grand superstructure of human speech, in all its splendid and majestic varieties, was progressively reared." Indeed, in the very place, where the terms occur, a clause to explain them is added, "as many as were at first necessary." And those materials formed the "perfect speech" mentioned in another place,—perfect, inasmuch as it was adequate to all the wants of man in Paradise: my letter attached to it no other perfection.—Enough of this. Any dispute about mere terms I most willingly waive. Things rather than words should be the subject of discussion and inquiry.

I have long wished to see some of the characters in our alphabet altered. To these double letters, DD, LL, NG, CH, I would add, PH and TH, which have as distinct a sound as any of the other letters. Of the substitution of z for DD, as in Owen's Dictionary, I do not much approve. These double letters, double according to the present orthography, should partake of something of the form or shape of the simple ones from which they are derived. Some new characters might be invented, or borrowed, from those found in the *Coelbren y Beirdd*, with some little alteration in their form, more accommodated to the conveniency of printing. How much more concise and elegant would the language appear, were every simple sound conveyed by a single character. I would ask this question to my countrymen—what sort of tool is the best? that which is heavy and ill-shaped, or one that is light and neatly constructed, and, at the same time, sufficiently strong for the purpose? There is scarcely any one in use, either by the husbandman or the mechanic, that has not been much improved since first invented. What would be said of him, that would prefer a cumbersome instrument, the invention of a rude age, to one rendered more useful by the various effects of improvements! Let some of your learned and sensible correspondents, Mr. Editor, in conjunction with yourself, contrive something that may claim

the distinction of being clearly an alteration for the better. And, if my countrymen be obstinate and pertinacious, as you seem to apprehend, let them bear the shame of continuing the use of what is cumbrous and unsightly, in preference to what is handsome and well formed. Nothing sacred can be considered as connected with our present characters. They have not the privilege of antiquity. They are not British, but borrowed from the Romans. They have not the sanction of uniform custom, having undergone several changes. Why then retain them, if a real improvement be offered, since they have nothing to recommend them to our attachment?

Your's, &c.

DEWI.

IV. WELSH MSS. IN LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Feeling much anxiety for the success of our literature, but unfortunately possessing little power to forward it, I submit the following ideas to the lovers and promoters of so patriotic and praiseworthy an object as the collection and preservation of Cambrian records. Were I competent to undertake it, I would willingly perform, myself, what I trust will not be thought an unworthy task by those who possess more time than I do, and who have an advantage, which I have not, namely, an extensive knowledge of the language of the country. But to the point—as every paper or work, connected with the ancient history, manners, customs, and battles of our fathers, is daily becoming more interesting, I now submit, that, since in London and its vicinity, particularly in the parishes of Lambeth and Bermondsey, there are residing a number of Welsh families, who may have in their possession documents or books which may throw a light upon the past days of glory;—

When the red dragon never spread his wing
But in the flight to victory : when the men
Of Powys and of Gwynedd, in the bonds
Of patriotism joining, swept to earth
The proudest lance of England, when her halls
Rang with the sound of noble minstrelsy :—

and, as the major part of these people are in humble circumstances, on which account it is more than probable, that such

books or papers may become the prey of some modern Goth, in the shape of a cheesemonger, as mere waste paper, I propose, that those gentlemen, who *really* take an interest in the dignity of "the land of rocks and mountains," do take into consideration the prospect, I have pointed out, of gleaning some farther knowledge among their humble countrymen, and make a tour, if I may so designate it, among them; and I feel satisfied, that their time and trouble would be amply rewarded. Trusting, this will not be deemed an intrusion upon your pages, I request its insertion, and remain

Your obedient Servant,

S. R. JACKSON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PALESTINE, a Poem by HEBER, and THE BARD, by GRAY, Translated into Welsh, by W. OWEN PUGHE, to which are added MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.—LONDON, 1822.

THE "PALESTINE" of Mr. Heber is one of the few academical prize-poems, that have survived the occasion, which gave them birth; and the poetical richness of its language, the elevated tone of feeling that pervades it, but, above all, the sublime and interesting associations, that belong to the subject, one of the most felicitous that the muse could have selected, fully entitle it to the distinction it thus enjoys. For this reason a translation of it into the language of the Cymry must, of necessity, prove an acceptable accession to our national literature, and especially when this service is performed by the author of *Coll Gwynva*, who, by every new offering of his pen, has the merit of conferring upon his country a new and essential obligation in this respect. The volume before us contains also, it will be seen, a Translation of Gray's "Bard," and some Miscellaneous Poems, all of them, it is unnecessary to add, of considerable interest; but the two principal poems, from their particular subjects and from the intrinsic excellence of the originals, naturally demand our chief attention; and of the "Bard," it may farther be said, that the historical events, on which it is founded, render its appearance in a Welsh dress peculiarly gratifying.

The time and space, to which we are at this moment limited, will not allow us to enter as much into detail as we once intended. Yet we are not aware, that we should be able, by any observations, to present the real merit of these translations in a stronger view than may be done by the few passages we shall extract, and which too, we are sure, our readers will accept as an ample apology for the absence of any critical commentary of our own. The first extract is the commencement of "Palestine;" and we shall, in this and in the subsequent instances, give the original lines as well as the version.

"Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion; mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling?
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade."

"Dy blant dân raib, yn mhlith gelynion ti
Amddivad, wyla, vanon weddw, wael,
Tros gov, ti Tsïon, wyla! Ai dy le
Yw hwn, truenus Caer, dy orsedd hon,
Y cwna difaith gwyllt ei greigiawl grib
Oddiarni? tra y taena haul di lad
Ei ddig erwynder, ac y crwydriaid blin
Eu taith á geisiant vlas y fynnon brin?—
Pa le yn awr dy rwysg, á selid gân
Vreninoedd er eu mig? pa le yn awr
Dy nerth á drechai y breninoedd hyn?
Neb rhialluoedd nis byddinant yn
Dy borth; neb cenedl ciriawl yn dy Deml
Ni heilia; yn dy wymp gynteddau nis
Defrôa bardd darogan delyn, chwaith
Ni swyna can: ond Divrawd, hevyd cul

Eisiwed, ac anwadal olwg Ovn
 Terylla yno, tra, yn mysg dy vriw
 Adveiliant, Anghov is eiddiorwg hudd
 Yn oer á dwya ei asgellen laith *.”—P. 3.

The happy characteristics of Mr. Heber's muse are very conspicuous in this passage; and the Welsh reader will see, that they are preserved, with considerable felicity, by Mr. Pughe, who has also communicated to some of the lines that melodious smoothness, which we had so much occasion to admire in *Coll Gwynva*. The single word, *rhiallued*, by which “ martial myriads ” is translated, cannot fail to be also noticed as an instance of the force and expressiveness of the Welsh tongue.

The next passage comprises the fine appeal to the Supreme Being on behalf of the Jews, the Welsh translation of which will not suffer from a comparison with the original.

“ O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
 Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd !
 If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;
 If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?
 For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play d ? ”

“ O Ti, eu Tad, eu Llywydd, ac eu Ner,
 Cu am Dy drugareddau, am Dy nerth
 Ioledig ! er Dy Enw os digofëynt
 Y tônau vod eu grym, a chwiliaw gân
 Iorddonen adliv am ei hygrych dardd † ;
 Os y mynyddau er Dy Enw á foynt,
 A Sirion valch á grymai veinin bën ;—

* “ Ar y cyvryw ddull y darlunid cwsg gân y Groegiaid.”

† “ Gwela Psalm cxiv.”

I ddwys ovidion Israel gwyra glust,
 A dercha Dy winwydden hir àr gil
 O lwch*! ei chnwd rheibiedig y digred
 A ddygant, a gwyddvaeddod rhwygant ei
 Magwyon. Ai er hyn y lledai hi
 Werinawl rwysg o bell Euphrates hyd
 Y gorllewinawl vor? ei changau dros
 Aml vryn er hyn y tavlai, ac o dwv
 Ei breichiau llydain vâl cedrwyddi gwiw?
 Y cysgai dân ei chysgawd Edom valch,
 Uwch yr Arabiain ddwv'n y chwariai vrig?"—P. 13.

The advent of the Messiah in the following extract is also described in a rich vein of poetry, to which Mr. Pughe has done ample justice.

"Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming thro' the sky,
 Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 And crowding nations drank the orient light.
 Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant King!
 Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
 The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
 Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
 Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
 He comes:—but not in regal splendour drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
 Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war.
 Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
 Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
 And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
 The beams of gladness hell's dark cave's illumine,
 And mercy broods above the distant gloom.'

"Na gwag eu gobaith:—yn pelydru drwy
 Y nwyvre, taenai oddivry wawr dydd
 O cirian luch; y drych á lawenâai
 Ynysoedd cithav daiar, ac y brys
 Genedloedd yvynt y dwyrâin wawl.
 Gân seren, rhion dygynt roglau per
 Assyria, ac eu Ncr y doethion lleddv

"* Gwela Psalm lxxx. 8—14."

A geisynt ! ai, yn eddain uwch ei bèn,
 A sylwych màn y taenai aden wèn
 Colomen flwch ogoniant odd y nev ?
 Merch Tsïon ! ter vrenines ! llawenâa !
 Dygurer law, gân elwch dercher lais !
 Dyddawa eve,—ond nid mewn rhïawl vri,
 Y dalaith valch, y Tyriain doron rudd ;
 Nid flàm ei arv, oll eirian luch o bell,
 Glw lluoedd, a phenadur rhyvel blwng.
 Messiah doa :—taweled cynhen wyllt ;
 Doed hedd âr ddaïar rhag Tywysawg hedd !
 Trydeimlant glwyv a nych ei dwyad mad,
 Cythreuliaid cryn ing enaid blin llaesânt ;
 Trwy fauau ufern llathra lawen wawr,
 Ac uwch gwyll maith trugaredd brydia ias.”—P. 23.

We must here, though reluctantly, close our extracts from “Palestine,” in order to leave room for a short specimen of the “Bard,” which, for reasons already adverted to, has its peculiar claims on the Welsh reader ; and there are some, no doubt, who will also give it a preference on account of the more national metre, adopted in the translation. Unfortunately, we can only afford space for the commencement of the Ode ; and the happy manner, in which Mr. Pughe has transfused into his version the wild abruptness of the original, “Ruin seize thee &c.,” cannot fail to be noticed, and the whole is executed, with the same spirit. As this poem of Gray’s is so well known, we deem it unnecessary to transcribe the original lines.

“ ‘ RHEIBIED tranc ti, vrenin trwch !
 ‘ Càn drwst cei wae o dristwch ;
 ‘ Trwy gad cei vrad âr dy vri,
 ‘ O gwydd, o gawdd banieri,
 ‘ Er i orvod, rudd yrva,
 ‘ Heiliaw hawl ei hwyl i dra.
 ‘ I ti ni ddora er tawr
 ‘ Gyvgaened wèn na phênawr,
 ‘ Ni weddant dy rinweddau, dreisiad ! chwaith,
 ‘ Na letho arnat laith lwyth ovnau
 ‘ Nos, ac annosant nwydau Cymru lwy
 ‘ Dy enaid cudd gân ddwys gystuddiau* !
 Diasbed seiniau arswyd syn
 Vâl hyn yn rhyn rhuadwy

“ * B. A. 1282. Cyrchai Iorwerth I. â y Cymry, ac y deuai un o ei

Ar wysg rhwysg Iorwerth certh y tacnai
 Vraw, am Eryri draw pan droai
 Fordd ei osgordd vaith, daith ddiervai :
 Dewr lyw Caerloew dilavar savai * :
 Arvwn! Mortimer goralwai, a phar
 Ryn ias àr wanas argyveiriai †." —P. 41.

To give, in a few words, our general opinion of these translations, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them worthy of their author. The same native energy and beauty of diction, the same nice discernment in the choice of expressions, the same rejection of uncouth and vulgar phraseology, that distinguish *Coll Gwynva*, are conspicuous here. And the feeble termination of lines, to which we objected as a trivial blemish in the former poem, is not of such frequent occurrence in the publication before us, of which, we think, we may also say, that it adheres, more literally, to the sense of the originals than the Translation of *Paradise Lost*. We are also glad to observe, that Mr. Pughe has, on this occasion, very properly rejected the double F, so preposterously retained in our modern orthography, without one argument of reason or common sense in its favour. In a word, whoever admires our ancient language for those characteristics, for which it is chiefly valuable, will hail, with pleasure, this new illustration of them by one, so well qualified for the task.

Of the miscellaneous poems, some translations and others original, a few have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and one will be found in a subsequent page. The remainder it is our intention to insert hereafter. The work, we should also mention, is very appropriately dedicated to those English gentlemen, that patronize a cultivation of the Welsh tongue; we say *appropriately*, since it appears to be one of Mr. Pughe's main objects, in all his writings, to instil into strangers such favourable, and, at the same time, correct ideas respecting our venerable language, as they are very unlikely to acquire from the generality of modern Welsh publications.

vyddinoedd gân vrad, trwy avon Gwy, wrth y Buallt, ac yno ar warthav
 y tywysawg Llywelyn, ac y lladdid ev, Rhagvyr 10, 1282; ac aethai Ior-
 werth rhagddo i oresgynu Gwynedd; ac y daliai y tywysawg Davydd,
 ac y dygid i Amwythig, a dienyddid eve yno."

" * Hwn oedd Gilbert de Clar, à gyveenwid Y Coch, Iarll Caerloew a Henfordd, mab-yn-nghyvraith i Iorwerth."

" † Edmond de Mortimer, Arlwydd Wigmor."

Awen Cymru.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

CI.

Y MAE clod ac anghlod yn gonglog,
A digon o degwech celwyddog;
Haws yw cael bran un gan ag y gog,
Nac yw adnabod dau-wynebog.

CII.

Bu yn agos i mi ddywedyd
Chwedl mawr, pe imi enyd;
Ond yn awr yr wyv yn canvod,
Mai da yw dant i attal tavod.

I HAV*.

Ti Hav, hoew nav y nwyvau,
Hwyva wres y vynwës vau,
I syniaw hynaws ènyd,
Ac er bod adwywiad byd;
A hònav dy dirioni
Mawr, o rym nawd erom ni,
Ac anian yn eirianu
Gàn o vod y cyvnod cu
I eidiaw dy deleidion,
Ir a glas, gàn ias wyrv lòn;
Dolau gleision yn glwysaw
O liw ter gwiw freuon fraw;
Dy hinon lòn tiriona,
Er bod o hyd byd y da;
A syniav swyn o lwyni
Gàn gor dy ganorion di.

IDRISON.

* We extract this from among the MANION in Mr. Owen Pughe's new volume of Poems, of which we give an account in this Number.—ED.

English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

CI.

IN praise or blame no truth is found,
 Whilst specious lies do so abound ;
 Sooner expect a tuneful crow,
 Than man with double face to know.

CII.

My speech, until this very day,
 Was ne'er so like to run astray :
 But now I find, when going wrong,
 My teeth of use to stop my tongue.

A CAMBRIAN MELODY.

MOURN for the days that are departed,
 Mourn for the brave and noble-hearted,
 Mourn, Cambria, mourn :
 Mourn ! for the bright day of thy glory
 Lives alone in the minstrel's story :
 Ne'er can it return.

Mighty names adorn thy pages,
 Gallant warriors, bards, and sages,—
 All, alas, are gone :
 Yet are left in thy dominions
 Spots, where Fame has spread her pinions,
 Still to gaze upon.

Though Time's wing hath long swept o'er thee,
 Though thou'rt fallen, we adore thee,
 Mother of the brave !
 On each lonely rock and mountain
 Blood has flow'd as from a fountain,
 Thou wert Freedom's grave.

Great were those, who died to save thee,
 Deathless the renown they gave thee ;
 Peaceful in their urn

Sleep the brave and noble hearted ;
Mourn for the days, that are departed,
Mourn, Cambria, mourn !

S. R. J.

ANOTHER.

ON Carno's hills with nimble feet
The deer were wont to bound ;
But Carno's hills no more repeat
The baying of the hound.
The noble youths, who chased the deer,
In battle have been slain ;
And never to the morning's ear
Those sounds shall come again.

In Carno's groves 'tis dark and still ;
The harp the minstrels shun,
Which sweetly rang o'er dale and hill
In praise of Gruffydd's son.
Oh ! when again shall music sweet,
Ring from the mellow horn ;
Or from yon hills the deer's light feet
Sweep the cold dews of morn ?

S. R. J.

The " VALE OF TYWY *."

AIR—" *Over the Water.*"

I.

SWEET vale of the Tywy, how pleasant 'tis now
To gaze on thy beauties from GRONGAR'S † high brow !
When thy soft lucid waters so peacefully run,
And thy wild-rose hath bared her white breast to the sun ;
When thy groves are as calm, as when MERDDIN ‡ here rovd,
And their shade is as still as the shade that he lov'd !

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's Second Number of " Welsh Melodies," and written by Mr. Jones of Swansea, author of " Lorin, or the Wanderer in Wales."—Ed.

† A mountain in Carmarthenshire."

‡ Merddin, the Bard of Ambrosius—a celebrated poet, who flourished

When thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day;
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

II.

Oh! how much unlike that fell day to the brave,
When the blood of thy TUDOR* so crimson'd the wave,
And the snakes † of ingratitude, hissing accurs'd,
Wreath'd round the red hand of the viper he nurs'd!
But that day is gone by, and 'tis now like a dream,
To suppose such a day ever honoured thy stream:
Where thy own native lark in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

III.

There is not a spot so delicious on earth,
To the bosom of rest, as the spot of its birth,
Where we've sung a gay couplet, or breath'd a love tale,
To the fair little nymphs of our dear native vale;
And no where doth nature more bountiful shine
On a vale of this world, my sweet Tywy, than thine;
Where thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

THIS Society has recently made some essential progress towards the promotion of the design, for which it was originally instituted, in the purchase of a considerable portion of MSS.

about the middle of the fifth century. [There were two poets of this name. The other was Merddin ab Morvryn, commonly called Merddin Wyllt, who lived in the sixth century. There is a biographical memoir of him in the second volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON. p. 256.—ED.]

“ * *Rhys ab Tewdwr*—Prince of South Wales in the eleventh century.”

“ † Alluding to *Einion ab Collucyn*, a Lord of Dyved, who joined *Iestyn ab Gurgant*, against *Rhys ab Tewdwr*, and procuring assistance from the English court, the combined forces gave him battle at *Hircan Wrgant*, on the borders of Breconshire, where *Tewdwr* was defeated, taken prisoner, and put to death, being at the time upwards of ninety years old. [See vol. 1. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 213, for a notice of the event here alluded to.—ED.]

and printed books' belonging to the late Mr. Owen Jones, the patriotic publisher of the *Archaiology*. The MSS. comprise numerous productions of the Welsh bards, subsequent to the period at which the *Archaiology* left off, down, we believe, to the reign of Elizabeth, some *Mabinogion*, and a variety of historical, genealogical, and miscellaneous treatises connected with Wales, and some of considerable interest. It is the intention of the Society, we believe, to make a selection from these for the purpose of continuing the *Archaiology*; and it is to be hoped, that they will experience, on this occasion, that patriotic co-operation, which is indispensable to the accomplishment of their purpose, and, especially, that the Societies in the country will see the policy of uniting their funds with those of the Cymmrodorion for the promotion of this national object. But we have a recollection, that Resolutions to this effect have already been very laudably adopted by some, at least, of the institutions, to which we allude.

In the course of the last fortnight the President of this Society has received a letter from the "Royal Society of Antiquaries," at Paris, intimating their wish to open a correspondence with the Cymmrodorion, and accompanied by the third volume of their "*Memoirs*." We hope in our next to be able to give a more particular account of this communication, as well as of the "*Memoirs*," from which we will extract any thing, that may have a reference to the particular views of this publication. In the mean time it is gratifying to be able to state, even thus generally, that there is this prospect of a correspondence between the two Societies, that may ultimately prove productive of much benefit to the objects they have respectively in view.

CYMMRODORION IN POWYS.

WE noticed incidentally, in our last Number, that a communication of some interest had recently been made by this Institution to the Cambrian Society in Dyfed, but with the nature of which we were unacquainted. In consequence of the note we then subjoined, we have since been favoured by a friend with the proceedings, to which that communication had reference, and which took place, so long ago as the 16th of October, at a Committee-meeting held at Welshpool, under

the presidency of C. W. W. Wynn, Esq. M.P. and upon which occasion the following Resolutions, amongst others of less public interest, were passed :—

I. That this Society thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the Primary Report of the CYMMRODORION, or METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION, accompanied with a communication proposing an union between that Institution and the several Provincial Societies having similar objects in view.

II. That this Society, sensible of the advantages likely to result from the union recommended, with great readiness accedes to the proposal.

III. That, in acceding to such union, this Society proposes to co-operate with the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, and the Provincial Societies, to the utmost extent of its means, in promoting their common objects, viz.—Collecting and publishing ancient British MSS. continuing the Welsh Archaeology*, and publishing Transactions, and such other works, as may throw light on the history, literature, and manners of the ancient British Nation.

IV. That the Proprietors of the different Collections of Welsh MSS. in Powys be respectfully requested to allow the Society to appoint a proper person to prepare a Catalogue of them, or to favour the Society with such a Catalogue;—the Catalogues to contain a description and contents of the several MSS. accompanied with such remarks on their subjects, and supposed Authors, &c. as may be deemed useful with a view to publication.

In compliance with the spirit of these Resolutions, a Circular was immediately transmitted by the Secretaries to the Members of the Society, and to the proprietors of Welsh MSS. within the district of Powys, inviting their co-operation towards promoting the objects above noticed; and it may be hoped, that, as more than four months have since passed away, the desired result has, in some degree at least, been produced. If not, we fear there must exist an inveterate supineness amongst our native mountains, which it will require more Resolutions, and more Circulars, to rouse into action. We wait, therefore, with some anxiety for information, whe-

* See the preceding article.—Ed.

ther the "Proprietors of Welsh MSS. in Powys" (for there are several we know) have complied or not with the wishes of the Society*. In the mean time, the laudable *efforts* of the Cymmrodorion in Powys are worthy of our best commendation, as well as of being imitated by the other Welsh institutions.

Literary Announcements.

A WORK has recently been published under the title of "THE NORTHERN CAMBRIAN MOUNTAINS, or a Tour through North Wales, describing the Scenery and general character of the Country," which is, decidedly, the most splendid, and at the same time the most accurate, publication of this nature it ever fell to our lot to inspect. The views, which are coloured, are all of them of the most finished character, and, as far as our local knowledge carries us, perfectly faithful to the originals. They are, in number, thirty-nine, comprising some of the most interesting and romantic spots of North Wales, and are thus apportioned to the respective counties: Anglesey 1, Caernarvon 17, Denbigh 4, Flint 2, Merioneth 13, and Montgomery 2. Of these, eight are different views of Cader Idris and Snowdon, or of the places in their immediate vicinity, and some of them representing those celebrated mountains in their boldest and most characteristic features. To the several views are annexed brief descriptions; the whole of them, as far as our examination has gone, founded on the best information. We may also add, in the words of the Preface, that no "embellishments of composition, which always destroy the likeness, are introduced into any of the views." The engravings, which, generally speaking, deserve every praise, are by Turner, Compton, Robson, Gandy, Nicholson, Girtin, De Went, Fielding and Prout.

WE are enabled to inform our readers that the Work on Bardic Literature, entitled CYVRINACH BEIRDD YNYS PRYDAIN, proposed to be edited by Mr. Edward Williams, Bard, respecting which we have already given some particulars*, it is expected to be ready for publication in the course of the present month. Both Welsh and English Prospectuses of this interesting work have been circulated; of the latter of which the following is a copy. "In the Press, and speedily will be published, in the Welsh Language, THE ESOTERIC LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS under the Heads of, 1. Canons of the Poetical Criticism of the Bards.—2. Laws of Welsh Versification in all its varieties, and

* We hope the Secretaries of Powys will oblige us by some intelligence on this point.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. pp. 286, 333, and No. 26, p. 227.—ED.

singular peculiarities from the remotest periods to the close of the 16th Century.—3. Laws, Polity, and Discipline of the Ancient Bards.—4. The Esoteric Mythology, and Theology of the Ancient British Bards or Druids.—Compiled from Ancient and authentic M. S. documents, and from the Bardic Voice Conventional or Guarded Oral Tradition of the ancient British Bards, still from time immemorial retained in the CHAIR, so termed, or Bardic Presidiality of Glamorgan, by Llewelyn Sion, about the year 1600; with augmentations by Edward David, about the year 1680, both Institutional Bards of the Chair of Glamorgan.—With Explanatory Notes, and an Historical and Critical Introduction, by the Editor.”

Mr. GEE, Printer, Denbigh, has sent forth PROPOSALS for publishing by subscription “The Book of Common Prayer of the United Church of England and Ireland” in English and Welsh in concurrent Columns; by means of which, persons, imperfectly acquainted with either tongue, may, on attending Divine service, used therein, not only comprehend what they hear, but also gain a knowledge of the language. The same Printer has likewise issued PROPOSALS for publishing in a similar manner a neat pocket edition of the NEW TESTAMENT, having the English and Welsh in concurrent columns, with the usual marginal references in narrow columns between them. The subscription list for the former work is already honoured in a very liberal manner with the names of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., Sir Thos. Mostyn, Sir John Williams, Sir J. Huddart, Joseph Ablett, Esq. Col. Hughes, The Dean of Bangor, The Dean of St. Asaph, The Archdeacon of Merioneth, Rev. R. Williams, Bangor, &c. &c. And the latter is expected to receive a similar liberal and extensive patronage.

PROPOSALS have also issued from the office of Mr. WILLIAMS, Printer, Brecon, for publishing a new Edition of Warrington's HISTORY OF WALES. “This work,” the prospectus observes, “commences with a review of the British History previous to the Invasion of this Country by Julius Cæsar (fifty years before the Christian era) and then proceeds to investigate the motives of policy, to trace back the effects to their causes, to delineate personal, or national characters, and to digest the materials of the narration in that perspicuous order, which is essential to the grace and utility of historical composition, and which is performed with such impartiality, that the author's country cannot be discovered in his writings; but he candidly declares himself to be an Englishman, and says that “whatever prejudices may be discovered in this work in favour of the Welsh, it has neither the partiality of an author to his subject, nor the prejudice of a native; but the voluntary tribute of justice and humanity, which is due to the cause of freedom, and the violated rights of nature.”

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

APRIL, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

WE regret, that the letter of W. W. does not come sufficiently within our plan, for insertion. With Mr. Owen of Lanark, and his Utopian projects, the CAMBRO-BRITON can, of course, have no concern. However, we may say, briefly, in reply to our correspondent, that we have always understood Mr. Owen to be a native of Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, and that he formerly carried on business there in the flannel trade. He has, we believe, published some account of his plan, but, as to the fate of the £50,000 subscribed towards its accomplishment, we must refer our correspondent for information to Mr. Owen himself.—In answer to the latter part of W. W.'s letter we have to say, that, as far as our knowledge goes, "the *whole* of Merddin's prophecies" have not been translated; but a considerable portion of them may be found, in an English dress, in Mr. Jones's "Relics of the Welsh Bards."

We ought, perhaps, to apologize to our readers for an unusual quantity of Notes in the present Number; but this arises from the nature of the articles it contains, which appeared to stand peculiarly in need of illustration. And we hope our readers have, ere this, discovered, that it forms a particular object of the CAMBRO-BRITON to establish just views of the subjects to which it relates. We are, therefore, always solicitous, that, as far as lies in our power, its pages should contain no error uncorrected, no obscurity unexplained. And we know of no means so effectual for this purpose as that, of which we are speaking.

The Correspondents of the CAMBRO-BRITON would oblige us much, by attending, in their communications, to the alteration we have adopted in Welsh orthography, as it would prevent some inconvenience. At present, scarcely, any two articles we receive, are written upon the same plan in this respect; whereas all must be reduced to one common standard before they go into the hands of the printer.

D. E. will find, that we have made use of his acceptable contribution. We will endeavour to bring our Pegasus into proper training by next month for the purpose he wishes; but the animal has not been in the very best condition of late.

We are under the necessity of reserving for the next Number the promised continuation of the article on the CYMRU; but we trust, it will suffer nothing by the delay.

J. J. (Oxford) has our best thanks, and shall hear from us soon. We, unfortunately, have not, at present, a copy of his *Cerdd*, but will make inquiries about it.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. XXVII. P. 286, l. 3 from the bottom, "*Papauis*" (*Papauis*). p. 313, l. 1. "*Nae*" (*Nac*). p. 319, l. 22, "as for" (as far). l. 32. "it is expected" (is expected).

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

APRIL, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO de Legibus.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL.

THE COMMON LAW.

[Continued from page 264.]

Of Women.*

IF a female slave shall have become pregnant, he, that causes her to become so, ought to provide another to serve in her stead until she is delivered, as well as the nursing of the child, after she is delivered, without inconvenience to him to whom the slave belongs; and, if she die in childbirth, he must pay her legal price to the lord, and a chamber-heriot to the lord's wife †, viz. thirteen pence.

If a female alien ‡ be going through the country, and die on her journey, let there be paid to the person, that owns the land, sixteen pence as a fine for her death-clod §.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 381. Wotton's "Leges Walliæ," p. 86.

† The words in the original are *ebediw ystavellqwg o'i wraig*, which Wotton translates, but, as it would seem, erroneously, "*faminæ cameram possidentis mortuarium*." He adds, however, that the meaning of *ystavellaug* is obscure. Whatever it mean, it applies here to the heriot, and not to the woman, at he has taken it.

‡ Here Wotton has "*peregrina novitia*:" the original expression is *alltud o wraig*. *Alltud* means, literally, one of another land, and, as we noticed in our last Number, is generally used for an alien. Hence *alltud cenedlaug* is an alien born, and *alltud tramor* an alien from beyond sea: *alltud priodaui* has the sense of a native vassal.

§ This is a literal translation of *marwduwarchen*, which seems to have implied the spot of ground in which a person was buried. In this sense Taliesin uses the word, when he says—

Nid hysbys gan neb ei farwduwarchen.

No one is acquainted with his death-clod.

If a man wish to separate from his wife, and to take another, the first is at liberty; for one man cannot have two wives.

Every wife ought to go away freely where she pleases; for she ought not to be obliged to return to her own family*; and nothing is due to her besides her commutation-fee, and that only one commutation-fee; for a wife has no heriot except her commutation-fee. In the same manner that a man pays but one heriot, a woman is bound to pay but one commutation-fee; for there belongs to her no heriot, nothing but her commutation-fee.

A woman shall not be admitted as bail or witness against a man.

If a woman be seen coming from one side of a grove† and the man from another, or coming out of an empty house, or under one cloak,—if they deny *their illicit intercourse*‡, the oaths of fifty women are required from the woman, and those of so many men from the man.

If a Welshwoman be married to an alien, her satisfaction§ shall be according to the privilege of her husband until his death, and, after his death, until she take another husband; for she can have no return|| to the privilege of her tribe.

If a Welshwoman be married to an alien, and they have

* The meaning of the original word in this place, *carddychwel*, is involved in some obscurity. Mr. Owen, in his Dictionary, derives it from *cardd* and *chwel*, and applies to it, accordingly, the signification of “going into exile:” this, however, appears to be doubtful, as the more probable etymology of the word is *car* and *dychwel*, which would give it the sense of “return” as above. We have, therefore, adopted this meaning, as more agreeable with the context, and which is still more obviously the case in a subsequent passage, where the same word recurs. Wotton, by a periphrasis, renders the term “non enim a gentilibus suis invita repetenda est,” which has the same import that we have adopted. Dr. Davies, it may be added, has inserted the word in his Dictionary, but has made no attempt to explain it.

† *Llwyn a pherth*, literally, “grove and brake,” is an expression which occurs often in these Laws, and implies “secrecy” in a particular sense of the word. Hence *grwaig llwyn a pherth* is a harlot, and *mab llwyn a pherth* an illegitimate child. Wotton, in a note upon the expression, says, “dicatur de clanculariis inter virum et feminam congressibus.”

‡ This expression does not occur in the original, but is here introduced to supply the sense.

§ *Sarhaed*.

|| The original word here is *ymchwel*.

male children*, they shall be entitled to their patrimony by their maternal affinity†, but they shall not be entitled to a share of the privileged land‡ until the third generation; but the son of an alien by a woman of a chief family§ shall be entitled to a share of the whole. The sons of such women shall pay cattle without pledges:—the cause of these cattle being called cattle without pledges is because there is no father's family to pay them, only that of the mother||.

A woman ought not to purchase or sell unless she is married; and, from the time she is married, she may purchase and sell.

Three women there are, whose sons have the privilege of claiming by maternal affinity: a Welshwoman, who has been married to an alien; a woman who has been betrothed in a strange country**, if she be with child and have betrothed herself from her tribe and her lord; and a woman, upon whom an alien shall have committed a rape††.

If a maid be married, and her maiden-fee be not demanded before she gets up the following morning, her husband is not bound to answer for it from that time forwards.

* *Plant meibion*: Wotton's copy has *plant* only.

† The word, rendered by "maternal affinity," is *mamtrys*.

‡ The privileged land, *tyddyn breiniawl*, here alluded to, was, most probably, the land exempted from rent and service.

§ Wotton appears to have misunderstood the sense of this passage, which he renders by "*nisi advena fuerit princeps inter suos.*" We are inclined to think, however, that *penaeth* has reference here to the mother's family, and not to the father's.

|| The words, here translated "cattle without pledges," are, in the Archaiology, *gwartheg deuach*, in which there appears to be some error; for we confess ourselves unable to discover the meaning of *deuach* as here applied. We have, therefore, preferred following Wotton, who has, in three copies, *gwartheg diuach*, which he properly renders by "*vacæ sine sponsione.*" He also refers to a Law Triad, wherein the same term is used on precisely the same occasion: we have consulted the Archaiology in vain for this Triad, which is inserted in p. 330 of Wotton's work. It would appear from all this, that a pledge or security was usually given for the payment of a fine, but that in certain cases, as in the one before us, it was not required.

** *Gulad anghyvrraith*.

†† In the Law Triads (Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 322) the three women, whose sons have the peculiar claim above specified, are somewhat differently described. This clause does not occur in Wotton's copy.

If a maiden declare not the use of her maiden-fee* before she rises from her bed, her maiden-fee is not due afterwards, unless it be in common between them.

A daughter is entitled to no more of her father's goods than the half of what her brother has; and she ought only to pay, as a satisfaction for murder, the half of what her brother pays, and that on account of her children; and, if she have no children, and swear on her part, that there never will be any, she ought not to pay any thing, and, if there be any, and they are arrived at the legal age, they ought to pay for themselves from that time forward.

No woman, whether old or young, is bound to pay the stock-penny †.

* * * * *

For committing a rape on a married woman no commutation-fee is payable; for it was paid when she was married.

If a woman take a child lawfully to a man, and he disown it, we say, that she ought not, after having once taken it to him, ever to take it to another; for there can be no return ‡ of the child from him, to whom it was first taken.

If a woman be given to a man, and her property specified, and the whole be obtained within the amount of one penny, and that is not obtained, we say, that the man may separate from her, and she shall not take any of her property; and this is the single penny that takes a hundred.

Security is not required for making good the property that a woman has as her portion.

A woman ought to have, as a satisfaction for insult, the third part of her husband's; whether that insult be by homicide or any other means.

* In the original, *O derydd i vorwyrn na ddyweto ei chowyll*, which Wotton translates, and, we think, correctly, "*Si puella non dixerit quem in usum destinabit antipherna sua.*" The words in italics, it will be seen, are supplementary to the original expression.

† This is the translation of *ceiniaeg baladyr* in Owen's Dictionary. *Paladyr* means, properly, the shaft of any thing, and, therefore, of a spear; accordingly Wotton here uses "*denarius hastæ*," which seems to agree with the particular nature of this fine. For the Laws, in another place, say, that it was payable by a man only, as a woman carried nothing but a distaff. It was, in certain cases, the usual penalty for a homicide.

‡ It is here that the word *carddychwcl*, mentioned in a preceding note, is again used, and, we think, it can only have the meaning we have above given it.

A woman is not entitled to jury-women*, neither for theft, nor for murder, nor for surety; only to a jury of men.

The law says, that a woman is not entitled to her maiden-fee after she becomes marriageable, unless she be cleared † by her next of kin, such as her mother, her father, her brothers, and her sisters, as far as seven persons. She ought to be considered marriageable from fourteen upwards; and from thence until the end of forty years she is entitled to maintenance;—that is to say—from fourteen to forty she ought to be considered in her youth, and, after that, as being past child-bearing.

* * * * *

If a man slander a woman; the oaths of seven women are necessary the first time; fourteen the second time; and, thenceforward, for every slander the oaths of fifty women.

If a woman kill a man, she ought to have the stock-penny; for it is she that takes it and does not pay §.

Every lady || is entitled to a commutation-fee from the women of her domain.

Every land-steward is entitled to the commutation-fees within his district.

A common harlot has no privilege; even although a rape be committed on her, she can have no compensation. If a satisfaction for any other injury be due to her **, let it be paid according to the privilege of her brother; and, if she be killed, his satisfaction for murder.

* *Rheithwagedd*:—Wotton translates it “compurgatrices.” *Rhaith* signifies either “law” or “jury;” and, in the former sense, seems to come from the same root as the Chaldaic *oraitha*.

† The original word is *diheura*, which Wotton periphrastically renders by “integritatem ejus præstaverint.” Dr. Davies has “crimine aliquem purgare.” This, however, we think, rather exceeds the proper meaning, which is here at least, in the sense Wotton has adopted, to vouch for another’s purity.

‡ *Enllibiaw*, original; “adulterii accusaverit,”—Wotton.

§ It appears strange, that a woman should be thus rewarded for her offence. Though, as we have seen before, she was not to pay the “stock-penny,” there seems no reason, why she should, in this case, have received it. This was “profiting by her own wrong” with a vengeance.

|| *Arglhyddes*:—probably, a Lady of a Manor in her own right.

** *O sarhaer hithau*:—Wotton translates it “Si injuria alia illi inferatur,” which seems to be the proper construction.

For every misdemeanour; that a woman shall commit, her family shall pay for her, as for the husband, unless she be married; and, if she be married, let her and her husband pay her amercement and forfeiture*.

[*To be continued.*]

THE TRIADS.—No. XXI.

THE WELSHMAN'S TRIADS*.

1. THREE things which every Welshman ought to be so as not to disgrace himself, his country, or his kindred: generous, brave, and merciful.

2. Three things which it is great praise to a Welshman to cultivate: his paternal estate, his family, and his judgment.

3. Three things which every Welshman ought to be in order to gain the love of his country and his tribe: humble, temperate and inoffensive.

4. Three deportments necessary to a Welshman towards such as shall insult him, and all these at the same instant: to reject†, to forgive, to forget.

5. Three things which every Welshman ought incessantly to remember for fear of the disrespect he may suffer from them: his father, his country, and his name of Cymro.

6. Three things which every Welshman ought always to preserve in his thought and in his memory: what is due from

* *Ei chamlerw a'i dirwy* are the original words, the sense of which is not quite correctly rendered by Wotton, who has “*multas publicam et privatam.*” *Chamlw* is explained, in another part of the Laws, to be a fine of three kine or 180 pence; *dirwy* appears to have had a more general signification.—This is the conclusion of the Laws relating to Women, both in the Archaiology and in Wotton.

† Arch of Wales, vol. iii. p. 251. These Triads, in the original *Triodd y Cymro*, were supplied to the Archaiology by Mr. Edward Williams (*Iolo Morganwg*), who transcribed them from a collection made by Thomas ab Ivan of Tre Bryn, in Glamorganshire, in the year 1680. They appear to have been the production of Hopcyn Thomas Phylip, a poet who flourished between 1590 and 1630.

‡ The original word is *ymuerth*, the full meaning of which it is impossible, perhaps, to convey into English.

him, what is due from him, and what is due altogether. And let his due be what it ought to be, and then what is due will be proper and meet*.

7. Three things which a Welshman ought to preserve and defend 'till his death: his sword, his secret, and his friend.

8. Three things in behalf of which a Welshman should die: his country, his good word, and the truth, whatever it be.

9. Three natural qualities which a Welshman ought to improve: over-bravery, over-mildness, and over-mirth †.

10. Three things which, under discretion and rule, are graceful in a Welshman: bravery, mildness, and mirth.

11. Three things which a Welshman ought to love before every thing: the nation of the Cymry, the customs and manners of the Cymry, and the language of the Cymry. :

12. Three things that ought always to be in the recollection of every native Welshman: his God, his fellow-man, and his duty.

13. Three things that every true Welshman loves: the language of his country, the wisdom of his country, and the food of his country.

14. Three things honourable to a Welshman: to accustom himself to the habits of the old Cymry, to consider how to improve the habits that now exist, and to search the world for useful habits ‡ that have not been hitherto known.

15. Three qualities disgraceful to a Welshman: to look with one eye, to hear with one ear, and to assist with one hand.

16. Three things that every native Welshman ought to attend to: his plough, his book, and his law.

17. Three things that are honourable in every Welshman, as the same qualities were in the old Cymry formerly: to be generous, valiant, and amiable.

18. Three things from which, when found in a man, you may swear he is no Welshman: covetousness, cowardice, and moroseness.

* This Triad affords a singular exemplification of the various inflections of the verb *dyleu*, which we find it extremely difficult to retain in the translation.

† *Rhy-lew, rhy-laryaid, a rhy-lawen.*

‡ The word, here translated "habits," is *camau*, which may admit of a larger signification.

19. Three things which a Welshman should not believe : what is said by a stranger, what is said against a stranger, and what is said against what ought to be.

20. Three words that every Welshman ought thoroughly to consider, and justly to preconceive their reason and sense : God, man, and Cymro.

21. Three things that it would best beseem a Welshman to have from his own nation and country : a king, a wife, and a friend.

22. Three strange and foreign things which a Welshman ought entirely to reject : language, custom, and a secret.

23. Three things that preserve the name of a Welshman from degeneracy : to support the claims and honour of his kindred, to live on his own means, and to live, as he ought, both towards God and man.

24. Three things which the nation of the Cymry possess the best of their kind in the world : bardism, law, and instrumental music *.

25. Three things that do honour to a Welshman : strength with peace, wisdom with liberality, and mirth with discretion.

26. Three things that it is of great praise to a Welshman to possess : the sciences of wisdom, the manners of urbanity, and the considerateness of reflection.

27. Three things that dignify a Welshman by making proper use of them : the amusements of his nation, the gentility of his nation, and the vivacity of his nation.

28. The three primitive things of a Welshman over every other nation in the Isle of Britain : a primitiveness of hereditary possession, a primitiveness of civil society, and a primitiveness of Christianity †.

29. Three things indispensable to a Welshman, so that he shall not disgrace his country and nation : to be wisely prepared, to conduct himself discreetly, and to live purely.

* *Cerdd dant* :—It means the poetry sung with music rather than the music itself, and has reference, more particularly, to the favourite custom of singing with the harp.

† The original words, translated "hereditary possession" and "civil society," are *prïodaur* and *brodoriaeth*. The Triads of the Isle of Britain bear testimony, in two instances at least, to the accuracy of the primitive institutions, here ascribed to the Cymry. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. pp. 45, 169, 262, and vol. ii. p. 145.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

THE "OBNOXIOUS PERSONS" OF CATWG THE WISE*.

- A man who knows the good and will not learn it :
- A man who has none to minister to him and will not minister to himself :
- A man who receives many things and who gives nothing :
- A man who contends with his lord until he falls into his pit :
- A man secure in peace who wishes for war and he but a feeble warrior :
- A man who derides another for faults that are manifest in himself :
- A man who imagines himself the best in every thing and he worse than any one :
- A man who borrows so much that it shall not be in his power to repay it :
- A man who gives of his own and leaves himself without any thing :
- A man who promises every thing without fulfilling any thing :
- A man who sells every thing without buying any thing :
- A man who threatens every body and whom no one fears :
- A man who talks much and to whom nobody listens :
- A man who so falsely swears that nobody believes him :
- A man who reveals his secret to a fool, or to a foe, or to such as he knows will not conceal it :
- A man who asks for every thing he sees and who gets nothing :
- A man who brings himself into dishonour for the honour of another :
- A man who sees much of life and of science and learns nothing :
- A man who buys every thing without gaining any profit :
- A man who hates every body and every body him :
- A man who believes nobody and nobody him :
- A man who finds fault and he himself faulty :
- A man who pursues every thing without cause :

* Arch. of Wales. vol. iii. p. 37.—The reader, perhaps, will be induced to compare the following with the "Obnoxious People" of Geraint, inserted in the last Number.

- A man who tries to obtain secretly from a stranger :
 A man who gives credence to all persons without knowing them :
 A man who trusts to a gift :
 A man who does so much in one day that he can do nothing the next :
 A man who plots deceit through cunning :
 A man who has to choose and chooses the worst :
 A man who thinks to overcome through pride and ostentation :
 A man who rejects his own benefit for the harm of his neighbour :
 A man who will not do good and will not suffer another to do it :
 A man who fortifies himself in a mean appearance :
 A man who imagines that he is discreet and is indiscreet :
 A man who learns many things and knows nothing :
 A man who forsakes his companion without cause :
 A man who does evil for which he repents not :
 A poor man who rejects frugality :
 A man who derides learning and useful sciences :
 A man who is not endowed with some good quality :
 A man who is not courageous for his friend and for truth :
 A man who boasts in his own shame :
 A man who neglects God and man :
 A man without property and who seeks neither trade nor art :
 A man who hates another without shewing wherefore :
 A fickle man to whom nothing in the world can be confided :
 A man who knows the law and commands of God and pleads against them for reward :
 A man who thinks not to what he may come in the end.

ETYMOLOGY.

"BALAKLAVA" IN THE CRIMEA*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—In perusing lately Mrs. Guthrie's interesting "*Tour through the Taurida*," which that lively traveller,

* We feel much indebted to our old correspondent for this curious communication, which, as well as that of HANESAI in our last Number,

as well as myself, asserts to have been the ancient abode of the *Cymmry*, I naturally enough looked for the names of some places, imposed by them, as still preserved by the several people that successively possessed the Peninsula; but, as she only notices the towns, and the ports along the coast, which generally had names imposed by the early Greek colonies, my research was not very successful: and, having seen too much of wild and far-fetched etymologies, it makes one cautious on the subject.

There is one name, however, which may possibly attract the attention of your readers, as it did mine, and that is BALAKLAVA. On reading this I reasoned with myself, that, if the description of the place so called did not bear against it, this must have been a name imposed by the *Cimmerioi*. For, you are aware, Sir, that in Welsh, the word BALA means an *outlet* or *efflux*; and CLAVA, from *clav*, ill, and one that is ill, implies the *gathering or engendering of disease*. That the termination *a* gives this import we need only adduce the following words—*bwyta*, *cardota*, *clavyca*, *diota*, *gwiana*, *pysgota*, and *yta*. Having thus far proceeded with the etymology of BALAKLAVA, I became anxious to learn whether it bore any kind of analogy with the description of the place itself. But this description, it is presumed, will appear most satisfactory to the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON in the words of the fair tourist herself:—

“ We next visited the town of Balaklava, the *Urbs Climatium* of Constantinus Porphyrogenitus, now reduced to about 400 houses, principally inhabited by a colony of Albanians, who, in flying hither from Ottoman tyranny at the end of the former war, in which they had taken an active part in favour of Russia, seem to have fulfilled the old saying of *falling on Charybdis in avoiding Scylla*; for, alas! they have settled in the most unhealthy spot of all the Taurida, which has reduced 3,000, the original number, to about 1,500. And it is really distressing to hear the survivors lament the unhappy fate of their friends and relations, cut off by an unknown enemy,

bears, as we think, very strongly on the identity of the *Cymry* and *Cimmerii*, as far as that fact is to be deduced from the names of places in those parts of Europe, which the last-mentioned people are known to have inhabited.—ED.

which pours out death and disease from a hidden source ; which all are equally exposed to, although persons born on the spot resist it much better than their parents, the first settlers, who have suffered so much ; and still even this second generation has but a sickly look. The deadly vapour so destructive here seems to be a putrid marsh miasma, the same pestiferous blast that chased the hardy Russian troops from the modern Cherson, and which will soon put to flight, or lay in the grave, the little French colony of noblemen planted on the banks of the Dnieper.

“ The port of Balaklava, the *Portus Symbolon* of Strabo, is one of the most curious and snug basins in the world ; being surrounded with mountains in such a manner as to be completely guarded against every wind that blows ; while the mouth of it answers perfectly well to the name given it by Ptolemy, of *Boræ Antrum* ; as, in fact, it looks more like the mouth of a cave than a harbour, not only on account of its narrowness, but from its oblique direction between two high rocks, which prevents your seeing the basin till you have actually entered it, and requires much care and dexterity in turning into it.

“ The cause of the extraordinary phenomenon of *putrid marsh miasma* arising from a sea-port, which, of course, must be supposed filled with *salt water*, must certainly excite the curiosity of all physicians in both the French and English sense of the term ; and, therefore, I shall endeavour to give what appear to me probable reasons for so uncommon a circumstance. First, a small rivulet is continually pouring fresh water, charged with vegetable matter, into a distant stagnant corner of the harbour, choked up with sea-weed, gradually driven in by the wind from the Euxine, while there is no ebb and flow in this sea to carry it out again. Secondly, the oblique position of the entrance of this land-locked basin, prevents the Euxine, even when tempestuous, as it often is, from flowing in with sufficient force to agitate the water and keep it sweet.

“ These causes produce a real *marsh* in the farther extremity of the harbour ; which, putrifying during the summer heat, sends forth an invincible stream of putrid marsh miasma, ever dangerous and destructive in all parts of the world, by the remittent fever which it excites. Such appears to me to

be the real cause of the remarkable insalubrity of Balaklava, which has so long puzzled the inhabitants to account for. And, if it should be objected, that the same causes must always have produced the same effects in every age, while we know that this town was once highly flourishing and populous, I will answer, that the conclusion is not just, although the fact is true; for, when the country was well peopled, the present source of disease and death would be rendered, on the contrary, subservient to the health and life of man, by employing the annual supply of vegetable matter thus accumulated in a corner of the harbour to the purposes of agriculture; although at present it seems a task to which the number and force of the Albanian colony is inadequate, more especially as we remarked that they have military duty to perform. For we saw their able-bodied men regimented, and under arms, at the very time when the stagnant pool was in its most foetid unhealthy state from the heat of summer, and when the accumulated vegetable matter ought to have been already spread on the tilled lands."

Mr. Editor, not to divert your attention from *Balaklava*, I will not at present dwell upon the appropriate appellation of *Gwlad yr Hav* for the *Crimea*, nor with shewing that its synonyme *Twy* is the origin of the ancient name of *Taurica* *.

GEIRION.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS †.

[Continued from p. 269.]

L.

LLECHEU, one of the sons of Brychan, a saint who was buried at Llangan, or Tregaian, in Mon.

LLECHID, the daughter of Ithael Hael of Llydaw, and the sister of Rhychwyn, Tegai, and Trillo. Llanllechid in Arvon is dedicated to her.

LLIAN, one of the daughters of Brychan, and the wife of Gavran ab Aeddan Vradog ab Gavran ab Dyynwal Hen.

* We trust, however, our correspondent will hereafter oblige us by his remarks on this point.—ED.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 46-49.

LLEUDDAD, the son of Dingad ab Nudd Hael ab Senyllt ab Cedig ab Dyvnwal Hen ab Ednyved ab Maxen Wledig; and whose mother was Tonwy, the daughter of Llawddyn Luyddog of Dinas Eiddyn in the North. He accompanied Cadvan, and was a saint in Enlli. His brothers were, Baglan, in Coed Alun; Gwytherin, in Rhyvoniog; Tecwy and Tyvriog, in Ceredigion; and Eleri, in Pennant.

LLONIO, or Llonio Law Hir, the son of Alan Vyrgan ab Emyr Llydaw.

LLUVAB, one of the saints who accompanied Cadvan from Llydaw.

LLWCHAIARN, the son of Cynvael ab Cyndrwyn of Llysdyn Wynnann, in the comot of Cydewain, in Caereinion, where there is a church bearing his name.

LLYWELYN, the son of Bleiddud ab Tegonwy ab Teon ab Gwneu Dauvreuddwyd. He is designated as a saint of Trallwng, or Welshpool. A dialogue in verse between him and Gwrnerth is printed in the *Archæology of Wales*.

LLYWYN, one of the saints who came with Cadvan into this island, in the beginning of the sixth century.

M.

MADRUN, the daughter of Gwrthevyr, or Vortimer, king of Britain, with Anhun her handmaid.

MAEL, one of the saints who came with Cadvan from Llydaw.

MAELOG, one of the sons of Caw of Prydyn. Llanvaelog in Mon is dedicated to him.

MAELRYS, the son of Gwyddno ab Emyr Llydaw, and the cousin of Cadvan. Llanvaelrys in Arvon is named after him.

MAETHLU, or Amaethlu, the son of Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini; and his mother was Tegau Eurvron. His brothers were Cadvarch and Tangwn. He was buried at Carneddor in Mon, where there is a church named after him.

MARCHELL, the daughter of Arwystl Glof, and the sister of Tyvrydog. Her mother was Tywanwedd, or Dwywannedd, the daughter of Amlawdd Wledig. Capel Marchell, in Llanrwst, and Ystrad Marchell, in Caereinion, were named after her.

MATHAIARN, one of the sons of Brychan, who was buried in Ceredigion.

MAWAN, a teacher that accompanied the family of Caradog from Rome.

MECHELL, one of the daughters of Brychan, and the wife of Gynyr Varvdrwch. Llanvechell in Mon is named after her.

MECHYLL, the son of Arthwys, Echwydd, or Mochwys, son of Gwyn Gohoew ab Cynvarwy, of Cernyw, or Cornwall.

MEIRION, the son of Owain Danwyn ab Einion Yrth ab Cunedda Wledig. He was buried in Cantrev Meirion; and Llanveirion in Mon was named after him.

MELANGELL, the daughter of Cwylch ab Tudwal Tudglyd ab Cedig ab Dyvnwal Hen ab Ednyved ab Maxen Wledig. Her mother was Ethni Wyddeles. Pennant Melangell in Montgomeryshire is named after her.

MERIN, or Merini, one of the sons of King Seithenin of Maes Gwyddno, whose land was overflowed by the sea. His brothers were Gwynodl, Tudglyd, Tudno, and Senevyr.

MEUGANT, the son of Cyndav, "a man from Israel."

MORDEYRN, a saint whose origin is not given. There is the ruin of Capel Mordeyrn Sant in Nantyllyn, near Denbigh. There is also a Cywydd, or poem, containing his legend.

MWROG, a saint whose origin is not given, to whom Llanvwrog in Mon is dedicated. There is a legend written of him.

N.

NEVYDD, one of the daughters of Brychan, and the wife of Tudwal Bevr. "She is a saint at a place called Llech Cel-yddon in Prydyn." Llannevydd in Denbighshire is dedicated to her.

NEVYN, one of the daughters of Brychan, and the wife of Cynvarch ab Meirchion Gul ab Grwst Ledlwm ab Ceneu ab Coel Godebog. She was the mother of Urien Reged, and of Eurdhyl, the wife of Eliver Gosgorddvawr.

NEFAI, one of the sons of Brychan, who, with his brothers Pasgen and Pabiali, was by a Spanish woman; and they went to Spain as Saints and Penrheithiau, or Chief Lawyers.

NIDAN, the son of Gwrvyw ab Pasgen ab Ebrien ab Cynvarch ab Meirchion ab Grwst ab Ceneu ab Coel Godebog. Llannidan in Mon is dedicated to him.

NOETHON, or Noethan, the son of Gildas ab Caw, and the brother of Gwynog.

NON, the daughter of Gynyr of Caer Gawch in Mynyw who was the mother of Dewi, or St. David.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

MEMOIRES DE LA SOCIETE ROYALE DES ANTI-QUAIRES DE FRANCE.—TOM. III.

WE noticed, in our last, the receipt of these “Memoirs” by the Cymmrodorion, and have now to fulfil the promise we then made of giving our readers some insight into them. The volume before us, then, embraces notices and dissertations upon antiquarian subjects, relating to foreign countries as well as to France, and some of them of particular merit; but, however interesting in a general view these may be, as they undoubtedly are, they, for the most part, extend beyond the objects of the CAMBRO-BRITON, and we must, accordingly, confine ourselves to such portions of the work, as are more immediately to our purpose. And, in doing this, we are happy to find, that, although inquiries of this nature more properly belong to the French Celtic Academy, they are, by no means, excluded from the pursuits of the Society under consideration*. On the contrary, several notices, connected with Celtic literature and antiquities, are interspersed in these “Memoirs;” and, among these, the establishment of the Cymmrodorion in London, and of the Cambrian Society in Dyved, are particularly alluded to. The receipt of some works on the Gaelic language is also acknowledged, as well as of one in English, communicated by M. Cocquebert de Montbret, on the “Manners of the Welsh,” but the particular title of which is not mentioned. There are likewise a few interesting notices of Celtic monuments in France, which we may, on some future occasion, transfer to these pages. At present we can only find room for the following portion of a critical notice, which, among all the

* Since writing this we have been informed, that the “French Celtic Academy” has been incorporated with the Society, whose “Memoirs” we here notice.—ED.

contents of these "Memoirs," has the strongest claim on our attention. We have, therefore, great pleasure in translating it, and have no doubt, that our readers will appreciate, with us, the modesty and good sense conspicuous in the remarks of the French writer, as well as the occasional ingenuity of the author whom he reviews. The part of the article, we now insert, relates, it will be seen, exclusively to the Gaelic tongue; the remainder, which shall appear in our next Number, is dedicated, more particularly, to a comparison of the people, formerly speaking it, with the ancient Gauls, both of whom the author regards as being of one origin. We shall introduce a few observations by way of note, whenever we conceive that the subject may be at all elucidated by a reference to the language or history of Wales.

GAELIC LANGUAGE.

"REPORT of a Work by Mr. JAMES GRANT, *Advocate, entitled "Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gaels, &c."* by M. DEPPING, *Resident Member of the ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF FRANCE.*"

"THE Gaels, or aborigines of Scotland, who, more than any other people, under the dominion of foreign masters, have preserved their national dialect*, exercised, for a long time, the patience of the learned, who were desirous of discovering their origin by that of their language. Mr. Grant has written a long work, replete with erudition, on this subject. The Highland Society of Scotland has had the kindness to present a copy to the Society of Antiquaries in France; and, conformably with the invitation I have received, I now proceed to offer a short abstract of Mr. Grant's work. I shall be obliged to omit many interesting observations, by which the author has supported his system, or which serve to develope it; however, I shall take care to leave out nothing essential, and shall only indulge in a few critical reflexions on different points of the detail. These the author himself may perhaps undertake to refute: in that case I shall have supplied him with an opportunity for fortifying his assertions. I confess,

* An exception ought, perhaps, to have been made here in favour of the Cymry, who have preserved their vernacular tongue with at least as much purity, and through as many vicissitudes of fortune, as the inhabitants of the Scotch Highlands.—ED.

that the very foundation of Mr. Grant's system rests on a number of points, which I shall venture, if not to attack, at least to represent as affording room for doubts. The author draws his strongest proofs from etymologies; and it is known, by the errors of many learned men, otherwise most estimable, how far etymologists may go astray, and to what strange conclusions they lead a person who yields too easily to the pleasure of finding analogies in languages entirely different*.

"Mr. Grant announces, in the first pages of his work, that his aim is to prove the Gaelic to be immediately derived from the language spoken by the most ancient conquerors of Italy and Greece, the Pelasgians, and, consequently, that the Gaelic is more ancient and more original than the Greek and Latin. His demonstration is a little deficient in method, and is frequently interrupted by philosophical reflexions, which prevent, it is true, the monotony of a dissertation, but which have the disadvantage of being rather out of place here.

"Mr. Grant discovers, that the Gaelic resembles the Greek in preserving, in the simplicity of its structure, the vestiges of the ideas, manners, and habits of primitive times; and, under this view, he presents it as an historical monument worthy of the antiquary's attention. The proofs of this, which I shall quote faithfully from the author, are the following.

"The ancient Gaels employed, to designate a house, the words *tai* and *teach*: the first is a compound, or rather a contraction, of *ti*, a being, a man, and *uai*, a cavern†. *Tai*

* We do not exactly concur in the inference, that M. Depping would draw from this assumption. The discovery of verbal "analogies in languages, totally different" in their general characteristics, is among the most satisfactory proofs of a common origin in some remote age of the world, notwithstanding the varieties in other respects, that the lapse of time may have since introduced.—ED.

† There is something fanciful in this etymology; for it seems too much to convert into a compound so simple a word as *tai*, which is the very term used in Welsh as the plural of *ty*, a house. And is not *tigh*, in fact, the old Gaelic word for a house, and, in its pronunciation, (the two final letters being quiescent,) precisely the same as the Welsh *ty*? Mr. Grant's etymology, therefore, seems to be the result of his hypothesis, rather than the foundation of it. The Welsh word appears to be no more than an inflection of *to*, in the same language, a covering or a roof, whence come the Armoric *toen*, the Cornish *toat*, and the French *toit*, all of which, like the Latin *tectum*, may be used figuratively for a house. Why, then, may not the Gaelic word have had the same simple and obvious origin? And, with

would therefore be a man's cave, and would indicate the first habitations of the Gaels: the other word *teach* is to be found in the Greek word *ταίχος*, and in the Latin *tectum*. A family is designated, in Gaelic, by the words, *teadhloch* and *cuediche*, or *coediche*: the first of these terms is applied, more particularly, to a society of persons, dwelling under the same roof, and the second to an assembly of regular messmates (*commensaux habituels*:) and at this day the term *coediche* is farther employed to denote a company of guests. Mr. Grant discovers here the radical word, *co*, which, in Gaelic, as in Greek, signifies common, and the word, *ed*, nourishment, which is found in the *edo* of the Greeks and Latins*. It is to be remarked here, *en passant*, that the root, *co*, has given birth to the words, *cod* and *codach*, signifying every species of moveable property; and, as anciently the custom of taking their daily meals in common formed the union of families, *codach* has come in time to signify friendship†. It is still employed in this sense in Ireland, although the Scotch do not adopt the acceptation. We may follow still farther the root, *co*, in the Gaelic word *coinne*, a public assembly, a word which has an obvious affinity with the *κοινος* of the Greeks; and the *cæna* of the Latins appears to be derived from the same root‡. Mr.

reference to this, it deserves to be noticed, that the primitive root, *ta*, has, in Welsh, a similar abstract meaning with *to*.—ED.

* Here again we think Mr. Grant has indulged in too nice a refinement. *Co* may have the meaning he applies to it; but the ordinary prefix, in the Gaelic and Irish dialects, corresponding with the Greek *co*, is *comh*, pronounced *cor*, and thus agreeing with the Welsh prefix *cyn*; but where is *ed* to be found in Gaelic in the sense the writer has given it? *Coediche*, above mentioned, is written by the Irish *cuideachd*, and seems thus to be a derivative of *eachd*, a state or condition, with the prefix *cuid*, which may, anciently, have been synonymous with the Welsh *cyd*. This etymology would account rationally for the signification above adopted.—ED.

† *Codach*, written also in Irish *cadach*, appears to be, in this sense, no more than a variation of *cadas*, corrupted from *caradas*, the root of which is *cara*, a friend, synonymous with the Welsh *car*.—ED.

‡ *Cwynos*, in Welsh, is a supper, and *ciniaw* a meal, now applied to a dinner, but, anciently, it would appear, to a breakfast. The etymology of both words is uncertain, unless *ciniaw* was originally spelt *cyniaw*, in which case it may have had some reference to the first part of the day. The word, thus spelt, however, has now a different meaning. The Greek and Latin words, above mentioned, appear to be from the same root as the Welsh *cywnos*, whatever it be.—ED.

Grant is of opinion, that a supper was thus called, as being the most public repast; but why not remain true to the root, *co*, and explain supper as a meal common to the whole family?

“ It is known, that the Gaels have preserved, even to modern times, the divisions of tribes. This word, tribe, belongs to their language: it is written *treibh* (the *bh* being pronounced as *v*;) and a herd is called *trebhed*, a compound term signifying the food of a tribe or family. This etymology, then, will furnish us with the proof of two ancient customs, viz. the separation by families or tribes, and their pastoral life. Thus it is, that, in Greek, the word *ωας*, which signifies, properly, pasturage, received the acceptance of relationship (*parenté*,) the tie of blood, because those, who made use of the same pasture, belonged to the same family or tribe*.

“ The *sagum*, or cloak, was a garment very common in ancient times. Mr. Grant traces the origin of it to the Gaelic word, *saich*, which signifies a skin; and, in fact, the skins of beasts form the ordinary clothing of pastoral nations. The Greek word, *ιμας*, a leathern strap, of which *ιματιον* is formed, is found in the Gaelic word *uima*, which has the general signification of clothing, because the wild shepherds of the Scotch Highlands, for a long time, knew no other garments but those of skins and leather.

“ In the same manner, the roots of the Greek and Latin agricultural terms are to be found in the Gaelic: *ar*, like *ager* in Latin and *αγρος* in Greek, signifies a plain; *arfher*, which is pronounced *arer*, signifies a ploughman, as *arator* in Latin, and *αροηρ* in Greek. *Arbhar*, pronounced *arar*, is, in Gaelic, grain; but I do not know, whether Mr. Grant is justified in deriving from the same root the *arbor* of the Latins, which he regards as the same word as *arbhar*, just mentioned†.

* *Treibh* and *trebhed*, mentioned in this paragraph, pronounced *treiv* and *treved*, appear to be of the same origin with the Welsh *trev*, which is synonymous with hamlet in English. There is much ingenuity in the whole of Mr. Grant's hypothesis in this place; but the meaning, he appropriates to the final syllable of *trebhed*, seems, as we observed on a previous occasion, to want confirmation.—ED.

† *Ar* and *ârd*, in Welsh, are ploughed land, and *ârwr* a ploughman: upon the same principle too *aran*, in Irish, is bread. Mr. Grant's etymology, therefore, is probable enough; but the French critic appears to be right as to *arbor*. It may be noticed here, that *arbauc*, in Welsh, is a kitchen-garden.—ED.

“ Let us again compare some of the terms relating to an agricultural and pastoral life. The resemblance between the Gaelic word, *bo*, a cow, the Latin *bos*, and the Greek *βας*, has nothing in it surprising, since all these words, according to the remark of the author, are in imitation of the cry of the animal; but it is remarkable enough, that the Gaels call the bull *tarbh*, pronounced *tarr**. A sheep they call *cavr*, a word, in which the author perceives an analogy with the Greek *καρος* (a sheep or flock) and the *caro* of the Latins; *ovis*, and still more *ovis*, are to be traced to the Gaelic word, *oise* or *oisg*, which has the same meaning; and a goat, in Gaelic *gabhar*, has a remote similitude with the *caper* of the Latins†. The Gaelic word, to denote a horse, is *ech*, which appears to be the root of the *equus* of the Romans; and their *caballus* is to be found in the word, *capall*, by which the Scotch designate a mare. But may not the Scotch have received this word from the conquerors of the Britons in their horse-markets‡?

“ A circumstance, curious enough, is that the Gaels had anciently but three names for the seasons, precisely the same as the Germans, Huns, and Alans: none of these people had terms to distinguish autumn. They prolonged their summer season until the arrival of the frost, and this long season was called, in the Scotch, *samhré*, or the pleasant season; a term, which differs but little from that, by which the people of the north designate the same season to this very day§. In order

* Kine are expressed, in Welsh, by the primitive word, *bu*, which also implies existence, or, more properly, the principle of life: the word has, therefore, been applied to the Supreme Being. From this root are derived *buwrch*, a cow, *bual*, a wild ox, and many other words connected with the idea of cattle, as well as of life. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 64, in the notes. The Welsh word for a bull is *tarw*, a derivative of the root, *tar*, which denotes an impulsive principle. Hence also *tarr*, a dispersion, *taraw*, to strike, *taran*, thunder, and numerous other words denoting any violent impulse; there is little doubt, therefore, that the Gaelic *tarr*, together with the Greek *ταυρος* and the Latin *taurus*, may find its origin in the Welsh tongue.—ED.

† The Welsh *gavyr*, a goat, is obviously from the same root as the Gaelic word; but what this may be we confess ourselves unable to guess.—ED.

‡ This conjecture has much plausibility in it, and it is also probable, that the Welsh *cefyl* is borrowed, in the same manner, from the Latin *caballus*. There is no word in Welsh corresponding in sound with *equus*; the proper term for a horse is *march*.—ED.

§ What Mr. Grant has here said about the deficiency of the Gaelic

to describe the year, the Gaels, like the Latins, employed a symbolical term, signifying a ring or orbit; this was *ainn* or *fainn*.

“ Mr. Grant wanders a little, as it appears to me, in comparing the terms, which denote the first degrees of kindred. Father, mother, brother, sister, are expressed, in Gaelic, by *ather*, *mather*, *brather*, and *puither*, which are pronounced without the middle *th*, according to the practice of the Scots. He observes, that the three first words are to be found not only in the Latin and Greek, but also in the Teutonic dialects, and even in the Persian. Now, he says, in order to know which language has produced these terms, we must examine which of them can trace them to their roots. But, to prove that the Gaelic possesses this faculty, the author is obliged to give far-fetched originals: *mather*, for example, comes, according to him, from the root *ma*, which signifies protuberance, whence he also derives *mamma*, a breast*. He is still less happy in the word *ather*, a father, which he deduces from *at*, an animal. The analogy between the *πατήρ* of the Greeks (a husband) and the Gaelic word *pos*, to marry, is better traced; it resembles the analogy between the Greek word, *παῖς*, a child, and the *paisd* of the Gaels, which has the same signification.

“ It is known from the Roman historians, that the Britons made use of cars in their battles. The names, given to the several parts of a carriage, ought therefore to be very ancient. Now it appears, that the wheel which is expressed, in Gaelic, pretty nearly the same as in Latin, viz. by the word *roth* †:

tongue in a name for autumn appears to be quite correct; for *fomhar*, in that language, (pronounced *fovar*), which means, literally, harvest, is employed to denote autumn. Such is the case too in Welsh with the word *cynauar*, which also implies, literally, the season just preceding the winter. What adds to the probability of the Welsh having only divided the year, originally, into three seasons is, that *gauar* (winter) appears to mean the close or reverse of summer (*gau-har*). Winter and summer, in the Irish tongue, are expressed by *geitreadh* (pronounced *geitrea*) and *samh-radh* (*savra*), which are not very dissimilar from the Welsh terms.—ED.

* Mr. Grant appears to be wrong here, since *mamma* may, much more probably, be traced to the simple word *mam*, employed in the Welsh, Cornish, and Breton, to express mother: and this again, it has been ingeniously suggested, has its origin in one of the first or most natural cries of an infant.—ED.

† The Welsh word, *rhôd*, which signifies a circle or wheel, approaches equally near to the Latin term with the Gaelic *roth*.—ED.

we may say the same of the term *rath*, a bark or boat, which seems to be identified with the Latin *ratis*.

“The numeral terms of the Gaels afford room for some curious observations. Without attaching any great importance to the similarity of the names in Gaelic, Latin and Greek,—which appears, notwithstanding, to the author an incontestible proof of the primitiveness of the Gaelic language,—I would remark, after Mr. Grant, another peculiarity. The first ten numbers in Gaelic are—*aon*, *do* or *da*, *tri*, *cether*, *cua-ec-coec*, *sia*, *seche*, *oche*, *nocgh*, *dec*. The word, *cua-ec-coec*, signifies, according to Mr. Grant, an articulation or a knuckle*; by the first articulation, then, the five fingers were counted, and, when arrived at the end, a transition was made to the second articulation as far as ten, *dec*, which the author derives from *do-ec*, that is to say, two articulations †. It is remarkable enough, that this method of counting, besides being extremely natural, is also that of the natives of Iceland and Greenland, who, when they reach six, say again one, again two, &c. The author is so convinced of the Romans having taken their numerals from the Gaels, that he shews how these roots have been used to form the Roman numbers. *Quinque* is nothing, according to him, but the *cua-ec-coec* softened; *quatuor* does not quite resemble *cether*, but the author discovers the Gaelic root in the Greek *τετρας*. There is some resemblance between *figidi* and *viginti*, between *ced* and *centum*, and still more between *mil* and *mille*; but it ought to be known, whether these terms existed anciently in the Gaelic ‡. Barbarous nations rarely carry the science of calculation so far as to invent terms for any high numbers: the mode of counting by articulations and knuckles is sufficient for their purpose.

“Mr. Grant, however, does not consider the Gaels to be entitled to the designation of barbarians: he traces in their language the terms, by which the ancients distinguished the

* The French word is *nœud*, which signifies a knot, or a knuckle. The latter, or rather, a clenched fist, seems to be the meaning here, from the circumstance referred to of counting by the fingers.—ED.

† There is something, we fear, too far-fetched in this etymology, however ingenious. The Welsh numerals, *un*, *dau*, *tri*, *pedwar*, *pump*, *chwech*, *saith*, *wyth*, *naw*, *deg*, bear some resemblance with the Gaelic; but it is singular that, of all, the Welsh six (*chwech*) and the Gaelic five (*cua-ec-coec*) should be the most alike.—ED.

‡ The Welsh *cant* and *mil* have at least as close an affinity with the Latin terms as can be claimed by the Gaelic.—ED.

matters connected with education, such as *charta* and *liber*, as well as the poetical terms *carmen* and *cantus*. *Charte*, pronounced *carte*, signifies, in Gaelic, the bark of a tree, and it is well known, that bark formed the first paper: *libher* is the second bark, or *epidermis*, of the tree. These etymologies may pass; but that of *carmen* is much less happy. It is the *gairm* of the Gaels, and this *gairm* is compounded of *gu-air-fhuaim*, which is pronounced *gairaim*, and signifies, literally, the sound of the voice of joy. The comparison of *cano* and *cantus* with the words *can*, to sing; and *caint*, a discourse, is more simple*.

"Perhaps it is only by chance, that the Latin word, *multa*, a fine, which was rendered in old French by *moulete*, is the same as the word, *mult*, by which a sheep is designated in Gaelic, and which would appear to be the root of *mouton*. The Welsh and Irish say *molt* †, the inhabitants of Cornwall *molz*. However, what gives some interest to this resemblance is the fact, that the Roman *multa* was originally paid in sheep or cattle, and that, according to Varro, this word came from the Sabines, and existed in his time amongst the Samnites, who were of Sabine extraction.

"But, though a certain number of Gaelic words might thus be composed, so as to prove their identity with so many others of the most ancient languages, still nothing would be gained; since it would not be the less true, that the Gaelic is a dialect entirely different from other languages, ancient and modern."

[To be concluded next Month.]

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

WELSH BIDDINGS †.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—The customs and habits of the Cymry are subjects, to which the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON are always open :

* In Welsh *can* is a song, and *canu* to sing.—ED.

† The Welsh word is spelt *mollt*,] which means a wether. If the circumstance, afterwards related, of a fine having been anciently paid in sheep be strictly correct, it certainly serves in some degree to explain the curious coincidence observable between the two words.—ED.

‡ This national custom, as now existing, is so clearly explained in the

I therefore trust, that a brief account of Welsh Biddings (*Neithiorau*) will not be unacceptable to its readers. It is proper to premise, that the custom, to which I allude, is confined to the lower and less opulent ranks of the community; and that it may, in different counties, vary in mode and regulation. Of the manner, in which it is conducted in Cardiganshire, I shall endeavour to give a correct statement.

A Bidding is an invitation sent by a couple, about to be married, to their friends and neighbours, to solicit their assistance by the contribution of trifling sums of money, towards the purchase of such commodities as may be necessary on entering a matrimonial state. For all gifts of this nature there is a sort of promissory note given, by setting down, at the Bidding, the name and residence of the donor, with the sum he deposits: and all debts of this description are repaid on occasions of the like nature, and are claimable even in different circumstances,

following letter, that we feel we have nothing in that way to add. Those, however, who may be desirous of examining the subject with reference to past times, may be gratified by referring to p. 159 of the "*Cambrian Popular Antiquities*," and to the third volume of the *Cambrian Register*, p. 60, though, perhaps, the account, in both places, is rather too highly coloured. The custom is, at present, we believe, almost confined to South Wales, where printed notices of a Bidding, to the effect stated by our correspondent, are circulated amongst the friends of the young couple. We were some time ago favoured with one of these, printed at Carmarthen in 1819, and avail ourselves of this opportunity to submit a copy of it to our readers, as a curiosity worthy of preservation.—Ed.

"As we intend to enter the matrimonial state, on Thursday the 29th day of July instant, we purpose to make a BIDDING on the occasion, the same day, at the young woman's father's house, called *Nant-y-Pair*, in the parish of *Abernant*, at which time and place the favour of your agreeable company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation, you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on the like occasion, by

Your obedient humble Servants,

BENJAMIN EVANS,
ESTHER HARRIES."

"The young man's grand-father, (John Evans, Shop-keeper), and uncles, (John and David Evans, Hatters, Water-street, Carmarthen), desire that all gifts of the above nature, due to them, be returned to the young man on the said day, and will be thankful for all favours granted.—Also, the young woman's father and mother, (John and Esther Harries), and brothers and sisters, desire that all gifts of the above nature, due to them, be returned to the young woman on the said day, and will be thankful with (Mr. and Mrs. Davies, of Penrhiw), for all favours granted."

Contributions of bread, cheese, butter, tea, sugar, &c. are also sent by the neighbours and acquaintance of the young couple, as materials for the nuptial banquet*; which is always furnished *gratis*: (the *cwrw* drank afterwards is paid for.) If required in a *similar* case, these donations are remembered and returned—and not otherwise. The Bidding is generally, but not always, held in the evening of the wedding-day. A person called Bidder, in Welsh *Gwahoddwr*, travels the neighbourhood several days before the Bidding-day to proclaim the intended invitation, to mention the names of those relatives of the young couple, whose gifts are requested to be returned to them on this occasion, as, also, the names of those relatives or friends, who publicly acknowledge their obligation for any demonstrations of kindness and favour that may be manifested towards the young party. Before the commencement, or after the conclusion, of this particular narrative, the Bidder delivers a song or rhyme, in which an allusion is generally made to the dainties and good cheer of the feast.

There is an old man in this neighbourhood, of the name of Stephen, employed in the vocation of *Gwahoddwr*, who displayed, in my hearing, so much comic talent and humour in the recitation of his Bidding-Song (which, he complained, was, by repetition, become uninteresting to his auditors) as to induce me to furnish him with some kind of fresh matter. My humble composition, adapted, in language and conceptions, as far as I could make it, to common taste and capacities, this man now delivers in his rounds; and I send it you as a specimen of a BIDDER'S SONG, hoping that your readers will be, in some measure, amused by its perusal.

I am, Sir,

Cardiganshire,
March 8th, 1822.

Yours truly,
D. E.

CAN GWAHODDWR †.

DYDD da ichwi, bobol, o'r hynav i'r baban,
Mae Stephen Wahoddwr â chwi am ymddiddan;

* According to Tacitus, a practice somewhat similar prevailed amongst the ancient Germans; but the gifts were rather different from those above specified, as they consisted not of luxurious dainties, but were all of a warlike character—"boves, et frenatum equum, et scutum cum frameâ gladioque." See MOR. GER. § 18.—ED.

† Such of our readers, as are versed in the Welsh tongue, cannot fail to

Gyveillion da mwynaidd, os velly 'ch dymuniad,
Cewch gennyv vy neges yn gynhes ar ganiad.

Y mae rhyw greadur trwy'r byd yn grwydre dig,
Nis gwn i yn hollol ai glanwedd ai hyllig,
Ag sydd i laweroedd yn gwneuthur doluriad,
Ar bawb yn gonewerwr *—a 'i enw yw CARIAD.

Yr *ivaine* yn awchus mae 'n daro vynycha',
A'i saeth trwy eu hasen, mewn modd truenusa';
Ond weithiau a'i vwa ve ddwg yn o vuan
O dan ei lywodraeth y rhai *canol-oedran*.

Weithiau mae'n taro yn lled annaturiol,
Nes byddont yn babwyr, yn wir, yr *hen* bobol;
Mi glywais am ryw-un a gas, yn avlawen,
Y bendro 'n ei wegil yn ôl pedwar-ugain.

A thyma 'r creadur, trwy'r byd wrth garwydro †,
A d'rawodd y ddau-ddyn wyv drostynt yn teithio,
I hól eich cynnorthwy a'ch noddod i'w nerthu,
Yn ôl a gewch chwithau pan ddel hwn i'ch brathu.

Ymdrechwch i ddala i vyny, yn ddilys,
Bawb oll yr hen gwstwm, nid yw yn rhy gostus—
Sev rhoddi rhyw swlltach rai 'n ôl eu cysylltu,
Ve vydd y gwyr *ivaine* yn voddgar o'u meddu.

Can' brynu rhyw bethau yn nghyd gan obeithio
Byw yn o dawel, a'u plant yn blodeuo;
Dwyn bywyd mor ddewis, wrth drin yr hen ddaear,
A Brenin y Seison, neu gynt yr hen Sesar †.

Can's nid wyv vi 'n meddwl mai golud a moddion
Sy 'n gwneuthur dedwyddwch, dyweden' hwy wedon';
Mae govid i'r dynion, sy'n byw mewn sidanau,
Gwir yw mai 'r byd hawsav yw byw heb ddim eisiau.

'R oedd Brenin mawr Lloeger a'i wraig yn alluog,
A chig yn eu crochan—ond, etto 'n byw'n sgrechog:

be entertained with the humour of this *jeu-d'esprit*. For those, who may not understand the original, we hope to provide, in our next, an English translation.—ED.

* In this and few other instances the writer has introduced some verbal exotics, which, however, in a composition of this character, ought not to be too strictly examined.—ED.

† Crwydro.

‡ Cæsar.—ED.

Pe cawsai y dwliaid y *gaib* yn eu dwylo,
Yr wyv yn ystyried buasai llai stwrio.

Cynnal rhyw gweryl yr oent am y goron,
Ac ymladd â'u gilydd, a hyny o'r galon ;
'R wy' n barod i dyngu, er cymaint ein hanghen,
Nad oent hwy mor ddedwydd â Stephen a Madlen*.

Yr wyv yn attolwg ar bob un o'r teulu,
I govio vy neges wyv wedi vynegi †,
Rhag i'r gwr ivanc a'i wraig, y pryd hyny,
Os na chan' ddim digon, 'weyd mai vi vu 'n dïogi.

Chwi gewch yno 'roeso, 'r wy 'n gwybod, o'r hawsav,
A bara' chaws ddigon—onidè mi ddigiau ;
Caif pawb ei ewyllys, dybaco, pibelli,
A dïod hof ryvedd—rwyv vi wedi ei phrovi.

Gwel'd digriv gwmpeini wy 'n garu 'n rhagorol,
Nid gwiw ini govio bob amser ein govol ‡ ;
Mae amser i gwyno, mae amser i ganu,
Gwir yw mai hen hanes a ddywed in' hyny.

Cwpanau da vawrion a dynion divyrus
I mi sy ryw olwg o'r hen amser hwylus,
Ac nid wyv vi 'n digio, os gwaeddi wna rhyw-un,
Yn nghornel y 'stavell,—a *ywch chwi Stephen?*

Dydd da ichwi weithian ; mae'n rhaid imi deithio
Dros vrynïau, a bronydd, a gwaunydd dan gwyno ;
Gan stormydd tra awchus, a chàn y gwlaw uchel,
Cav vi lawer cernod—a chwithau 'n y cornel.

WELSH LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I am induced to offer you a few observations on the alteration of the Welsh orthography from what has appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON on the subject at different times. I

* Magdalen, the name of the Bidder's wife.

† The Bidder has now told the particulars of his errand.

‡ *Goral*, vulgarly pronounced *govol*.

think, Mr. Editor, it will be agreed on all sides, that the Welsh orthography is capable of very great improvement*. Now the manner in which it could be improved is the grand point aimed at. But, unfortunately, when any thing of the kind is attempted, a dozen visionary schemes start up at once, and each as plausible as the other; and I am really sorry to see some of the best Welsh works so disfigured by the introduction of what the authors miscalled, or mistook for, improvement.

In Mr. Owen Pughe's works, for instance, you will find all kinds of orthography. In his invaluable *Lexicon* we find z, ç, and v in place of DD, CH, and F; in some of the latter works we find the alteration without the z, in others without the ç, and in *Coll Gwynva* we find the orthography as it may now be said to be current, whilst, in his last work of *Palestina*, he has again changed the FF and F into F and v †.

Now, Sir, the inventor of any alteration for the better is entitled to the thanks of his country, and it is not because Mr. Owen Pughe's scheme has not been followed that it is a bad one.

Your correspondent, DEWI, would have some characters invented, or part of those belonging to the old Bardic Alphabet introduced; but this, I am persuaded, would never be of avail. It would, indeed, rather be better to introduce the Bardic let-

* Although our correspondent makes use of the term "orthography," the improvement, he contemplates, has reference more to the forms of letters, than to the spelling of words, to which, alone, it may be said, orthography is properly applicable. However, we know not what other term he could have employed; and, at all events, his letter will be found not unworthy of the reader's attention.—ED.

† There may be some degree of justice in these remarks; but we shall ever think, that the first attempt, made by Mr. Owen Pughe to reform our letters, was deserving of every praise, and ought not to experience a contrary fate merely on account of its boldness. The use of the letter z, in particular, has been a subject of condemnation; but it could only have been amongst those, who were ignorant of its previous existence in the alphabets both of Cornwall and Brittany. We cannot, therefore, agree with our correspondent, that this was a "mistaken improvement:" it added greatly to the exterior beauty of the language, and could not, in the least, tend to its obscurity, when the new force, appropriated to the character, was once understood. We do not, however, advocate its general adoption, we only defend Mr. Owen Pughe's use of it in his Dictionary; for the rest, we certainly feel some regret, that he should ever afterwards, as in *Coll Gwynva*, have returned *entirely* to the modern corruptions.—ED.

ters wholly, with the necessary alterations to suit the convenience of printing. If this were done, it would, at once, cut short all controversy on the subject.

Our neighbours, the Irish, have lately, in printing the Bible and some other of their works, adopted the old character, but which is neither so sightly nor so complete as the old Welsh. However, it has this advantage,—and the same would be the case if followed by the Welsh,—that it will not allow the introduction of any exotic letters. But, if the Roman letters must be kept, I fear the only alteration, that could be attempted with success, would be in the FF and F, already excluded from the CAMBRO-BRITON, for the F and v, and in the letter CH, which, I am inclined to believe, could be well enough represented by K, and it has, moreover, the advantage of being, as nearly as possible, of the form of the old Bardic character.

But, Sir, I am of opinion, that no alteration ought to be carried into effect until something has been done to give it the appearance of authority, and this might be easily attained.

Let the Cymmrodorion and the other societies for the cultivation of Welsh literature appoint persons to consider the subject, and, having decided upon the necessary alterations, the different institutions in Wales would, I am certain, immediately adopt them. It would then be very easy not to admit any article for competition not written according to the newly-authorized mode; and all works, published under their auspices, should be printed in the same manner. The plan would then, I imagine, stand a good chance of general adoption, or it might be made more general in this way:—after the decision and the requisite arrangements for carrying into effect the new mode had been made, it could be passed at an *Eisteddvod*, and I see no reason why it could not be done in time, to have the sanction of the *Eisteddvod* of the Cambrian Society in Gwent. Any alteration, thus sanctioned, would then be readily followed; but, until something of the kind is done, I certainly would advise holding to the current mode, however inefficient that mode may be, to prevent, if possible, any confusion ensuing*.

* As we have, in one instance, departed from the "current mode," we feel it proper here to observe, that all we have done has been to restore a letter, unjustifiably expelled from our alphabet, and to give it the power it naturally possesses in all others, and that too by discarding another cha-

The Breton language does not employ so many characters as the Welsh, but its alphabet is perhaps better arranged ; it is as follows:—

A. B. K. D. E. F. G. H. CH. C'H. I. J. L. M. N. O. P.
R. S. T. U. V. W*. Z.

Of these twenty-four letters six are vowels, viz. *a e i o u w*: in this alphabet *z* is employed to express a sound nearly the same as the Welsh *dd*, e. g. *gwirionez*, in Welsh *gwirionedd*, truth, *duouzek*, in Welsh *deuddeg*, twelve,—except in the middle of words, when it assumes the sound of the English *z* as in *amzer*, in Welsh *amser*, time ; and this letter, it will be recollected, Mr. Owen Pughe substituted for *dd* in his Grammar and Dictionary. The *ch* is only employed to express exotic terms, and even then has the sound of *s*, and the *j* has the same use. The *c'h*, e. g. *c'houc'h*, in Welsh *chwech*, six, and the letter *v* you will perceive they retain.

The Irish have an awkward way of forming the *v*, for which they employ both *bh* and *mh*. The *b* and *m* are radical letters, and the *bh* and the *mh*, of course, mutations:—e. g. *mac*, mutable into *mhac*, *mab*, son ; and certainly either *bh* or *mh* is as near the sound of *v* as *ph* is to that of *f*. They have also the gutturals *ch* and *gh*.

I recollect, Mr. Editor, you remarked in some Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, that the Welsh employing the double *L* and *D* was not less absurd than if they wrote *cc* and *tt* to express any particular sounds†. Now the fact is, the Irish do employ double *c* and *t* at the beginning of words ; for I find written in the Irish Testament, *Ccorinthianach* for Corinthians and *Ccolossianach* for Collossians—also *Ttessalonicanach* for Thessalonians. Perhaps some of your readers can give an idea what sounds the *cc* and *tt* represent, as well as the *dh*, which occurs very often in the language‡.

racter, to which an arbitrary value had been assigned. No confusion could possibly ensue from such an alteration.—ED.

* Is our correspondent correct in this letter ; and does not the Breton alphabet comprise the letter *q* also?—ED.

† What we observed was, that we might, “with as much propriety, use *cc* and *tt* for *ch* and *th*, as the duplication of *d* and *l*, now so preposterously employed.” See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 326.—ED.

‡ The duplication of the *c* and *t*, in Irish, depends, we believe, on the

I cannot conclude without expressing a hope, that the subject of the alteration of the orthography will immediately excite the attention of the *literati* of Wales, and that something may be done to give the Welsh—what, it may be said, (from the continual changes introduced by the whims of writers) they never possessed—a settled orthography.

GWILYM.

P. S. Adverting to the article in your last number respecting the “Conformity between the Indian and Bardic Theology,” I beg to state, that some observations on the subject may be found in J. SMITH’S “*Gaelic Antiquities*.”

EXCERPTA.

THE IRISH HARP.

THE following observations on the Irish Harp are extracted from Mr. Beauford’s Treatise on Ancient Irish Music. We do not, however, vouch for their perfect accuracy, and especially as, in the etymology of some ancient words, and indeed in the orthography of the words themselves, the writer does not appear to have bestowed on his subject all the attention it required. But we still think the extract sufficiently curious to entitle it to a place in a work devoted to the examination of Celtic antiquities.

“THE *clarsech**, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons, undoubtedly, were not acquainted with it, during the residence of the Romans in their country; as, on all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman *lyra*, and not the British *telyn*, or harp. Neither can the Welsh trace their bards or music higher than the time of Cadwaladr, who died in 688†. Both the Greeks and Ro-

influence of the preceding word, somewhat like the initial mutations in Welsh; but we are not aware, that the sound is thus altered. *DH*, when not final and followed by a vowel, has, in most parts of Ireland, the sound of *y*; when final, it is quiescent, or, at best, but a faint aspiration.—ED.

* Spelt also *clairseach*.—ED.

† Pennant’s Tour through North Wales.” [The harp, or *telyn*, of the Welsh is, no doubt, of ancient origin, as frequent reference to it occurs

mans were unacquainted with such an instrument, as it is not found on their coins and sculptures, till towards the decline of the empire of the latter. The Greeks have it not; the musical instruments of the modern Greeks consist of the ancient lyre, which they play with their fingers and a bow; they have also the guitar, but no harp*.

"The harp, in old Irish *oirpeam*, is certainly of Teutonic or Scythic origin. For Venantius Fortunatus, speaking of the several European musical instruments in the sixth century, ascribes the *lyra* to the Romans, the *achilliaca* to the Greeks, the *crotta* to the Britons†, and the harp‡ to the Germans. And the author of the Life of St. Dunstan, in the tenth century, says, that the *cythara* of this Saint was called, in their native tongue, *hearpe*§.

"The Irish bards, on receiving the Gothic or Scythic harp, or, as they denominated it in their native tongue, *oirpeam*, would naturally consider of the most proper means of adapting it to their vocal music, and render it capable of supporting the voice and performing their symphonic airs, for which, in subsequent periods, they became so celebrated. This they effected, by filling up the intervals of the fifths and thirds in each scale, by which, and the assistance of the church music, they were enabled to complete their scale, and increase the number of strings from 18 to 28; in which the original chromatic tones were retained, and the whole formed on the oral improved system. Under these improvements, though the instrument had increased in the number of its strings, it was somewhat reduced in capacity; for, instead of beginning in the lower E

in the Welsh laws. It was, originally, of a very simple construction. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 54, in the note.—ED.]

* "Voyage Lit. de la Grece 3d edit. tom. i. par Monsieur Guys. See also the figure of a lyre, to be played on with a bow, having the bridge curved like a violin, in plate 109, vol. i. of the Cabinet of the Honourable Sir William Hamilton, Naples, 1766."

† In the Welsh language, *crotth*. This instrument, which resembles a violin in its principle, is peculiarly Welsh, and next the harp in estimation and antiquity.—ED.

‡ "Romanusque lyrâ, plaudat tibi barbarus harpâ,
Græcus achilliaca, chrotta Britannâ canat.

Ven. Fortun. l. 7. Carm. 8."

§ "Sumpsit secum ex more citharam suam, quam paterna lingua *hearpe* vocamus. Vit. S. Dunstan, apud Wharton. Angl. Sacra."

in the base, it commenced in C, a sixth above, and terminated in C, an octave below, and, in consequence, became much more melodious, and capable of accompanying the voice. These improvements were, most probably, farther enlarged on the introduction of the Latin church music by Malachy O'Morgair, archbishop of Armagh, about the year 1134*, from which period the Irish poetry and music are supposed to have separated, and vocal and instrumental music became distinct†.

“The Bardic Harp, derived from the Gothic, was a large instrument, with deep base tones, generally used in concerts or large companies, and distinguished, by the Irish, by the name of *cream-cruithin*, or *creamtin-cruith*, that is, the noisy or festive harp. This, from 28 strings, was, in the latter ages, augmented to 33, beginning in C in the tenor, and extending to D in alt, which seems to have been the last improvement of the Irish harp, and in which state it still remains. A harp of this kind, five feet high, was made in 1726.

“In respect to the technical terms of the component parts of the harp in the Irish language‡, the wooden frame was denominated *clair* or the board; the strings *tead* or *teadach*; the arm or head, in which the pins were placed, *cionar*; the front or stay, *orfead*, and the pins, on which the strings were tuned, *urnaidhim ceangal*. Under these relative denominations the Irish gave their harp various names; as, from its sounding-board, *clairsech* or musical board; from its strings, *teadhloin*, whence the Welsh *telyn*§; from its arm, *cionar*, and, from the trembling of the strings, *cruith*. Among which derivatives the original name *oirpeam*||, from the Gothic *hearpa*, was nearly lost.

“During the middle ages, the harp appears to have been an universal instrument among the inhabitants of this isle; and, in consequence, their musicians became expert performers, and superior in instrumental music to their brethren in Britain, and, in a great measure, merited the high character given them

* Inter S. Bernardi Opera, cap. 16.”

† O'Connor's Dissertations.”

‡ O'Clerigh.”

§ The word *telyn* has its origin in the Welsh tongue, being derived from the root *tel*, which signifies any thing straight or drawn tight.—ED.

|| From *oirpeam* comes the modern Irish *oirpheadach* a harper, and *oirsid*, melody.”

by Cambrensis, who observes, that 'the attention of these people to musical instruments is worthy of praise; in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of any other nation that we see. For in these the modulation is not slow and solemn, as in the instruments of Britain, to which we are accustomed; but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, yet sweet and pleasing. It is extraordinary in such rapidity of the fingers, how the musical proportions are preserved, and the art every where unhurt, among their complicated modulations, and the multitude of intricate notes; so sweetly swift, so irregular in their composition, so disorderly in their concords, yet returning to unison and completing the melody. Whether the chords of the *diatessaron* or *diapente* be struck together, they always begin in *dulce* and end in the same, that all may be perfect in completing the delightful sonorous melody. They commence and quit their modulations with so much delicacy, and soothe so softly, that the excellency of their art lies in concealing it.'

"This eminence of the Irish harpers is not exaggerated, nor is it a compliment paid to the nation, as some have imagined. Cambrensis was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time, and perfectly understood both the theory and practice of music at that period cultivated in Britain, where the English minstrels and Welsh bards principally applied their instruments in supporting the voice in plain song, and were, in a great measure, unacquainted with symphonic airs, to which indeed their languages were little adapted*. On the contrary, the varied cadence of the Irish tongue, and the brilliant symphonies which naturally arose from it, must have greatly delighted and astonished an ear not accustomed thereto. Besides, it was not in the full choir or crowded theatre, that the Irish musicians were trained in practice, but in the lonely desert, the deep valley, and the rugged mountain, where, familiar with the sighing gale, softening echo, and pealing thunder, they became acquainted with those natural graces which give so much elegance to modern music; and the *forte*, *piano*, *termente*, &c. constantly adorned their melodious performances. And, in

* There are several assertions in this extract made without any great foundation; and this appears to be one, the inaccuracy of which a reference to Mr. Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards* and Mr. Parry's *Welsh Melodies* will sufficiently prove.—ED.

accompanying the vocal music with the harp, they sometimes imitated the modulations of the voice, then, quitting it, the base notes only sounded; again, whilst the voice moved slowly and gravely along, the treble strings delightfully tinkled above, as it were re-echoing the song from the surrounding objects. They seem, in every part of their performances, to have studied nature, and to have paid little regard to art; thereby forming a style strong and expressive, but wild and irregular. This wildness, however, though destitute of the truth of composition, was not destitute of the power of producing pleasing and extraordinary effects on the minds of the hearers."

CEINION Y GREAL.—No. I.

It must be known to most of our readers, that, about eighteen years ago, a Welsh periodical* work, entitled Y GREAL, was established in London, for the purpose of familiarizing the natives of Wales with the language, literature, and history of their country. But, above all, the express object of this publication seems to have been the diffusion, amongst Welsh scholars, of a correct knowledge and a classical taste; and those, who have perused its pages, must have seen how well adapted it was to the accomplishment of this task. In addition to the skill, with which it was conducted*, the interesting variety of its contents, especially in history, poetry, and biography, deserve to be also noticed, and more particularly, as, among them, are many early literary remains of considerable value, not elsewhere to be found. From all these circumstances it cannot but be a matter of regret to the admirers of our national literature, that the work in question should have had so short an existence, as it continued only, from the 21st of June, 1805, during nine quarterly numbers.

It has long been our wish to introduce our English readers to some acquaintance with the GREAL, and especially as the

* We shall have full credit, we know, for what we have alluded to, when we state, that Mr. Owen Pughe was one of the Editors of the GREAL. The late Mr. Owen Jones, we believe, was also concerned in it.—ED.

CAMBRO-BRITON professes to follow in the same track, though, we are but too sensible, *non passibus æquis*. This, however, is but an additional reason, why we should desire to enrich our pages by the labours of our precursor; and, accordingly, we propose to insert, under the title above given, occasional selections from the work in question and, particularly, from among its more ancient notices. The first article, we extract, is also the first in the *GREAL*, and, whatever may be its historical value, (though it is not without its use even in this view), we select it rather as a singular specimen of the literary productions of our forefathers.

THE TWENTY-FOUR BRITISH KINGS, BY WHOM THE
THIRTY-THREE CHIEF CITIES OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN WERE BUILT*.

B. C. 1108.—Brutus the son of Sylvius, the son of Ascanius, the son of Æneas of the White Shield, (*Ygweydwyn*), who founded a city on the side of the Thames† and called it New Troy (*Trocau Newydd*), and it was called, after that, Lud's City (*Caer Lludd*) and is, this day, named London (*Llundain*). He reigned 24 years.

B. C. 1009.—Membyr, or Mynyr, the son of Madawg, the son of Coraneus, the son of Brutus, was a powerful and cruel sovereign of the Isle of Britain; and he built a noble city, on the banks of the Thames, in a place, which was afterwards found to be the middle of the island, and it was called, after his own name, Membyr's City (*Caer Vembyr*), and it was afterwards called Bosso's City, (*Caer Bosso*), and at present it is called Oxford (*Rhydychen*). He reigned 20 years.

B. C. 989.—Evrog the Mighty, son of Membyr, was a powerful and excellent king: he founded a fine city on the banks of the Ure (*Tyedd*) in the North, and it was called, after his own name, Evrog's City (*Caer Evrog*), and at pre-

* The original of this article was in the possession of the late Mr. Jolmes of Havod and was, most probably, consumed in the lamentable fire that destroyed his seat. There are, however, other copies in Wales. The account seems to be a compilation out of the *Brut Breninoedd*, or Chronicle of the Kings.—ED.

† The original word in the Havod M.S. was *Tems*: in others it is, more properly, *Tain*.—ED.

sent it is called, in English, York. He built another city, that which is denominated *Caer Alclyd*, and the Castle, which is called *Castell y Morwynion*, on *Mynydd y Tristydd*; and this Evrog had twenty sons and thirty daughters, all of whom went to Germany but one son, whose name was Brutus of the Blue Shield (*Darian Lás*), who remained to protect the kingdom after his father had reigned 60 years.

B. C. 929.—Brutus Darian Lás, son of Evrog Gadarn, was a just king over the whole Island of Britain; and he completed the building of the city begun by his father, which was then called *Caer Alclyd*, and afterwards *Castell y Morwynion*, and is to day called, in English, Carlisle*. He reigned about 13 years.

B. C. 917.—Lleon, the son of Brutus Darian Lás, was a was a good and praiseworthy king; and he built a city on the banks of the River Dee, (*Dyrrdwy*), and he called it, after his own name, *Caer Lleon*, and thus it is to this day called in Welsh†. And about this period the City of Jerusalem (*Caer Salem*) in *India Vaur*‡ was built. He reigned 25 years.

B. C. 892.—Rhun of the Thick Spear (*Baladr Bras*), the son of Lleon, was a powerful and cruel king; and he founded three cities, namely, *Caer Gaint*, *Caer Wynt*, and *Caer Vynydd*: *Caer Gaint* is Canterbury, *Caer Wynt* is Winchester, *Caer Vynydd* is Exeter. He reigned 29 years.

B. C. 853.—Blaidud, the son of Rhun ab Lleon, was a king of great power, who built a city on the River Badon§, and he made a warm ointment through the skill of Igmar, and then made himself wings, and flew as far as London,

* More probably, Dunbarton or Dunbritton, in the County of Lennox, in Scotland.—ED.

† This is contrary to the received opinion, according to which Chester had its name of *Caer Lleon* from having been, in the time of the Romans, the station of the 20th Legion, called *Legio Victrix*, a fact, which appears from an ancient inscription discovered there in 1653.—ED.

‡ *India Vaur*, or Great India, implies, we may suppose, Palestine.—ED.

§ This must mean the river Avon, a valley adjoining which, in the vicinity of Bristol, is, to this day, called by the Welsh *Nant Badon*; and a hill in the same place, now called Bannesdown, bore formerly the name of Badon Hill, and was famous for a battle fought there between the Britons and Saxons. It deserves to be also noticed, that the Avon in Wiltshire, where it rises, is actually called Badon by William of Malmesbury.—ED.

where he broke his neck, because, for the want of a tail, he was unable to alight, on the spot where now stands the steeple of St. Paul the Apostle. He governed the country 20 years.

B. C. 834.—Llur, son of Blaiddud ab Rhun, was a powerful and holy king; and he built a city on the side of the river Soar, (*Soram*), and called it, after his own name, Llur's City, (*Caer Llur*), and, at present, it is called, in English, Leicester. And he had three daughters but no son; and the daughters of Llur. were as the world describes them*. He governed the country 40 years.

B. C. 441.—Dyvnwal Moelmud, son of Cludno, Earl of Cornwall, was a powerful and praiseworthy king; and he made a survey of the island, its mountains, its rivers, its forests, and its chief harbours. He also erected a city on the banks of the Severn (*Sabrina*), and it was called *Caer Odor*; because the small river, that runs through the town, is called *Odor Nant y Badd*†; and this town is called to-day, in both languages, Brysto.

B. C. 401.—Beli, son of Dyvnwal Moelmud, was king of the whole Island of Britain, and his brother Brân was Emperor of Rome. This Beli founded a city on the side of the river Usk (*Wysg*) and he called it *Caer Lleon ar Wysg*; and this was the chief city of the Isle of Britain. For the privileges and rank of the Island were preserved in it, and the seven sciences, and the Round Table, and the principal Archbishoprick of the three, and the fatal chair, and thirteen rarities of the sovereign rarities of the Isle of Britain. And at that time it was called a second Rome, on account of its beauty, its pleasantness, its size, its strength, and its opulence. He reigned 26 years.

B. C. 375.—Gwrgant with the Cut Beard, (*Varvdruch*), son of Beli ab Dyvnwal, was king of the whole Isle of Britain; and he made war against the Turks, Denmark, and Norway, and gave a settlement to the Gwyddelod in the country of Ireland (*Iwerddon*), the same that are still there, their issue

* Llur, under the name of Lear, together with his daughters, has been immortalized by the muse of Shakespeare.—ED.

† Here *Odor* appears to be applied to the Avon, by which, it is known, Bristol is divided: *Nant y Badd* is, of course, the *Nant Badon* mentioned above.—ED.

and kind. He built a city on the river Lone (*Dŷ*), and he called it *Caer Wryyd*; and it is now named Lancaster*. He reigned 14 years.

B. C. 356.—Cyhylyn, son of Gwrgant ab Beli, was a powerful and gracious king of the whole Isle of Britain; and his wife composed the greatest part of the laws that are yet extant in this kingdom, and her name was Marsia. This Cyhylyn erected a city by the sea side, and called it *Caer Baris*, Dorchester†. He reigned 36 years.

B. C. 58.—Beli the Great, son of Manogan, was king of the Isle of Britain, and he had three sons, Lludd, Caswallawn, and Nynniaw. Lludd repaired the walls of London, and desired to be interred in a place, called Ludgate, in London. He reigned 11 years.

B. C. 47.—Caswallawn, son of Beli, brother of Lludd, was a powerful prince. It was he that fought against Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome; and this Caswallawn established a great festival in London, where were slain twenty thousand cattle, forty thousand sheep, sixty thousand geese, and more capons and wild birds than any one could count or relate; and this feast was one of the three extravagant feasts of the Isle of Britain‡. He governed the kingdom 19 years; and in his time this country was made tributary to Rome.

B. C. 4.—Cynvelyn ab Teneuvan was a good and upright king over all the Isle of Britain; and in his time was born our Lord Jesus Christ, of the womb of the Lady Virgin Mary. He reigned 35 years.

A. D. 17.—Gwryyd ab Cynvelyn was a fair and gracious king; and in his time our Lord Jesus Christ was baptized and suffered death upon the Cross. This Gwryyd married Gwenwisa, daughter of Julius Cæsar the Emperor of Rome; and Julius Cæsar built a city on the banks of the Severn,

* A piece of an ancient Roman Wall near this town is still called Wery Wall, which appears to have some connection with the old British name.—Ed.

† This can hardly be correct, as Dorchester is at some distance from the sea; and it is scarcely possible to say, to what *Baris* can apply.—Ed.

‡ We believe this event is recorded in the Triads, but cannot, at this moment, call to mind the particular reference. The circumstances, here mentioned, are, of course, exaggerated.—Ed.

and it was called *Caer Loyio Gwryyd* *. He reigned 28 years.

A. D. 181.—Lles ab Coel ab Meirig was a wise and religious king, and he said, that his end would be better than his beginning, and he ordered the whole kingdom to be baptized. He also sent to Eleutherius, Pope of Rome, for two priests, namely, Dyvan and Fagan, who instructed the Britons in the Catholic faith; and from that time to this the Britons never abandoned the faith †. He reigned 8 years.

A. D. 265.—Coel Godebog, Earl of Gloucester, was a powerful and just king; he slew Asclepiodotus, Emperor of Rome; and he founded two cities, namely, *Caer Fawydd* and *Caer Vyddaw*. *Caer Fawydd* is Hereford, and *Caer Vyddaw*, Chichester. He had a daughter named Elen, who married Constans, Emperor of Rome; and this was the Elen, who obtained the blessed cross, upon which our Lord Jesus Christ suffered. He reigned 27 years.

A. D. 383.—Macsen ab Llwydrod, brother of Trahaiarn, was king of the Isle of Britain and Emperor of Rome; and Macsen married Elen, daughter of Eudav ab Caradawg, and he founded three cities, namely, *Caer Sallawg*, *Caer Alun*, and *Caer Vyrddin*. *Caer Sallawg* is Caernarvon ‡, *Caer Alun* is Hawlfordd §. And he was king in the Island of Britain seven years; and he took possession of Armorica (*Llydaw*) and placed it under the crown of *Lloegyr*, and it was called Little Britain. Macsen had from Elen three sons,

* Gloucester.—Ed.

† For the circumstance, here related, Lles ab Coel is recorded in the Triads, under the name of Lleirwg, as one of the “three hallowed princes of the Isle of Britain.” See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 262. There is a Church in Glamorganshire dedicated to Fagan.—Ed.

‡ This must have been an error of a transcriber; for *Caer Sallawg*, we believe, was the ancient name of Old Sarum, and it agrees, most remarkably, with the situation of that town, which an old writer (Petrus Bēlensis) describes as “a place exposed to the wind, barren, dry, and solitary.” *Sallawg* may be said to express all this by one word.—Ed.

§ This is the Welsh name for Haverfordwest, but we believe *Caer Alun* to mean here the ancient Wilton, formerly capital of Wiltshire, and situate on the small river Willey, called, by Ptolemy, Alanus, or Alen, and whence, most probably, Wilton is called, in old writings, Ellandunum. It may also strengthen this conjecture to notice, that Wilton is at no great distance from Old Sarum.—Ed.

namely, Peblig, Cystenin, and Owain. This Owain was a dignified knight; and Cystenin was prince of Britain, and was also the chief stock of a tribe; and Peblig was honourable for having sent to Armorica from the Isle of Britain a hundred thousand labourers, and thirty thousand knights, and fifty thousand women of the commonalty, and eleven thousand females of quality; and these latter went to Gwlen to Germany (*Allmaen*), and there they suffered martyrdom in the cause of the true God, and were called the eleven thousand Youths (*Gweryddon*). And then, when the men of Rome refused the tribute from the Isle of Britain because they were weary of defending it, on account of the many wars in which they were engaged, they went to Armorica to procure a king, and there they got Cystenin, brother of Aldwr, king of Armorica, and he came to this island and was proclaimed King of the Isle of Britain. He was a good and merciful man, and had three sons, namely, Constans, Ambrosius, (*Emrys*), and Uthyr Pendragon; and he erected three cities, *Caer Wmber*, *Caer Wster*, and *Caer Angon* *. He was called by some Constantine the Deliverer, by others Constantine the Blessed,

A. D. 516.—Arthur, son of Uthyr ab Cystenin, was a king of great praise over thirty kingdoms: and he was styled Emperor of Rome. He was one of the most praiseworthy sovereigns of the whole world: the most generous, the most valiant, and the most merciful. He loved and honoured *Caerleon* on the *Usk* more than any other place; and he erected many religious houses and monasteries, and gave them endowments and salaries, and these will last for ever.

A. D. 581.—Maelgwn Gwynedd, son of Caswallon Law Hir ab Einion Urth ab Cunedda Wledig, was a powerful and cruel king: he founded three cities, namely, *Caer Digoll*, *Cae*, *Collwyn*, and *Caer Cyfin*. *Caer Digoll* is Shrewsbury †,

* We are, at this moment, unable to trace the modern names of these places. The first was, most probably, some town on the Humber.—ED.

† Llywarch Hen, in the seventh century, in a Poem addressed to Cadwallawn, King of the Britons, calls Shrewsbury *Digoll Vynydd*, Mount Digoll:—

Lluest Cadwallawn glodrydd
Yn ngwarthas *Digoll Vynydd*.

The army of the illustrious Cadwallawn
Encamped on Mount Digoll.

Caer Collwyn is Harlech, and *Caer Cyfin* is Aberconway. Maelgwn had a son and daughter: Rhun was the son, and Eurgain the daughter.

A. D. 635.—Caswallawn ab Cadvan ab Iago ab Beli ab Rhun was a powerful king: he pursued the foreign people* so as to slay them and put them to flight, and he had the advantage of them on every occasion. He was King of the Isle of Britain 48 years, and, after his death, his body was anointed with precious ointment, and he had enjoined it to be placed in a brazen image above the gate of London, as Myrddin had said in his great prophecy in the presence of Vortimer the Blessed, that the Saxons should never come to the kingdom while his body was there. But this, unfortunately, was not done.

A. D. 685.—Cadwaladyr the Blessed was a merciful and holy king of the whole Isle of Britain for 11 years; and then it pleased God to send a famine through the whole Isle of Britain, and Cadwaladyr was obliged to flee before the tempest to go to Armorica. Then Saxburga came to the island with four hundred thousand men from Germany to invade the Isle of Britain; and when Cadwaladyr heard it, he ordered a fleet to be prepared from Armorica to go with a force to the island. And, when he had put to sea, the voice of an angel was heard above his head, commanding him to return, saying, that God was offended with the Britons on account of their sins; upon which Cadwaladyr turned back, and went to Rome, where he died. This was the last King of the Britons; and

Cynddelw also, in the twelfth century, gives it the same name in the following lines, addressed to Owain Cyveiliog, Prince of Powys:

Gwirawd Owain, draw dra *Digoll Vynydd*,

Mor vynydd ei harvoll:

Owain cyvyrgain, nid cyvyrgoll,

O vedd, o vuelin oll.

Yonder, Digoll's Mount beside,

Owain's frequent horn goes round:

As, in never ebbing tide,

Sparkling wine and mead abound.

Thus too the Triads, in allusion to the circumstance above quoted from Llywarch, call the Battle of Digoll, between Cadwallawn and Edwin, one of the three discolourings of the Severn.—ED.

* The Saxons.—ED.

he had three sons, namely, Ivor, Alan, and Idwal Iwrch. And these became Princes of Wales, but neither of them was King.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XIX.

I. TROCHI—BAPTIZE*.

IN our 25th Number, p. 162, we felt it our duty to notice the singular manner, in which the author of a Translation of *Paradise Regained*, some specimens of which had appeared in the preceding Numbers, had rendered the word *baptized*, at the commencement of Milton's poem. Our objection was that the word *trochedig*, used on the occasion, was "not a fair translation" of the English word, but implied rather one *immersed* than *baptized*. We have since received from the writer a communication on the subject, which, although of a private nature, we deem it an act of justice to insert here, that his defence may have the same publicity as our strictures. We shall subjoin a few observations in reply, and leave the unprejudiced reader to decide between us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I have paid particular attention to your note, p. 162; but, with deference to your superior opinion, I should wish to offer my reasons for translating as I have done :—

1. "*Trochedigion*".—I do not believe *bedydd* to be a Welsh word, (although used inadvertently in another place), but rather conceive it to be derived from the Greek *baptizo*, which, you must be well aware of, means *trochi*; to dip or plunge; and, as the English word, *baptize*, is likewise derived from the same root, I concluded, and do still, that there could be no impropriety in rendering it as I did.

2. Concerning "*bedyddio yn y llir*," I should imagine that

* This article was in the printer's hands for insertion last month, but was afterwards excluded to make room for other matter of more immediate urgency. We think it necessary to state this, to account for a delay, which might otherwise appear to want explanation.—Ed.

there could be no danger in wording my sentences as the Bible does: see Mat. iii. 6. Mark i. 9. John iii. 23, &c.

The use of the word "*Dippers*," by which, I suppose, you mean the *Baptists*, savours much of a bigotted and unchristian spirit. With best wishes for your success.

Swansea,

I remain, your's, &c.

Jan. 26, 1822.

J. H.

It will be seen, that our correspondent does not attempt to defend the use of *trochedig* in any other way than by impugning the propriety of *bedydd*. Now, in the first place, we do not think it by any means clear, that *bedydd* is a derivative of the Greek word: Mr. Owen, in his Dictionary, refers it to the primitive root *BED*, which implies, abstractedly, a state of aptness or preparation. If this be the fact, *bedydd* must be regarded as a genuine Welsh word, at whatever period it was first used, since it has its origin in the language; and is formed upon a principle commonly known to it. Yet, were we even to admit that *bedyddiaw* was derived from *βαπτίζω*, it would still prove nothing in favour of the use of *trochi*; for, upon the same principle, *plunge* or *immerge* might, at any time, be substituted for the English *baptize*, which, our correspondent himself must feel, would be a gross impropriety. We are aware, indeed, that *βαπτίζω*, as a derivative of *βαπτο*, had primitively the sense of *trochi* in Welsh; but we deny, that the English word ever had that meaning. It was adopted to denote an essential ceremony of the English church, in which *immersion* forms no part; and custom has long consecrated it as the only term, that can be appropriated to the sacred occasion. The same may be said of the Welsh *bedyddiaw*, which is, accordingly, the only fair and proper translation of *baptize*: and, although Milton, in the passage under consideration, may be supposed to have used the latter word in a more general sense than that adopted by our church, we still contend, that to render it by *trochi* was an unwarrantable innovation on the expression, if not on the sense, of the original.

In answer to the remainder of our correspondent's letter we have little to say. "*Bedyddio yn y lliv*" is only so far an objectionable expression, as it is not a faithful version of Milton, who has, simply, *baptized* and not "*baptized in the flood*," what-

ever may have been the actual fact. The words, *yn y llir*, are, therefore, unnecessarily introduced; and we cannot see, how the scriptural passages, to which our correspondent alludes, can justify the use of them with reference to the translation in question. A translator is bound to conform to the sense, and, as far as possible, to the expression, of the writer he undertakes to translate.

On the charge of "a bigotted and unchristian spirit," which our correspondent is pleased to make against us, we have no wish to offer any remark, since it is evidently founded in a misconstruction of our meaning: and, if J. H. will take the trouble of re-perusing the passage, he will find that we only put the case hypothetically. All we said was, in substance, that, if it were wished to designate the *Dippers* by that name, the word used by our correspondent (*trochedigion*) would be the very one to employ. This we repeat; but we never, by this expression, meant to accuse the translator of any such sinister and unworthy design. The inference, he has drawn, therefore, as to the "spirit," in which our observation was made, was somewhat too hasty.

II. THE LEEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—The following account of this national symbol appeared in the "*Gazette of Fashion*," No. 6, and I should be happy to see it transferred to the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

Your's, &c.

J. P.

"It is a common error to trace the origin of the Welsh custom of wearing Leeks on St. David's day to a victory gained by Cadwallawn in the sixth century near a field of leeks. It is a much more probable supposition, that they were a *Druidic Symbol*, employed in honour of the British *Ceudwen*, or Ceres*. There is nothing strained or far-fetched in this

* The writer seems here to have made a mistake in the name; for it is probable, he must have meant, by *Ceudwen*, the Cyridiwen of the ancient Cynry, who was regarded, in the mythological creed of that people, as the first of woman-kind, and also as possessing the attributes ascribed to Venus. Accordingly, *Pair Cyridwen* is used by the early Welsh poets for the Cauldron of Renovation. As to the general subject of this article, we beg to refer the reader to the second volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 182.—ED.

hypothesis. The Druids were, doubtless, a branch of the Phœnician priesthood. The latter is accused by a writer on the spot, of addiction to a similar oak worship, "*Ye shall be ashamed of the oaks that ye have chosen.*" Moses himself, a member of the Egyptian priesthood, erected a *Druidic Cromlech*, or *circle of twelve stones*, in the same country.

"During the funereal rites of Adonis at Byblos, *Leeks* and onions were exhibited in 'pots with other vegetables, and called the Gardens of the Deity.' The Leek was worshipped at Ascalon, (whence the modern term of Scallions), as it was in Egypt, at which latter worship Juvenal sneers—

—*porrum nefas violare ac frangere morsu.*

"*Leeks* and onions were also deposited in the sacred chests of the mysteries both of Isis and Ceres, the *Ceudven* of the Druids.

"*Leeks* are frequently seen among the Egyptian hieroglyphics; sometimes a *Leek* appears on the head of Osiris; and it is not uncommon to see one grasped in an extended hand.

"Hence, perhaps, the Italian proverb "*Parro che nasce nella mano,—A leek that grows in the hand,—*for a virtue. *Porrus*, a leek, is derived by Bryant from the Egyptian god Pi-orus, who is the same as the *Baal Peor* of the Phœnicians, and the *Bel* or *Belinus* of the Druids."

III. LOVE OF THE WELSH FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Love of country is a feeling, that cannot be too highly eulogised, a feeling deeply fixed in the bosoms of the inhabitants of every climate, however rude, and remote from the civilized world, and in none deeper than in the descendants of the ancient Cymry. This is proper:—men ought to love their country, it is the land of their fathers, and its very dust should be sacred with them, as being the remains of mighty men: It was the glory of their fathers, and should be theirs. The warriors of old were anxious, when falling in a distant land, to be remembered in their own.

Raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt,

were the words of Carthon to the king of woody Morven; and such is, doubtless, the wish of many a lonely exile.

With regard to love of country, as it concerns our own island, much might be said; no one quits its shores, without some feeling of regret—

The hardest heart will some emotion feel,
As through the waters darts the vessel's keel,
That bears him from the fields, he lov'd to range,
To foreign climes, to scenes and people strange.

But the feeling is not alike with all: the Englishman departs without that acute sensation, which, it might be supposed, would afflict him,—his parting moment is softened by the rich and dazzling prospect, before him, of returning to pass in her bosom the evening of his days. This is a laudable feeling, but not peculiarly his own: the same glows in the bosom of the Caledonian, and the light-hearted son of green Erin. But they have no pining, no sickness of the heart,—

Such as the dove has for its distant mate:
They feel not that malady,
Which calls up green and native fields to view,
Of the sad mountaineer, when, far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
Still he feeds on the sweet but poisonous thought,
And dies.

The one is of that cold calculating nature, which, rising, sweeps down all softer thoughts; the other is too mercurial to think much, or fret long, whatever cause he may have for it; and neither of them has that enthusiasm, which fills the bosom of the Cambrian. They feel not,

As fast and far o'er waves they fly,
And see (faint mingling with the sky),
Their native hills' deep shadows fade,
—every furrow of the vessel's track
Ploughing into their hearts.

Hope buoys them up, and disperses such emotions: not so the Cambrians, they leave their native mountains, to seek foreign plains reluctantly and slow, like the drops melted from the snow on their hoary summits.

Their hearts are like their native hills
Deep rooted in their parent earth,

And absence but their bosoms fills
 With thoughts of those who gave them birth.
 Their peaceful home, their household hearth,
 Their vallies deep, their mountains high,
 If lost, tho' circled round with mirth,
 They pine for, and despairing die.

This, although a poetical description, is not all fiction; it has been witnessed in foreign climates, and I feel proud in saying, that the only fault, which an Englishman could find with a Welshman, was, that he pined too much for home. They make excellent soldiers, but cannot stand long absence from their country; they sicken, and die of that malady,

Which few can describe, and but fewer can feel.

In short, with the exception of those in the army and navy few Welshmen emigrate (here I, of course, exclude those who merely come up to London;) but in Asia, in Africa, in America, and in the West Indies, where Europeans abound, the names of Cambria are not very numerous. The negroes have been heard to ask—"Where Welsh buckra? massa, me i see Welsh buckra; me see English buckra, Scotch buckra. me no see Welsh buckra, me pose him like poor *neger*, bo in a bush, him no like leaving him country."

So few are the Welsh in a part of the world, where the multitude of Scotchmen, and the manner in which they cling together, has become almost proverbial. To conclude, even those, who cross the border, and seek their fortunes in the gay and giddy capital, feel the blood of their fathers predominate, they are still Cambrians, and devour with greedy ear all news respecting their country. May the spirit that animate them exist for ever*!

S. R. J.

IV. WELSH INDIANS†.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Permit me to send you a short account of the PA-DOUCAS, supposed to be the Welsh Indians, extracted from

* We fully concur with our correspondent in the wish that such a spirit, as he has described, might "exist for ever." But we must own, we have some misgivings as to the fidelity of the picture he has so feelingly drawn. It is more what it ought to be, we fear, than what it really is.—ED.

† We insert this communication, (which, indeed, has been some time

a recent Geographical Dictionary of America, &c.; as it may tend to throw some new light on that interesting subject.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

BARDUS.

"**PADOUCAS***, a settlement of the province and government of *Louisiana*, in North America, on the shore and at the source of the river of its name, where there are also different villages of Indians of this name.

"This once powerful Indian nation (of which our author speaks) has, apparently, entirely disappeared; every inquiry, made after them, has proved ineffectual. In the year 1724 they resided in several villages on the heads of the *Kansas* river, and could, at that time, bring upwards of 2000 men into the field. (See *Mons. Dupratz's History of Louisiana*, p. 71, and the map attached to that work).

"The information, that we have received, is, that, being oppressed by the nations residing on the *Missouri*, they removed to the upper part of the river *Plate*, where they afterwards had but little intercourse with the whites. They seem to have given name to the north branch of that river, which is called *Paducas* Fork.

"The most probable conjecture is, that, being still farther reduced, they have divided into small wandering bands, which have assumed the names of the subdivisions of the **PADOUCAS** nation, and are known to us at present under the appellation of *Wetepahatoes*, *Kiawas*, *Kanenavish*, *Katteka*, *Dotame*, &c.; who still inhabit the country to which the **PADOUCAS** are said to have removed. The aforesaid river runs south east, then east, and enters the grand river *Missouri*.

"**DOTAME**, a wandering nation of Indians of North America, inhabiting an open country, and who raise a great number of horses and mules. They are a friendly, well-disposed people,

(in our possession), without agreeing precisely in the conclusion, which our correspondent draws from his premises. However, we are willing that our readers should judge for themselves, and, accordingly, insert **Bardus's** Letter. The subject of the "Welsh Indians" is one, to which we hope soon to return.—ED.

* The name, *Padoucas*, is probably derived from *Madaug*, their leader, the son of Prince Owain Gwynedd, about A. D. 1170.—See *Enderby's History of Wales*, and *Powel's History of Wales*.—BARDUS.

and might, from the position of their country, be easily induced to visit an establishment on the *Missouri*, about the mouth of *Chyenne* river. They have not, as yet, visited the *Missouri*.

“KANZAS. The limits of the country these Indians claim is not known. The country in which they reside, and from thence to the *Missouri*, is a delightful one, and generally well watered, and covered with excellent timber. They hunt to the upper part of *Banzas*, and *Arkansas* rivers. Their trade may be expected to increase with proper management. At present they are a dissolute, lawless, banditti, frequently plunder their traders, and commit depredations on persons ascending and descending the *Missouri* rivers: population rather increasing. These people, as well well as the great, and little *Ossages*, are stationary at their villages, from about the 15th of March to the 15th of May, and again from the 15th of August to the 15th of October; the rest of the year is appropriated to hunting. They cultivate corn, &c. *Kanzas* is a river of the same province and government as the former settlements. It runs east, and enters the *Missouri*.”

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAETHAWD AR GADWEDIGAETH YR IAITH GYM-
RAEG, oddiwrth eiriau TALIESIN “EU HIAITH A GAD-
WANT,” &c. Gan y Parch JOHN JONES, (*Ioan Tegyd*)
A. M.—CAERVYRDDIN*.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this little “Treatise” on the preservation of the Welsh tongue, which obtained the prize of the Jesus College Society in 1820. The Essay, although short, embraces, we think, all the material points that relate to the subject, and these it places in a clear and convincing view. The space, to which we are here confined, will not allow us, however, to

* The full title is thus—“A Treatise on the preservation of the Welsh Tongue, from the words of Taliesin, “*Eu hiaith a gadwant*,” (They shall preserve their language), the subject proposed by the JESUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION established, in the year 1820, for the cultivation of the Welsh language, and which gained the prize that year.”

transfer as much of the production, as we could wish, to these pages. But we shall select one or two passages, and, for the benefit of our English readers, prefix a brief summary of the whole.

The writer commences with a few general reflections on language, and, more particularly, on the primitive speech of the world, with reference to which he adverts to that passage in the second chapter of Genesis, which has already undergone some discussion in the CAMBRO-BRITON*. A transient allusion is then made to the resemblance, which the Welsh bears, in so many respects, to the Hebrew as one of the first proofs of its high antiquity, a point which has been also fully examined in these pages on the occasion already noticed†. The obscurity, in which the origin of the Welsh tongue is involved, and its general cultivation in this island two thousand years ago, as proved by the testimony of Cæsar, next engage the writer's attention; and from these premises he draws a natural conclusion in favour of its preservation from the most remote ages, and that too during the wreck of so many other tongues. From this retrospective view Mr. Jones returns to the prophetic strain of Taliesin, on which the Essay is founded, and takes a rapid glance along the distant "stream of years," when our native language, strong in its innate resources, and protected by the fostering spirit, that has at length been awakened for its defence, shall still retain its pristine vigour and beauty, to animate, in ages yet unborn, the harps of some new bards to rival the deathless songs of their fathers:—

"I ganu moliant, mal Ancurin gynt,
Dydd y cant Ododin‡."

Such is a hasty and general sketch of the view, which Mr. Jones has taken of his subject; and the Welsh reader

* See No. 24. p. 68. There are several points of coincidence between the arguments employed in this Treatise and those in the Essay in the CAMBRO-BRITON, but all of them quite accidental, and, therefore, we may hope, so much the more satisfactory.

† Ibid. p. 74 to 77.

‡ Davydd Benfras. In English thus—

To sing with glory, as Ancurin erst,
What time he sang Gododin.

will now be glad to see some more particular specimens of the manner in which he has treated it. The first extract, we shall select, relates to the darkness which overhangs the fountain of the Welsh tongue, and to the evidence of its antiquity, which we derive from Cæsar.

“ Barn gwyr cyvarwydd mewn hanes a hynaviaeth yw, vod y Gymraeg o niver yr icithoedd henav yn Ewrob, os, nid yr henav, a bod ei hanedigaeth o Babel. Beth bynag, nid oes eglurach a chadarnach brawv o heneiddrwydd iaith nâ bod y [fynnonell a roddes darddiad iddi yn guddiedig ac anolrheinadwy. Velly y sawl a vedro, er chwilio, gael allan frwd tarddedig iaith y Cymry, dywedav wrtho, am ei waith, ERIS MIHI MAGNUS APOLLO.

“ Diammau, mai y Gymraeg oedd Iaith Cymmrodorion, neu drigolion cyntav Ynys Prydain Vawr, val gellir dangos oddiwrth tadogaeth ac ystyr y gair. Hi ydoedd iaith gyfredin y wlad.—Gallwn weled oddiwrth Iwl Caesar ei bod mewn cymmaint cymmeradwyaeth a pharch yn ei amser ev, nes oedd goruchel dwv y genedl, sev ieuencyd boneddigeiddiav a chyvoethocav y wlad, yn ei choleddu gydag awyddvryd a diwydrwydd; gan gyvlwno ugain mlynedd odd eu hoes er mwyn cael eu hegwyddori ynddi yn addysg a chyvrynach y Derwyddon. Byddai, hevyd, lawer yn dyvod trosoddd o Frainc idd y dyben i orphen eu dysg yn Mhrydain. Ac mae yn werth sylwi, yn y lle hwn, vod yr iaith, a lavarir heddyw gan drigolion Llydaw yn Frainc, yn dwyn yr un berthynas idd yr Iaith Gymraeg, ag oedd yn y cyn-oesoedd, ac mai yr un cyfelyb wahaniaeth sydd rhyngddynt, ag yn nyddiau y Derwyddon*.” P 9.

The next passage, and the last, for which we have room, treats of the remarkable obstinacy, with which the Cymry have

* “ I shall, here, beg leave to introduce the following paragraph, taken from *Doumoulin's* Preface to his Grammar of the Celtic Language, (published at Prague, in Bohemia, A. D. 1800); in order to shew, that the Welsh Language was spoken in France in Cæsar's time. I have only to observe that the spelling is as well as could be expected from the hands of foreigners.

“ Quin imo, longe ante Julii Cæsaris seculum, in Britannia minori vigebat Celtica lingua, cum enim Julius Cæsar quandam urbem Britanniae minoris nomine Venetensem, (Gallicè Vannes), obsidione teneret, sæpe se audivisse testatur Celtarum clamorem istum: *torr e benn da Cæsar*; quæ verba significant—*frange Cæsaris caput*—Eà de re ipse Julius Cæsar, in libro suo de Bello Gallico, sic scribit: *quam terribiles sunt Britones, quando dicunt,—‘ torr e benn da Cæsar.’*” [We have referred to Cæsar's History, but have been unable to find this passage.—ED.]

preserved their language through so many vicissitudes, and looks, prospectively, to the bards, as its natural guardians in times to come.

“Pan ystyriwn vod iaith mor gyvnewidiol ac ansevydlog, ac mor agored i gael ei niweidio gan orthrech ac amser, ag ydyw adeiladau gwychion gan dywydd tymhestlog a heneidd-dra; nid allwn ond dwys ryveddu wrth weled vod darogan Taliesin yn nghylch cadwedigaeth yr Iaith Gymraeg wedi parhau yn wirionedd pur, ac amlwg, tros cymmaint niver o vlyneddoedd! Pwy bellach a ddywed nad erys yn ei grym ac ei phrydverthwch hyd ddiwedd amser? canys, ni allai bygythiadau na gorthrech amherawdwyr Rhuvain; nac aml a blinion ruthrau y Saeson ac y Normaniaid; na dim arall ei chynnewid nac ei divrodi. Ac, yn awr, wele, yr oesoedd tywyll-ystormus a vuont mór niweidiol idd ein Hiaith ac ein Cenedyl wedi encilio i roddi lle i oesoedd euraidd rhyddid, dysg a gwybodaeth; ac wrth wèdd yr amseroedd gallwn ganvod vod y rhôd wedi troi, a darvod i dorvysg a brâd ffoi o vynyddoedd Cymru val niwl o wydd yr haul.

“Ystyriwn, bellach, yr hyn a yu vwyav neillduol yn achlysur, ac a ddichon, etto, fod yn efeithiol i gadw ein Hiaith yn ei phurdeb. Yn mysg pethau creill, gallwn gyvriw cyndynrwydd ac anewyllysgarwch y Cymry i ymwrthod ag eu Hiaith; yn nghyd â sevyllva y wlad yr hon sydd gilvach odd y neilldu, ac velly, yn llai agored i dderbyn iaith arall. Ac hyd gribau ei mynddoedd gwelav ei Beirdd awenyddgar, val gwylwyr ar ben amddifynva, yn llu trevnus, clodadwy, yn barod i roddi eu bywydau i lawr o blaid yr hên Gymraeg. Hwyl vuont erioed goleddwyr yr iaith, yn gymmaint ag ei bod yn ddevod a rheol ganddynt i ymwrthod â geiriau o ieithoedd dyeithr yn eu cyvansoddiadau, gan varnu y Gymraeg mor gyvoethog na raid iddi vod yn nyled unrhyw Iaith.” P. 13.

We cannot part with Mr. Jones's interesting production, without bearing our humble testimony to the praiseworthy spirit, manifested by the members of Jesus College in their establishment of the Society, to which this little tract owes its birth. It is extremely gratifying thus to behold the fair plants of patriotism taking root in the garden of literature and science. It affords the most consolatory earnest of the fruit, which after times are to gather through the animating zeal of the present; while we of these days may, on the other hand, exclaim with the poet,

“Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia seculo.”

Awen Cymru.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYŷ.

ENGLYNION*.

I.

I groesawu y Gôg y vlwyddyn newyddl.

CROESAW'R gôg odidog ac adail——coed,

Croesaw ceidwad glasddail;

Croesaw pencerdd bron werddail;

Croesaw Duw cares y dail. (*Morys Cyfin.*)

II.

Pr Ceiliog Bronvraith.

Bronvraith â chaniaith wych union——ydwyd,

Edyn parch y goedvron;

Bore yth gav, bur iaith gyvion,

Bencerdd dysg i bwnc hardd dôn.

Diddig i'r goedwig erw gau——y rhoddit

Wir hyddysg ganiadau;

Dilys at wawd dy lais tau,

Duw á wreiddioedd dy raddau. (*Tudyr Owain.*)

III.

Pr Eglwys.

Annedd vawl santaidd noddva,——côr breiniawl,

Gar bron Duw a'r dyrva,

Er dim na ddyred yma,

Di ddyn, ond ar veddwl da. (*Math. Owain.*)

IV.

Cwyt am yr Awen.

Da oedd englyn gwyn mewn genau——iachus,

A chywydd gan dannau;

Darvod ar ddyrnod mae'r ddau—

Da'r awron yw dyriau. (*R. Phylip.*)

* We select these *Englynion* from the *Greal*, and mean to insert others hereafter, in the hope, that their appearance in the CAMBRO-BRITON will not be unamusing to its Welsh readers, especially such as are "smit with the sacred love of song." We are unable this month to find room for a translation of them; but they shall appear in an English dress in our next, if we find they can be so metamorphosed without injury to their original character.—Ed.

v.

Ar Heliwr.

Ceisiwch gareg dèg, dau gi,——a llwynog,

A lluniwch lun dyvrgi,

Da avelgar dau vilgi,

A charw rhudd ar ei chwyr hi. (*Tudyr Vychan.*)

Y GLEW*.

Pan godo glew i gadu,

A o le i le ei lu

Ar ei ol, oer oreilid,

A braw ger ei law o lid;

Trwy vyd yr â o vedi,

Er ei lev y gwaed yw li,

O darv, o herw dyrvau,

Gân vin hyd y glin yn glau;

O bob trev, er oer grevu,

Y maga dan y mwg du.

Hyn yw mael y gormeiliad,

O vryd drwy vyd yw ár vrad,

Ei vŷn yn dŷn yw diva,

Er mwyn dwyn o enw da:

Angeu, gân aer oer yngod,

I bob glew edmyga glod.

Gorphenav 2 ved. 1821.

IDRISON.

English Poetry.

THE DEATH OF LLYWELYN†.

AIR—"The Men of Harlech."

WHO is he, with eye dark gleaming,

Visage wild, yet noble seeming,

As the fount of life, fast streaming,

Rolls its purple tide?

* We extract this from the MANION in Mr. Owen Pughe's late publication, and recommend it particularly to those, who are apt to consider the Welsh language as harsh and inelegant. It would be difficult to select from any tongue a more remarkable instance of a contrary quality, of which the second line, in particular, is a singular specimen.—ED.

† This is another extract from Mr. Parry's late popular collection of "Welsh Melodies." For the words we are ourselves responsible.—ED.

Lo! in anguish lying,
 Fleet his soul is flying,
 Yet still is seen
 His warlike mien,
 Like some hero dying.
 CYMRU, 'tis thy Prince expiring,
 Bravest of thy race retiring,
 Fame no more his bosom firing:—
 Thy last hope and pride!

II.

Gallant Hero! still thy glory
 Shines unmatch'd in Cambrian story,
 Though thy form, so maim'd and gory,
 Sickens fancy's sight;
 As, indignant burning,
 Through the past returning,
 The patriot eye
 Beholds thee lie,
 Thy lorn state discerning:
 Friend and foeman by thee speeding,
 None thy last sad moments heeding,
 As, all wounded, pale and bleeding,
 Fails thy princely might.

III.

Near to where yon torrent rushes*,
 GREAT LLYWELYN's life-drop gushes,
 Ebbing fast, though death scarce crushes
 His unconquer'd fire!
 Still for CYMRU beating,
 His heart's pulse is fleeting,
 Nor Saxon spear †,
 That rankles near,
 E'er can quell its greeting.

* The Wye, or Edw,—in the neighbourhood of one of which rivers Llywelyn is reported to have been slain in 1282. Tradition appropriates the event to the latter."

† Warrington says, that Adam de Francton plunged a spear into Llywelyn's body."

Foes, and foe-like friends *, despising,
 Nought but CYMRU's freedom prizing,
 Still for her, in hope uprising,
 His last sighs expire.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

The dreadful strife of death was o'er,
 The cloud of war had roll'd away,
 When, faint and welt'ring in his gore,
 The best of Cambria's minstrels lay.
 With cold and fault'ring hand he swept
 His ancient Harp's wild strings along,
 And, as his dark eye o'er it wept,
 Pour'd forth his parting soul in song.

FAREWELL! farewell, my father's pride,
 Thou Harp which I no more shall wake;
 The lips grow cold that o'er thee've sigh'd,
 My hand must soon thy strings forsake.

My heart to feel thee soon must cease,
 My ear to catch thy martial strain,
 Thy tender notes of love or peace
 Will never soothe my soul again.

The gladd'ner of my youth wert thou,
 The solace of my riper years,
 But o'er thy strings, my lov'd Harp, now,
 My blood runs mingling with my tears.

Last of my race, alone I die,
 With me shall cease the sacred band,
 That wake our mountain minstrelsy,
 And laid in dust the spoiler's hand.

Dear Harp farewell, yet ere, I go,
 One lofty note thy hand shall wake,
 Thy strain of war again shall flow,
 The lov'd, the last, for freedom's sake.

* * It is generally allowed that the fate of Llywelyn was owing to the treachery of some of his own countrymen, who betrayed him into the hands of his enemies.—See an interesting account of his last moments in Warrington's "History of Wales," vol. ii. p. 270. The subject for the Gwyneddigion medal last year was "*The Fall of Llywelyn*." The Rev. Walter Davies of Manavon was the successful candidate."

For freedom's sake!—alas, the sound
In Cambria soon will cease to be,
No more her realm is hallow'd ground,
The sacred dwelling of the free.

Our gay green plains, our mountains high,
The Norman charger tramples proud,
Instead of Cambria's battle-cry,
The stranger's triumph rings aloud.

Farewell, life fades, my feeble hand
In death's cold trembling quits thy strings;
Farewell! thou pride of freedom's bands,
Thou lov'd one of a thousand kings.

S. R. J.

CAMBRIAN MELODY.

His golden harp let Urien bring,
The harp his sires were wont to bear,
And Hubert's daughter's praises sing,
The Saxon maid with yellow hair.

Caerleon's pride, the blue-ey'd maid
The gem of Dyvy's wood-girt shore,
Oh, may her beauty never fade,
Nor youthful hearts cease to adore!

Stately her step, as on the hill
The deer's, when it in freedom roves:
When she is near, no heart is still,
No eye is cold where Ellen moves.

Sweeter than morning's air her breath,
Sweeter than evening mead her lip,
T'were bliss t' inhale it e'en in death,
T'were extacy such balm to sip.

His golden harp let Urien bring,
The harp his sires were wont to bear,
And Hubert's lovely daughter sing,
The Saxon maid, than snow more fair.

S. R. J.

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION.

OUR readers will see, in another part of this Number, a notice of the "Memoirs," which we stated in our last to have been received by this Society from the "Royal Society of Antiquarians" at Paris. The communication, accompanying them, we now find, was of no general interest, but a mere official note from the secretary of the Institution. The Cymrodorion, we are happy to add, are about immediately to open a correspondence with all other Societies, whether at home or abroad, whose pursuits have any congeniality with their own.

The very able Librarian of this Institution is now preparing a full and explanatory catalogue of the MSS. we noticed last month as recently purchased by them, to be inserted in their next Report

GWYNEDDIGION.

THE wrapper of the present Number announces the subject for the next annual prize poem of this Society to be "The Ancient Customs of the Cymry, including, amongst others, bardism, singing with the harp, and festive games." The successful candidate will be declared at the next *Eisteddfod* at Brecon.

The following is a list of the Officers of the Gwyneddigion for the present year :—

Llywydd, (*President*)—Mr. Thomas Edwards.

Rhaglaw (*Vice-President*)—Mr. Jeremiah Evans.

Trysorydd (*Treasurer*)—Mr. David Lewis.

Coviadur (*Secretary*)—Mr. Griffith Jones.

Bardd (*Bard*)—Rev. Walter Davies.

Llyvrwr (*Librarian*)—Mr. Evan Evans.

Cynghor (*Council*).

Mr. Edward Williams

Mr. Felix Felix

Mr. Isaac B. Jones

Mr. Evan Thomas

Mr. Thomas Edwards

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

THE festival of our tutelary saint was observed this year in the metropolis with its accustomed honours. The Society of

Ancient Britons, more generally known as that of the Welsh Charity School, celebrated on this occasion their 108th anniversary. The President, Stewards, and other officers and members of the Institution, after partaking of a breakfast at the School-House, in Gray's Inn Lane, went, in the customary procession, to St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where the service was read in Welsh by Mr. Alban, the Society's Chaplain. A truly impressive sermon was afterwards preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Chester, from St. Matt. 25, v. 35., during which his Lordship took an appropriate opportunity of stating, that an individual, who had been educated by this Charity, has since contributed the sum of £2,000 towards its support. The Society afterwards assembled at dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, where the Duke of Wellington was in the chair as President of the day. He was attended by the Marquis of Anglesey, the Bishop of Chester, Lord Bulkeley, Lord Kenyon, Lord Combermere, Lord Hill, Sir Charles Morgan, Sir Digby Mackworth, the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, the Dean of Canterbury, and many other distinguished patrons of this benevolent Institution. The evening, as usual, was enlivened by much appropriate music, as well instrumental as vocal: and Mr. Parry, Editor of the "Welsh Melodies," who, with his son, contributed much to the harmony of the day, had prepared an Ode for the festive occasion, which received considerable applause.

The collection after dinner, for the benefit of the Charity, amounted to £1124, which, although a trifle more than that of last year, falls considerably below the sum collected in most former instances. This defalcation arises, in all probability, from the new regulation with respect to the dinner-tickets, which, although it may have the effect of rendering the company more select, has an obvious tendency to diminish the funds of the Society. We are happy to hear, therefore, that this obstacle is likely to be removed. The company on the present occasion did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

St. David was also welcomed with due respect in other parts of the kingdom, among which we may particularly mention Liverpool, Chester, and Edinburgh. In the last mentioned town the festival was kept for the first time, and, from the patriotic spirit evinced by those who attended, seemed to afford an earnest of its permanent celebration hereafter.

Literary Announcements.

THE Second Annual Report of the CYMMRODORION will, in all probability, be ready for publication by the 22d of May, the Anniversary of the Institution.

We are happy to learn that the CYMMRODORION in GWYNEDD intend shortly to publish their First Report, embracing, of course, the Proceedings of the *Eisteddfod*, held last year at Caernarvon.

MR. OWEN PUGHE has a small work in the press, which, we think, will be found to possess particular attractions for the lovers of Welsh literature. We are not at liberty to be more explicit this month, but hope, in our next, to introduce our readers to some acquaintance with this new offspring of Mr. Pughe's genius.

MR. HARRIS, of Swansea, has lately published a Welsh Translation of a work, entitled "An Epitome of the views and objects of the Society, established in London, in 1816, for the purpose of bringing about a permanent and universal peace." With the particular character of this Society, or with that of their "Epitome," we have nothing to do, and merely notice this Translation, as one of the few works in the Welsh tongue, which the press produces. There is, however, a spirit now abroad in the Principality, which, we may hope, will ultimately tend to important results in this respect. The work, now noticed, was undertaken by Mr. Harris at the instance of the Society.

MR. GRIFFITH JONES, Secretary of the Gwyneddigion, has recently published a Welsh Oration, delivered by him before the Society of Cymreigyddion in London, in December 1820, on the following thesis—" *Pa lwybr sy debycaf o ddwyn dyn yn berfaith mewn Araethyddiaeth?*" It is but common justice to add, that we consider this Oration very creditable to Mr. Jones, as evincing, not only his intimate acquaintance with the Welsh tongue, but also a respectable knowledge of his subject, which he has illustrated by some references to the more modern works of the Welsh bards.

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MAY, 1822:

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Preliminary Notices.

WE have to request, that all communications, intended for the CAMBRO-BRITON, may be addressed "*To the Editor, &c.*" and not to any individual personally, a practice which is attended with some inconvenience. We beg also to remind our correspondents of the request we made in our last Number with respect to the orthography of Welsh articles.

IEUAN has our best thanks.—He will find a part of his acceptable contribution in this Number; his private letter has also been received. We wish much that the alphabetical "*improvement*," he suggests, were generally adopted. IEUAN is, of course, aware, that it has been in use with several Welsh writers, and, amongst others, with Dr. I. D. Rhys, Dr. Powell, and E. Llwyd.

OBSERVATOR will see that his two communications, sent since our letter to him was written, have been received. Our grateful acknowledgements are again due for his unremitted and valuable assistance. We will endeavour to make some use of the "*interesting document*," to which he refers us.

We beg P. W. B. to accept our sincere thanks for his obliging communication, of which, he will find, we have made use, and that too with the freedom, which he was kind enough to allow.

J. J. (Oxford) will perceive that a part of his contribution is inserted. We are afraid, that the "*Celto-Norman Antiquities*" cannot be turned to any account: indeed we are far from being satisfied with their authenticity, which, in an article of that nature, must be its chief recommendation.

A POWYSIAN's letter has been received, and we should have complied with his request by translating the article he was kind enough to enclose (notwithstanding its previous appearance, we believe, in two Welsh Magazines), if it had contained any *positive* information of interest. Our correspondent will find, however, that we have noticed the subject in the only way, which, we thought, would be satisfactory. With respect to his former contribution, we can only say, that any "*short letter*," he may choose to write in defence of it, shall be inserted.

We have received S. R. J.'s Essay, and hope to find room for it in our next. We thank him for the loan of the book.

It would give us much pleasure to comply with the request of our correspondent from Tremeirchion, in noticing the work he is about to publish. But the rule, we have adopted, of confining ourselves to publications in the Welsh language, or relating to Wales, (except as advertisements), puts it unluckily out of our power.

We are obliged again to postpone the promised article on the CYMRY, and must now do so indefinitely. The fact is, we find, upon reconsidering the subject, that to do justice to it will take much more time and space than we originally calculated.

THE BIDDER'S SONG in our next.

The next Number will complete the Third Volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. XXVIII. PRELIMINARY NOTICES, l. 12. "*prophecirs*" (prophecies): p. 329, l. 1. "*from him*" (to him): p. 341, l. 26, *dele* "*which*:" p. 346, l. 23, "*composed*" (compared): p. 349, l. 3, "*grwydre dig*" (grwydredig): p. 364, last line, "*Cae, Collwyn*" (Caer Collwyn): p. 376, l. 20, "*tod*" (vod): p. 380, l. 28, "*wake*" (woke): p. 381, l. 11, "*bands*" (band).

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

MAY, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XXII.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN:

(RELATING TO ARTHUR*.)

I. THE three Fair Ladies of Arthur's Court: Dywir the golden-haired, Enid the daughter of Yniwl the Earl [of Devon], and Tegau Eurvron; that is to say, they were the three exalted ladies of the Court of Arthur.

[Triad LXXVIII. of the first series in the *Archæology* agrees with this, only omitting the word "fair," for which "exalted" is substituted. It does not occur in the second series. Enid, here mentioned, was the mistress of Geraint ab Erbin; Tegau was the wife of Caradawg Vreichyras, and is recorded, in a former Triad, as one of the three "chaste women" of Britain. See vol. ii. p. 436. She is also celebrated by the bards as having had three rarities which became none but herself—her mantle, her golden goblet, and her knife.]

II. The three Wives of Arthur, that is to say, the three Chief Ladies: namely, Gwenhwyvar the daughter of Gwythyr the son of Greidiawl, and Gwenhwyvar the daughter of Gawryd Ceint, and Gwenhwyvar the daughter of Gogyrvan Gawr.

[Triads XIX. of the first series, and XVI. of the second, agree with this in the names, but do not call them the "wives" of Arthur. The only other memorials, we have of these ladies or their

* The following seventeen Triads are those, which we noticed, in vol. ii. p. 438, as being reserved out of the collection already translated. The originals of the first fifteen may be found in the *Arch. of Wales*, vol. ii. p. 73-5, and of the last two in page 89 of the same volume. Our readers should be informed, that these Triads, as well as those that preceded them, are translated from the third and fullest series in the *Archæology*, and complete the number there given.

sires, are that Gogyrvan Gawr is stated to have been a chieftain of North Wales, and that the slap, given by his daughter to Gwenhwyfach wife of Medrawd, produced the Battle of Camlan. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 10.]

III. The three Chief Mistresses of Arthur: Garwen the daughter of Henyn Prince of Gwyr and Ystrad Tywy, and Gwyl the daughter of Enddawd of Caerworgon, and Indeg the daughter of Avarwy Hir of Maelienydd.

[Triad LX. of the first series agrees with this, as does Triad xvii. of the second. There are no other records of these ladies.]

IV. The three Chief Courts of Arthur: Caerlleon on the Usk in Wales, Celliwig in Cornwall, and Penryn Rhionydd in the North; and in these three were kept the three principal festivals—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide,

[The circumstances, here recorded, are to be found in Triads LVII. and LVIII. of the first series, but do not occur in the second. Caerlleon on the Usk is in Monmouthshire, and, according to an account inserted in the last Number, page 361, was founded by Beli, 401 years before Christ. We are at a loss to discover the situation of Celliwig, unless it is to be identified, as some have imagined, with Pendennis Castle. The name, approaching nearest to Celliwig of any in Cornwall, is Kellington. Penryn Rhionydd is thought to have been the Point of Galloway in Scotland, and was, probably, the seat of the ancient Princes of Cumbria.]

V. The three Free and Dissatisfied Guests of Arthur's Court: Llywarch Hên ab Elidyr Lydanwyn, and Ilemenig, and Heiddyn Hir; and these were sons of bards.

[Triad LXXI. of the first series agrees with this; but there is no corresponding memorial in the second. Llywarch Hên has been recorded in other Triads, before translated, and a biographical memoir of him may be found in the first volume: of the two personages, here joined with him, and who were also bards, we are not aware that there are any other notices among our ancient remains.]

VI. The three Compeers of the Court of Arthur: Dalldav son of Cynin Còv, and Trystan son of March ab Meirchion, and Rhyhawd son of Morgant ab Adras.

[Triad LXXXIX. of the first Series corresponds with this, but it does not occur in the second. We have no other memorials of these chieftains.]

VII. The three Sovereign Chieftains of Arthur's Court: Go-

ronwy ab Echel Forddwydtwll, and Cadraith ab Porthor Godo, and Fleidyr Flam son of Godo; that is to say, they were three Princes having possession of territory and dominion, and preferred, notwithstanding, remaining as knights in the Court of Arthur, as deeming that superior to all honour and rank, and they went by the name of the Three Just Knights.

[The events, comprised in this Triad, are not recorded in either of the other series; nor have we any other account of these personages, except that Cadair, under the name of Cadair ail Scithin Saidi, will be found in a subsequent Triad. We believe both Scithin Saidi and Porthor Godo to have some mythological allusion, and which, as far as we recollect, has been examined by Mr. Davies in his "Mythology and Rites of the Druids."]

VIII. The three Golden-tongued Knights of Arthur's Court: Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, and Drudwas the son of Tryphin, and Eliwlod ab Madawg ab Uthyr; and the wisest of all the wise of their time were they, and so fair and gentle their deportment, and so eloquent and placid their whole discourse, that none could fail in giving them what they required.

[Triad LXXXII. of the first series agrees with this, which, however, is not found in the second. Among some Various Readings of the Triads (*Amrywiaethau*), inserted in the Archaiology, (vol. ii. p. 75-80), is given the following reason, why these persons were called the "three golden-tongued knights:"—"because there was neither king, nor earl, nor lord, whom they addressed, that would not attend to them, and whatever request they made they would obtain whether with a good will or not." Gwalchmai occurs in a subsequent Triad, and is a principal character in one of the Mabinogion: there are no other memorials of the two other chieftains.]

IX. The three Wise-counselling Knights of Arthur's Court: Cynon the son of Clydno Eiddyn, and Arawn the son of Cynvarch, and Llywarch Hên the son of Elidyr Lydanwyn; and nothing but prosperity was derived from every counsel they gave to the property of those that followed it, and misfortune befel wherever their counsels were not acted upon.

[The first series, Triad LXXXVI., merely mentions the names; and the second has no notice of them. In the "Various Readings" the following addition occurs. "And these three knights were the counsellors of Arthur in whatever war or danger he was concerned, and they gave him such counsel that no one could gain advantage over him, and through this he overcame all na-

tions by means of three things, which he followed, namely, good hope, and the sacred arms that Jesus Christ sent him, and the valour of his soldiers; and, therefore, he wore on his head twelve crowns, and became Emperor in Rome." Cynon, here mentioned, has been recorded in a former Triad as one of the "three faithful lovers;" he was a chief of North Britain, and repeated notices of him occur in the Gododin of Aneurin, as one of the principal heroes in the Battle of Catteracth. Arawn was also a chieftain of the North Britons, and was, most probably, in the same conflict, as he is recorded to have been engaged, on other occasions, against the Saxons.]

X. The three Equity-dispensing Knights of the Court of Arthur: Blas the son of the Prince of Llychlyn, Cadawg the son of Gwynlliw Vilwr, and Pedrogl Paladrddellt son of the King of India. The qualities of these were to defend all slaves, orphans, widows, virgins, and all who had devoted themselves under the protection of God and his peace, and all poor, and feeble, without exception, and to save them from violence, oppression, and injury: Blas by the common law, and Pedrogl by the law of arms, and Cadawg by the law of the church and the ordinances of God. And they acted neither from respect, nor from fear, nor from love, nor from hatred, nor from motive, nor from complaisance, nor from anger, nor from mercy of any kind, but only as it was right and equitable according to the law of God, the nature of goodness, and the demands of justice.

[The first series only, Triad LXXXIV., agrees with this. The "Various Readings," instead of the "Prince," have the "Earl," of Llychlyn, but, in other respects, only vary the phraseology without making any change in the meaning. Of Blas we have no other record; Llychlyn may imply Denmark. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 49. Cadawg is the same as Catwg the Wise, whose maxims have appeared so often in these pages, and of whom notices may be found in the first volume, pp. 11 and 52. We can say no more of Pedrogl than is here recorded; the epithet *Paladrddellt*, affixed to his name, means "the splintered shaft or spear."]

XI. The three Kingly Knights of the Court of Arthur: Morgan Mwynvawr ab Adras, and Medrawd ab Llew ab Cynvarch, and Hywel son of Emyr Llydaw. It was their quality to be so placid and mild, and so pure in their discourse, that it would be difficult for any one in the world to refuse or deny what they asked.

[Triad LXXXIII. of the first series has, instead of Morgan Mwynvawr, Nasiens king of Denmark, but corresponds in other respects with this; the memorial does not occur in the second. The "Various Readings" also adopt Nasiens, and differ moreover from the Triad here translated as follows:—"And there was neither emperor nor king, that could refuse any request to these three by reason of their fairness and wisdom, when they addressed them in peace; and likewise there was neither warrior nor combatant, that could stop them, when they attacked them in war, how good soever their arms; and, on this account, they were called the three kingly knights."—Of Morgan Mwynvawr we have no other notices, unless he is to be identified with a distinguished Welsh prince of the same name, who lived in the eleventh century; if so, the name occurs erroneously here, and Nasiens, as substituted in other copies, must be correct, but of him we have no other account. Medrawd has been mentioned before in this work: see vol. i. pp. 171 and 202. This is the only record of Hywel.]

XII. The three Courteous Knights of the Court of Arthur, the best towards every guest and stranger, and the most liberal of their gifts and kindnesses: Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, and Garwy son of Geraint ab Erbin, and Cadair ail Seithin Saidi. And nobody would be denied what he sought from their courtesy; and so great was their courteous disposition towards every one, that what he gained was the same as if a friend had obtained it on account of his real friendship.

[This Triad does not occur in the other two series. Gwalchmai and Cadair have been noticed above. There is no other memorial of Garwy; Geraint, his father, was a prince of the West Britons and fell, under Arthur, in the Battle of Llongborth, on which occasion an Elegy, still extant, was composed by Llywarch Hên. There is also a memoir or romance of him, entitled "Ystoria Geraint," in the Red Book of Hergest, in Jesus College.]

XIII. The three Privileged* Knights of the Court of Arthur: Eithew the son of Gwrgawn, and Coleddawg the son of Gwyn, and Geraint Hir the son of Cymmannon Hên. They were plebeians, the sons of vassals; but their word, and their disposition for honesty, urbanity, gentleness, wisdom, bravery, justice, mercy, and every praiseworthy quality and science,

* The original word is, in one copy, *anhüol*, and, in another, *anheol*, the import of which appears in the sequel; we have adopted the word "privileged," as the nearest translation without a periphrasis.

either in peace or war, was so good, that the Court of Arthur, its privileges and freedom, were made subservient to them.

[The names only, with some trivial variations, are recorded in the first series, Triad LXII., without the explanation, and the second has no notice of them. We have no other account of these "privileged knights."]

XIV. The three Knights of the Court of Arthur, that guarded the Greal: Cadawg the son of Gwynlliw, and holy Illtud the Knight, and Peredur the son of Ewrawg.

[It is extremely difficult to reconcile this Triad with the other copies. The second series, indeed, does not contain it; but Triad LXI. of the first series records three different persons, as those, who "obtained," not "guarded," the Greal, while the circumstances, ascribed to them, correspond rather with those in the Triad, immediately following this, of the "three continent knights," though the names are different from them also. The "Various Readings," on the other hand, correct the Triad in the first series, just noticed, and, instead of the "three knights that obtained the Greal," substitute the "three virgin knights," which, from what we have above stated, is the most probable reading. In that case, the Triad, we now translate, is the only one containing a memorial of the celebrated GREAL, an ancient collection, it would appear, of Tales concerning Arthur and his Knights, and also of the Mysteries of the Round Table. It has been long lost, and, from the manner in which it has been deplored by the bards, we may form some estimate of its traditional value. Davydd ab Gwilym, in the 14th century, alludes to it in the following couplet:

"Rhodiais i'th geisio, iaith ddigasog,
Mal y Gréal, myn y grog."
I've sought thee, what I say is real,
As though I went to seek the Greal.

And Guto y Glyn, in the next century, is still more explicit:—

"Am un llyvr i mae 'n llevain,
A gar mwy nag aur a main,
Y Gréal teg i'r wlad hon—
Llyvr o enwog varchogion,
Llyvr o greft yr holl vord gron."
One book, 'fore all, he does deplore,
Than gold or gems esteems it more,
The Greal, Cymru's pride;
Where Arthur's Knights their feats display,
And that Round Board, of ancient day,
Its mysteries beside.

Frequent mention of this celebrated book occurs in the *Mab-nogion*, and there is a MS. in the Hengwrt Library, now re-

moved to Rug, entitled "Llyvyr y Greal,"—The Book of the Greal; but what correspondence it may bear with the ancient book, above noticed, we know not. Mr. Edw. Llwyd, in his *Archæologia Britannica*, describes it as containing stories of Arthur and his warriors. It formerly belonged to the celebrated antiquary, Sir John Pryse. Of the persons, here recorded as the guardians of the GREAL, Cadawg, or Catwg, has already been noticed; and a notice of Illtud may be seen in the second volume, p. 98. Peredur was a chieftain of North Britain, and, probably, the same that is celebrated in the Gododin. He is also the hero of one of the Mabinogion.]

XV. The three Continent Knights of the Court of Arthur: Cadawg ab Gwyhlliw, and Illtud the Knight, and Bwrt the son of Bwrt, King of Llychlyn; that is to say, neither of them ever committed any carnal sin, nor would they form any matrimonial connection, nor have any concern with women, but chose to live as bachelors, and to conduct themselves according to the law of God and the Faith of Christ.

[In Triad LXI. of the first series, above alluded to, the circumstances, which correspond with those in this Triad, are appropriated to "Galath ab Llawnslot dy Lac, Peredur ab Evrog, and Bwrt the son of king Bwrt." But an exception is made as to the latter in one instance, when he yielded to the allurements of a daughter of King Brangor, afterwards Empress of Constantinople, "who was descended," says the Triad, "from the line of David the Prophet, as the History of the Greal bears witness."—Who this Bwrt was does not appear, as we have no other memorials of him.]

XVI. The three Battle-knights of the Court of Arthur: namely, Cadwr Earl of Cornwall, and Llawnslot dy Lac, and Owain ab Urien Rheged. The qualities of these were, that they never retreated on account either of a spear, or of an arrow, or of a sword; and Arthur experienced no disgrace in battle from the day, on which he saw their faces, and, for that, they were called the three Battle-knights.

[This and the following Triad were published from a MS. in the possession of Paul Panton, Esq. of Plasgwyn, Anglesey, and are in addition to those in the three regular series inserted in the *Archæology*. Of the first two names we are unable to give any account; but Owain ab Urien has been noticed in a former Triad, translated in the CAMBRO-BRITON, as one of the "three fair princes." See vol. i. p. 204.]

XVII. The three Illusory Knights of the Court of Arthur: that is to say, Menw ab Teirgwaedd, Trytsan ab Tallwg, and Cai Hir ab Cynyr the Knight; for they could appear in what form they choose, when they were in difficulty, and, on that account, no one could prevent their superiority, between their strength, their prowess, their fascination, and their illusion.

[A Triad, somewhat similar to this, but different with respect to two of the names, appeared in the second volume, p. 389, to which we refer the reader for an account of Menw. Trystan ab Tallwch has also been noticed in some previous Triads; he is the same as Sir Tristram, immortalized in romantic lore. Cai Hir was a nephew of Arthur, and is distinguished as his attendant in several fabulous tales in which Arthur performs a principal part.]

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[Continued from p. 338.]

P.

PABIALI, one of the sons of Brychan, who, with his brothers Nefai and Pasgen, was by a Spanish woman.

PABO, the son of Arthwys ab Mar ab Ceneu ab Coel Godebog. He is generally styled Pabo Post Prydain, or Pabo the Pillar of Britain: and he is said to be the oldest of the saints of Mon. Llanbabo in Mon is dedicated to him; and his tomb is still preserved there, whereon there is an inscription, which is given by Rowland, in his *Mona Antiqua Restaurata*.

PADARN, the son of Petwrn ab Emyr Llyddaw, and the cousin of Cadvan. Llanbadarn Vawr and Llanbadarn Odyn, both in Ceredigion, are dedicated to him.

PADRAN, the son of Corun ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig, and the brother of Caranog, Pedyr, and Tynnog.

PADRIG, the son of Allvryd ab Goronwy, of Gwardog in Arvon. He was sent by Pope Celestine to convert the Gwyddelians.—*Rowland*. Llanbadrig in Mon is dedicated to him: "Llanbadrig in Mon belonged to the Brython of Ystrad Clwyd, in the North."

PASGEN, one of the sons of Brychan, a full brother to Nefai and Pabiali.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 49-52.

PEBLIG, the son of Maxen Wledig, Emperor of Rome, and King of the Britons, and his mother was Elen, the daughter of Eudaw. Llanbeblig in Arvon is dedicated to him: it is the parish church of the present Caernarvon.

PEDROG, the son of Clement, a prince of Cernyw, or Cornwall. Llanbedrog in Arvon is dedicated to him.

PEDYR, the son of Corun ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig.

PEIRIO, the son of Caw of Prydyn, and the brother of Cafo, Cwyllog, Eigrad, and Maelog. The church of Rhosbeirio in Mon is dedicated to him.

PERIS, the son of Helig ab Glânog, of Tyno Helig, the brother of Brothen and Gwŷnyn, and "a cardinal of Rome." Llanberis in Arvon is dedicated to him.

PEUGAN. His genealogy is not given. He is said to be buried in the vale of Clwyd.

PEULAN, the son of Pawl Hen of Manaw. Gwyngeneu was his brother, and Gwenvaen, "of Rhoscolyn in Mon," was his sister. Llanbeulan in Mon is dedicated to him.

R.

RHAIN, one of the sons of Brychan. "He is a saint in the county of Lincoln; and there is a temple to him in Manaw."

RHAWYN, one of the sons of Brychan. Dogvan, Rhun, and Rhawyn, are placed together distinct from the other brothers.

RHEDIW. His genealogy is not given. He is a saint at Llanllyvni in Arvon: and there they shew the well of Rhediw, the chair of Rhediw, the print of Rhediw's thumb, and of the hoof of his horse; and there they keep his feast-day, or wakes, in winter.

RHIEINGAR. Her genealogy is not given. "She is a saint in Llech Maelienydd, and the mother of Ceindyr, a saint of Maelienydd."

RHUN, one of the sons of Brychan. See Rhawyn.

RHWYDRYS, the son of Rhwydrim, or Rodrem, king of Conacht yn y Werddon—Connaught in Ireland.

RHYCHWYN, the son of Ithael Hael o Lydaw, the brother of Llechid, Tegai, and Trillo.

RHYCHWYN, the son of Helig ab Glânog, the brother of Aelgyvarch, Boda, Brothen, Celynin, and Gwŷnyn. Llanrhychwyn in Arvon is dedicated to him.

RHYSTUD, the son of Hywel Vychan ab Hywel ab Emyr Llydaw. Llanrhystud in Ceredigion is dedicated to him.

S.

SADWRN. His origin is not given. Llansadwrn in Mon and Llansadwrn in Emlyn, Caermarthenshire, are named after him.

SADYRNIN. His origin is not given; but the name seems to be the same as the Latin one of Saturninus. Llansadyrnin in Caermarthenshire is named after him.

SAERAN, the son of Geraint Saer o y Werddon—Geraint the Wright from Ireland. The church, called Llanynys in the Vale of Clwyd, is dedicated to Saeran, says Llelo Gwta; and where they shew his grave, of about 300 or 400 years old, says Edward Lhwyd.

SEIRIOEL, the son of Owain Danwyn ab Eninion Yrth ab Cunedda Wledig. Capel Seiriol in Pen Mon, and Ynys Seirioel, or Priestholme, are named after him.

SELYV, the son of Geraint ab Erbin, the brother of Iestin and Cyngan.

SENEVYR, the son of king Seithènin of Maes Gwyddno, whose land was overflowed by the sea. See his brothers, Gwynodl, Merin, Tudglyd, and Tudno.

SIAT RRHEDYNVRE, the son of Cadvan Llwydgoed.

STYPHAN, the son of Mawon ab Cyngen ab Cadell Deyrn Llwg. Llanstyphan in Radnorshire is dedicated to him.

SULIEN. He, with Cynon, Dochdwy, Eithras, Lleuddad, Llywyn, and Mael, accompanied Cadvan to Britain from Llydaw. There is a church named after him near Oswestry, and a chapel in Wrexham, both in Denbighshire.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

REPORT OF MR. GRANT'S WORK.

*[Concluded *.]*

“MR. GRANT undertakes to prove, that the people, who spoke this singular language †, had the same origin as the Gauls,

* This article is continued from p. 346 of the last Number.—Ed.

† The Gaelic:—See the last Number.—Ed.

or that they were of Celtic extraction. He is even astonished, that any one should have been at a loss to discover the root of the Gaulish word, *Galli*, since it is quite obvious. In the Gaelic a stranger is called *gaoll*: hence *Gaoldoch*, a part of Scotland, where English is spoken, to distinguish it from *Gaeldoch**, where they speak *Gaelic*. Hence again the words *Gaollthao*, the northern extremity of Scotland, where the Danes founded colonies, and *Inse-gaolt*, a name given to the Hebrides. The word, *Welsh*, which is applied to the inhabitants of Wales would appear also to be derived from it†. However, the Welsh call themselves *Cimmerich*‡.

* "I am astonished," says the French critic, in a note on this passage, "that no writer has yet discovered in this word the origin of *Caledonia*." His astonishment was somewhat premature; for the origin of *Caledonia* has long since been traced in the British word *Celyddon*, by which that part of the island was formerly known. And the Forest of Caledonia was called *Coed Celyddon*, as we find from the poet Merddin, who wrote in the sixth century.

"Avallen beren, berav ei haeron,
A dyv yn argel yn *Argoed Celyddon*."

Sweet apple-tree, whose fruit, so delicious,
Grows in a shelter near the Wood of Caledonia."

Celyddon implies, literally, retreats or coverts, in which sense it must have been remarkably applicable to a great portion of Scotland, and was, no doubt, generally appropriated to other woody parts of the island.—ED.

† Here Mr. Grant is at issue with Verstegan, who makes *Wales* and *Welsh* synonymous with *Gaules* and *Gaulish*, and adduces, in proof of his hypothesis, the name of *Wals*, by which the Netherlands vulgarly call the French tongue, as also that of *Wals-Brabant*, given to that part of Brabant, where the same language is spoken. The French too, it is well known, call *Wales* in their tongue *Galles*; and, indeed, there are many other coincidences, which seem to strengthen Verstegan's supposition. Wotton, on the other hand, derives *Welsh* from the Saxon *Wylisce*, signifying strangers: and Lord Coke had before traced *Wales* to *Wealhs*, in the same language. There seems, however, to be no good reason for this etymology any more than for that above offered by Mr. Grant; since it is by no means probable, that the Welsh, as descended from the aboriginal inhabitants, should have been regarded as *strangers* in the country. And, at last, as the appellation is one imposed by foreigners, and which the natives of Wales never themselves adopted, it is of very little moment where it originated.—ED.

‡ This word, the only Welsh one which Mr. Grant has ventured to give, affords an extraordinary proof of his ignorance of the language. The Welsh never called themselves by such a barbarous name as *Cimmerich*: the word is *Cymry*, of which we have frequently had occasion to give an explanation in the course of this work. See, particularly, No. 27, page 282, &c.—ED

“ The author next endeavours to prove the identity of the Gaulish and Gaelic tribes, by a comparison of their customs and habits. He draws the following comparison between the habitations of the two people. Strabo says, that the houses of the Gauls were very spacious, of a round form, made of wood and clay, and covered with a large roof of straw or reeds. The houses of the Scottish Highlanders are no longer constructed in this manner; but some ancient ones have been discovered in the mountains, which agree with the description given by Strabo: they have generally their entrance turned towards the east. In the valley of Urquhart, to the west of Lochness, a great number are to be seen; one of them, situated on an eminence, is remarkable for the vast circular area, which it occupies, and is still called the Castle. What remain of these round dwellings in Glenelg, to the west of Inverness, are built with large stones without mortar, yet very substantially joined together. None of these stones are found in the neighbourhood; and it is presumed, that they were brought from the mountain of Ben Nevis. It is true, that tradition attributes these towers, in part, to the Danes, to whom some of them may have been of use as places of retreat for a large body of men. But Mr. Grant thinks, that they are to be ascribed to the aborigines, and he cites a strong proof in support of his opinion: and this is, that in some old Gaelic verses, preserved amongst the people of Glenelg, four towers of this valley are designated by the names of *Calman*, *Tradon*, *Eletha*, and *Conul*, which are, evidently, Gaelic, not Scandinavian. The author desires, that these circular edifices may not be confounded with those, which travellers have lately described by the name of *Vitrified Forts*, and which are, alike, of a circular form.

“ To the south of the Grampian Hills these round dwellings are so close to one another, that it is even impossible to make use of a plough to cultivate the ground that separates them: the people designate them by the name of the Picts' Houses. In the Isle of Skye they are called *Taod Draonaich*, that is the Rubbish of the Draonaich; upon the eastern coast they are called *Larach tac Draonaich*, the Houses of the Draonaich. This last word is applied to the ancient Scots, who devoted

themselves to agriculture, in opposition to the Highlanders, who led a pastoral life.

“ Mr. Grant discovers a complete resemblance between the arms of the Gauls and those of the Gaelic nation. Both used large swords without points, lances and bucklers of the same form. The Gauls made use of a weapon, which the Romans called *matara* or *mataris**: the Gaels of Scotland had, even in late times, a weapon called *matate*. The Gauls called a part of their garments *bracha*; (*brayes*); the Scotch give the name of *breacan*, from the verb *breach*, to the plaid of which they make their short petticoats†. The author also compares a great number of Gaulish words, preserved by ancient writers, with Gaelic words, that have nearly the same sound. The word, *vergobret*, by which the Gauls called their judges, is, according to Mr. Grant, entirely Gaelic, and has, in that language, a similar signification‡. He has no difficulty in admitting, that the Gauls, during a long period, emigrated into Great Britain; and, in fact, nothing is more probable. But the author should have been able to support what he here advances by a thorough comparison of the Gaelic and Gaulish with the Armoric: the analogy of these languages, if he could have established it on solid grounds, would have given considerable weight to his assertions§.

“ As to the names, by which the ancients designated the Gaels or inhabitants of Scotland, Mr. Grant explains them in the following manner:—The word, *Caledonians*, he says, is evidently, the same as *Chaoiildaoir*, men of the wood,

* “ Cæsar, lib. i. c. 26. See also Livy.”

† The Scotch *kilts*. *Brychan*, in Welsh, has a similar meaning.—ED.

‡ In the Welsh, or Ancient British, *gwr y gyfraith* is a lawyer, and, considering the changes that words undergo in their transmutation from one tongue to another, by no means unlike the term used by the Gauls. Mr. Grant, however, may be correct in his assumption.—ED.

§ There is much justice in this observation; but, to judge of Mr. Grant's work from this Report of it, he has not thought it necessary to extend his inquiries beyond the Gaelic, thus adopting the most effectual means of confining himself within the limits of his hypothesis. It might, however, have been worth his while to examine the singular analogy that exists between the languages of Wales and Brittany, as it would have presented to his notice some phenomena with respect to the original language of this island, of which he appears to have formed no conception.—ED.

modified by the Roman pronunciation *. *Deucaledones* is nothing but the Gaelic word *Du Chaoilldaoin*, the true inhabitants of the wood. It was the name, by which the inhabitants of the woody vallies of Scotland were called, to distinguish them from those on the eastern coast, whom the Romans named *Vecturiones*, a word, which, according to Mr. Grant, comes from *Vachtarich*. It would appear, that, anciently, a part of this country was designated by the name of *Vachtar*, which is to be traced in that of a chain of hills in that country, called *Druim Uachtar*. The word *Scoti*, Scotch, seems to be derived from *scuit* or *scaoit*, which signifies, to this day, among the Scotch, a small tribe, a colony; and it is known, that the shepherds of the Scotch Highlands are always separated in small clans †.

“ Whatever inclination one may have for Gaelic etymologies, we cannot do otherwise than attribute to the Romans the word *Picti*, by which they distinguished all the Scotch, because they painted their bodies with various colours. However, I recollect, that Mr. Jamieson, in Scotland, and Mr. Finn-Magnussen, in Denmark, have been of a different opinion ‡. The latter, the author of an *Essay* in which he ex-

* Does not the Gaelic word, here adduced by Mr. Grant, refer, more particularly, to a hazel wood, which, in Irish, is *collchail*? And are not both words, again, to be traced to the simple Welsh word *coll*, a hazel tree? As for the origin of the name *Caledonians*, we have already ventured to give it in a preceding note.—ED.

† Here, again, Mr. Grant appears to be at fault, since there is every reason for supposing that the root of *Scoti* may be found in the Welsh language. *Ysgawd*, in that tongue, implies a shelter; and *ysgodogion*, plural of *ysgodawg*, people of the coverts or shades, a word, which is precisely synonymous with *celyddon*, previously noticed. Thus Meilyr, a Welsh bard of the twelfth century, distinguishes the Scots by this name:—

“ Ni doddynt tros vor etwaeth—
Gwyddyl, dievyl duon,
Ysgodogion, dynion lledfer.”

They will not cross the sea again,
The Irish, those black devils,
Nor those nerveless people, the Scots.

The name is also written, in Welsh, *Ysgodaid* or *Ysgodwys*; and the elision of the *y*, of which numberless instances might be adduced, leaves the obvious origin of the Latin word referred to by Mr. Grant.—ED.

‡ “ Mr. Jamieson in his *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, Edinburgh, 1808, and Mr. Finn-Magnussen in his *Dissertation on the*

plains passages of Ossian by the Scandinavian customs, has attempted to prove that the Picts were, originally, from Scandinavia, and that their name comes from the word, *picca*, which signifies to prick, because they were in the habit of pricking their skin all over.

“As for the rest, neither the word, *Picti*, nor *Scoti*, appears to have been in use amongst the Aborigines, who always designated their country by the name of *Albin**; but they made a distinction between their pastoral colonies, and those of labourers. The Gaels, who led a pastoral life, distinguished themselves by the term, *Arich*; and those, who, having fixed residences, gave themselves up to agriculture and the mechanical arts, were called *Draonaich*. It would appear, that these latter were those, whom the Romans distinguished by the name of *Picti*, while the Highland shepherds received from them that of *Scoti*: the former inhabited the plains at the foot of the mountains, and the others the vallies and upland pastures. The ancient buildings, that are found in great numbers in countries at present almost deserted, and which the people call Picts’ Houses, or Houses of the *Draonaich*, seem to point out the ancient seat of the labourers of the Scottish Highlands. Mention has been made of chronicles that the Highlanders possessed; but these writings have turned out to be of the same kind as those of the Bretons: time has destroyed them, and there are now no remains of them †.

“I now arrive at some general positions, in which Mr. Grant is more certain than he was while engaged in etymological researches, and which, for this reason, I shall insert here almost literally.

Picts and their Origin, in the Memoirs of the Scandinavian Literary Society.”

* *Alban* is also a name, by which Scotland, or rather the Highlands, are generally known to the *Cymry*, in whose language the word implies a high or mountainous region.—Ed.

† The word, we have rendered by *Bretons*, is the same in the French, and may apply as well to the Britons of this island as to the inhabitants of Armorica. If, however, the former was the meaning, we must beg to deny Mr. Grant’s assumption with respect to our ancient remains. The *Cymry* have authentic remains (not such as those ascribed to Ossian) of the sixth, seventh, and succeeding centuries, of which, it is but too evident, Mr. Grant was entirely ignorant, when he produced this work.—Ed.

"There is, says the author, every reason for believing that the Isle of Great Britain was colonized, in a very remote age, by Gaulish emigrants, in a direction from east to west, agreeably with the first expansion of the human race. The Gaulish language leaves no room for doubting, that, anciently, the Britons of the southern and northern parts of the island formed but one race. It is true, that the Welsh no longer speak the language of their ancestors, the Gaels; however, in comparing their language, altered into the Gaelic of the Scotch and Irish, we may clearly recognize one and the same language, except that the mixture of foreign tongues, introduced by conquering nations, have so altered it in Wales, that it has become unintelligible to those countries which have retained their primitive language and race in their original purity*. It is still true, that the Gaelic, at present spoken by a considerable portion of the population of Ireland, is not very intelligible to the Gaels of Scotland, nor even to a part of Ireland, where, according to all probability, the ancient language of the Gaels is spoken in the greatest purity. There are many MSS. of considerable antiquity, written in the modern tongue, called Irish, and which the Scotch, most versed in the present Gaelic, are absolutely incapable of understanding. Nor are these MSS. better understood by the learned Gaels of Ireland, who, however, speak, with great purity, the Gaelic of the Bible version, the work of the pious Bishop Bedel. Yet this is no reason, why there should not be some foundation for believing, that Ireland was peopled by men, that came from the western part of the island of Great Britain. It is certain, that Gaelic was the only language known in Ireland down to the invasions of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, who founded colonies in dif-

* After the proof, above given, of Mr. Grant's ignorance of Welsh, it is scarcely necessary to remark upon the strange assertion he here makes. However, we cannot help noticing the conclusion he so logically draws against the purity of the language, because, forsooth, it is not understood in the Highlands of Scotland. Does he not see, that the converse of the position might be maintained with at least equal justice? But the simple fact is, notwithstanding what Mr. Grant has said about a "mixture of tongues," that no language, on the face of the earth, exhibits a less adulterated, a purer character, in this respect, than that of the Cymry. With very few exceptions, indeed, it is formed on indigenous principles, the same at this day as they can be proved to have been twelve centuries ago. Can half as much be said for the Gaelic?—ED.

ferent parts of the island, while the remainder preserved its liberty, together with the national tongue in all its purity. Thus it is that in Connaught, which is the Irish province most distant from England, they still speak the best Gaelic. Now, an inhabitant of that province and a Scottish Highlander can converse in their dialects, and understand one another without difficulty. According to the judgment of the Irish, the version of the Bible is written in the best Gaelic; and in Scotland every man, versed in his national language, recognizes this translation as a model of purity.

“The Manx tongue, or the Gaelic, which is spoken in the Isle of Man, is equally intelligible to a Scotch Highlander*; which is a farther proof that the same language anciently prevailed throughout the whole extent of Great Britain. The only singularity one discovers is, that there should exist so great a difference between the Welsh, or the national language of Wales, and the Gaelic of Scotland and Ireland. It is to the colonies, founded by the Belgians and other continental nations in Wales, that we must attribute the alteration of the primitive language of the inhabitants. Again, are there not in Welsh a multitude of compound terms, the origin of which is unknown to the natives†, but which a person, learned in the

* This assertion, we believe, ought to have been made with some qualification.—ED.

† What we have said in the last Note but one may serve as an answer to this strange assumption; and we cannot refrain from observing, that what Mr. Grant here says is but an additional proof of that utter ignorance, to which we have just alluded. So far from there being, in Welsh, “a multitude of compound terms, whose origin is unknown to the natives,” there is, we will venture to affirm, scarcely one in the language which a Welsh scholar cannot, without difficulty, reduce to its elementary roots, and those purely indigenons. Indeed there is no quality in the language more remarkable than this, and which is so happily and so clearly developed by Mr. Owen in his excellent Dictionary. And, while we are on this point, it may be proper to remark, that the Gaelic does actually contain, and especially in the names of places, several words, the roots of which are not to be found in that tongue. Such is *Aber*, which occurs so frequently in Scotland, and the meaning of which is only to be found in Welsh. This brings us, therefore, to a natural conclusion, that the language of the Cymry, as still preserved amongst the mountains of Wales, was, in fact, the aboriginal language of Scotland, and that it was in time supplanted by that of the Gaels, or Gauls (if Mr. Grant pleases), and which, in its turn, gave way to that of the Saxons.—ED.

Gaelic, easily decomposes by reducing them to the roots of his own language?

“ After having examined the language of the Gaels, the author closes his work by some remarks on the fragments, which remain, of their literature, that is to say, upon the celebrated poems, known by the name of Ossianic. But this interesting matter deserves a separate consideration ; and, if the Society pleases, I will make it the subject of a second Report.”

ANTHOLOGIANA.—No. III.

THE last article under this head was confined to the works of Taliesin : we intend to devote this, in a similar manner, to extracts from the poems of Llywarch Hên, or Llywarch the Aged, who also lived during the sixth and seventh centuries. The productions, that have descended to our times under the name of this venerable bard, are of a singular character, being all of them written in the *Triban Mihir*, or Warrior's Triplet, the most ancient perhaps of all the Welsh metres*. And we may also venture to aver of them, that, both in their poetical and historical features, they may claim a superiority over most of the poems of the same age. Free from the mysticism, which generally distinguishes the strains of Taliesin and Merddin, as well as from the unavoidable obscurities of the Gododin, the poetical remains of Llywarch possess a primitive and artless simplicity, which is among the strongest proofs of their genuineness. The themes too, which the bard has selected, are, for the most part, such as were intimately connected with his own wayward destiny :—the battles in which he was engaged, the loss of his territory, of his children and of his patrons, his various sufferings, his infirmities, and his destitute old age. They are, in a word, the themes of sorrow, and, springing, as they did, from the heart of the poet, cannot fail to find a responsive vibration in that of the reader.

* It has been very plausibly surmised, that this was the metre, in which instruction was anciently delivered to the *Awenyddion*, or pupils of the Bardic Institution, and that the lines, which Cæsar mentions to have been committed by them to memory, were of this character. The form seems particularly appropriate to the occasion, and especially as being of that *triadic* nature, to which the ancient Cymry were so partial.

The detached passages, however, which fall within the object of the ANTHOLOGIANA *, can convey but an inadequate idea of the general characteristics, to which we have just adverted. But they are not deficient in those peculiarities, which we have frequently had occasion to notice, as belonging to the poetry of the Cymry.

The first extract, we select, is the first triplet of the *Marwnad Geraint ab Erbin*, or Elegy upon Geraint ab Erbin, Prince of Devon †, and is remarkable for a boldness, if not sublimity, in expression.

*Pan aned Geraint, oedd agored pyrth Nev,
Rhoddai Grist à arched—
Pryd mirain, Prydain ogoned.*

When Geraint was born, the portals of Heaven
were opened,
Christ vouchsafed what was supplicated—
A countenance beaming with beauty, the
glory of Britan.

The next triplet forms part of a description, in the same poem, of a great battle fought at Llongborth, supposed to be Portsmouth, between the Saxons and Britons, the latter of whom were commanded, on the occasion, by Arthur and Geraint.

*Yn Llongborth gwelais gymminiad,
Gwyr yn ngryd, a gwaed ar iád,
Rhag Geraint, mawr mab ei dád.*

At Llongborth I saw the conflicting edges of blades,
Men quaking with terror, and gore on the brow,
Before Geraint, the great son of his father.

The word *cymminiad*, in this extract, is well worthy of notice, and has no synonyme, that we are aware of, in any other language.

The lines that follow, taken also from the Elegy on Geraint, convey, we think, a very picturesque sketch of the fleetness and vigour of a war-horse. They form part of several triplets of a similar character.

* See No. 24, of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 102.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 101.

*Oedd re redaint dan vorddwyd Geraint,
Garhirion, grawn hydd,
Rhuthr goddaith ar ddifaith vynydd.*

Under the thighs of Geraint were fleet runners,
With long legs, *their food* the grain of deer,
Their assault like the conflagration on the
wild hills.

This triplet affords a pretty strong instance, especially in the second line, of that elliptical form of expression, peculiar to Welsh poetry, and in which it so much resembles the ancient Hebrew. The words, in italics in the translation, have none to correspond with them in the original.

The next extract is from among a series of aphoristic triplets, entitled *Y Gorwynion*, or the Coruscants*, the first two lines of which contain, generally, some poetical imagery, and the last a moral axiom; and, possibly, one may have been originally intended to illustrate the other.

*Gorwyn blaen perthi, ceingyvreu adar,
Hir ddydd dawn goleu:
Trugar dafar Duw goreu.*

Glittering is the top of the brakes, birds are their
fair gems,
The long day is the gift of the light:
To be merciful is the attribute of the most excellent
God.

The ellipsis, of which we have just spoken, is again exemplified in this passage, in the construction of which not a single verb is employed.

In the two triplets, that follow, extracted from the *Marwnad Urien Reged*, or Elegy on Urien Rheged †, the reader cannot fail to recognize the poetical talent of Llywarch, in his figurative expressions, not very unlike the bold imagery by which Hebrew poetry is occasionally distinguished.

*Dymcyvarwyddiad yn hwch dyval;
Bheng chwerthin mor ryfel dorvloeddiad,
Urien Reged greidiawl gravel,*

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 122.

† Id. ib. p. 103.

*Eryr, gâl yn hwch glew hael,
Ryvel goddig, buddig vael,
Urien greidiawl gavael.*

Let me be directed onward to the fierce assault;
Like the ocean's surly laughter is the expanding
tumult of war,
Where rages Urien Reged, fiery champion.

Like the eagle, in his assault a bold and
generous foe,
Of war the torment, secure of conquest,
Is Urien with the grasp of fire.

The first word in this extract, and the last of the second line, afford additional illustrations of the force of the Welsh compounds.

We shall select two other stanzas from this Elegy, which are among a number that describe, and some of them most pathetically, the desolate state of Urien's mansion, after his death.

*Yr aelwyd hon, neus cudd danad?
Tra vu vyw ei gwarcheidwad,
Mwy gorddynasai eirchiad.*

This hearth, will it not be covered with nettles?
Whilst its protector was yet alive,
More familiarized with it was the needy petitioner.

And again,

*Yr ystwfwl hwn, a'r hwn draw,
Mwy gorddynasai amdanaw
Elwch llu, a llwybyr anaw.*

This buttress here, and that one yonder,
More congenial around them would have been
The joyous acclamations of a company, and
the course of harmony.

The words, translated "course of harmony," *llwybyr anaw*, mean, literally, "the path of vocal music," and strike us as particularly poetical. They here apply to the songs of social festivity, now banished from the deserted halls of Urien. *Cynddelw* has *llwybyr anant* in a similar sense.

The following triplet occurs in the Lines addressed to the Cuckoo of the Vale of Cuawg* :—

*Cyntevin, cain ar ystre,
Pan vrys cedwyr i gadle;
Mi nid av, anav a'm de.*

Summer is arrived, and proud on their course
Are the warriors, as they hasten to the battle-plain;
But for me, I shall not go—my wounds keep
me apart.

Cyntevin, here translated “summer,” is the usual term for May-day; and, whether it be a derivative of *tevin*, and so have a reference to the first expansion of vegetation, or of *hevin*, and, in that sense, refer to the first appearance of summer, it is, in its application, equally just and expressive.

In the Elegy on Cynddylan ab Cyndrwyn†, the longest of all the poems of Llywarch, there are many passages, particularly characteristic of his muse. We can only find room for one or two.

*Nid angau, Freuer, a'm de heno;
Am dammhorth brodyrddde
Dihunav, wylav vore!*

It is not his death, Freuer, that afflicts me to night;
It is for the loss of the commonwealth's support
That I am sleepless, and early I shall weep.

Brodyrddde and *dihunav* deserve notice in this extract as words of considerable expression according to the genius of the Welsh tongue.

The next triplet we select as well for the beauty of the thought, as for the particular smoothness of the lines, and especially of the last.

*Neu'r syllais olygon ar dirion dir
O orsedd Orwynion?—
Hir hwyl haul, hwy vy nghovion.*

Have not my eyes gazed on a pleasant land
From the high mount of Gorwynion‡?—
Long is the course of the sun, longer far my
recollections.

* Arch. of Wales. vol. i. p. 126.

† Id. ib. p. 107.

‡ Probably, the hill near Sylatyn in Shropshire, now called Orsedd Wen which affords an extensive view between the Dee and the Severn.

One other extract must conclude our present gleanings from the poems of Llywarch, and this we shall take from his *Elegy on Old Age**, which abounds in historical notices of himself and his sons, on which account it may, perhaps, be regarded as the most interesting of all his remains. The following triplet, however, is here introduced for the felicity of the image in the last line, which must strike the reader as highly poetical.

*Er yvais i win o gawg,
Ev a ragwan rai rheiniawg:
Esgyll gwawr oedd waewawr Duawg.*

Since I drank wine from the goblet,
He made an onset before the men of spears:
Like the wings of the dawn was the gleaming
of the lance of Duawg.

Gwaewawr, here translated "gleaming of the lance," is another illustration of the force of the Welsh compound terms: it means, properly, that radiation of a weapon, which is occasioned by the velocity with which it is used. Taliesin, we recollect, has, in one of his poems, the same beautiful image.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XV.

REV. GORONWY OWEN TO MR. WILLIAM MORRIS,
Comptroller of the Customs at Holyhead†.

DEAR SIR,—Nage: vy anwyl gydwladwr dilediaith! á ddy-laswn ddywedyd; eithr, os chwi á'm hesgusoda am hyn o dro, chwi gewch ychwaneg o Gymraeg y tro nesav.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 114.

† We have great pleasure in the insertion of this Letter, (which, we believe, has not before appeared in print,) since every relic, however inconsiderable, of Goronwy Owen, the most favoured of all the modern votaries of the *Awen*, cannot fail to have its charms for the admirers of our language and literature. We are likewise pleased to have this opportunity of resuming a favourite article, and should feel truly grateful to any of our readers, that could favour us with any "original letters" of interest. Such, as have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, may be found in vol. i. pp. 14. 55. 133. 175. 255. 329. and 411; and in vol. ii. pp. 16. and 158.—Ed.

Your's of the 27th ult. I received; and I must own, I am exceedingly obliged to you and Mr. Ellis, for your good opinion of my poor performance*. As to the printing of it, it is to me a thing indifferent; I am no way fond or ambitious of appearing in print, and commencing author; for now, thank God, I have no vanity to be gratified by so doing: and, if ever I had, my own sense, as I grew up, overtopped and mortified it, and this troublesome world (with my narrow circumstances therein) has now effectually killed it, root and branch. However, if Mr. Ellis and you think it will do any good (besides gratifying men's curiosity and affording matter for criticism), I shall willingly comply with your desire. If it be printed, I like your method well enough: I mean, of putting the scripture proofs and the interpretation of the more unintelligible words in the margin. I am sorry I cannot send it you, so prepared, at this time. The reason is, that Mr. Lewis Morris was pleased to favour me with an examination; and he marked out some few slips in it as to the poetry, which I have since endeavoured to correct, but with what success I have not yet heard: and I am not willing that any thing of mine should be made public without the consent and approbation of my tutor†. I thought once to have deferred answering yours, till I had heard from your brother; but a post or two is no very great loss of time, though the worst to be feared is, that franks are scarce in Anglesey. Half a sheet of paper, such as the *ballad* is printed on, would contain almost twice as many lines as the *Cywydd* consists of: and, perhaps, (if God enables me, and the world allows me time,) I may produce something that may be thought, at least, equal to *Cywydd y Varn*.

* A Poem on the Day of Judgment, or *Cywydd y Varn*.

† This "tutor," Mr. Lewis Morris, in a letter to the Rev. Evan Evans, published in the first volume of the *Cambrian Register*, and dated April 23d, 1752, only a few days before the date of this, thus expresses himself about Goronwy Owen:—"He is but lately commenced a Welsh poet; and the first ode, he ever wrote, was in imitation of your 'Ode on Melancholy.' His *Cywydd y Varn* is the best thing I ever read in Welsh. You will be more surprised with his language and poetry than with any thing you ever saw. His ode is styled 'The Wish,' or '*Goruned Gronw Ddu o Von*,' and is, certainly, equal, if not superior, to any thing I ever read of the ancients."—There is also another interesting letter from Mr. Morris on the same subject in the second volume of the *Cambrian Register*, p. 503.—ED.

If I had time to spare, my chief desire is to attempt something in Epic Poetry; but the shortness of the measures in our language makes me almost despair of success. I have not a turn of genius fit for ludicrous poetry (which I believe is best relished in Wales), and you may see, that the few little witticisms in *Cywydd y Varv** are rather forced than natural. D. ab Gwilym was, perhaps, the best Welshman that ever lived for that kind of poetry, and is therefore very deservedly admired for it. And, though I admire, and even dote upon, the sweetness of his poetry, I have often wished he had raised his thoughts to something more grave and sublime. Our language, undoubtedly, affords plenty of words expressive and suitable enough for the genius even of a Milton; and, had he been born in our country, we, no doubt, should have been the happy nation that could have boasted of the grandest, sublimest, piece of poetry in the universe†. Our language excels most others in Europe, and why does not our poetry? It is to me very unaccountable. Are we the only people in the world that know not how to value so excellent a language? or do we labour under a national incapacity and dulness? Heaven forbid it! Why then is our language not cultivated? Why do our learned men blame the indolence of their forefathers in former ages for transmitting so little of the learning to posterity, and yet at the same time wallow in the same security and indolence themselves? This is the case, for aught I can see yet, and our posterity, four or five hundred years hence, may (for any thing we do to prevent it) judge us to be in this age as barbarous and unlearned as we conceive our ancestors to have been in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy. And, if our countrymen write any thing that is good, they are sure to do it in English. *Pa beth yw hyny ond iro bloncen?* Are they afraid that their own language should gain any thing by them? Or, are they unwilling that their countrymen should get their knowledge at too cheap a rate, unless they go to the trouble of learning English? But what would I be at? Certainly we are all the offspring of our ancient druids: and, perhaps, it may have

* A Poem on the Beard.—ED.

† Had Goronwy Owen lived to witness the publication of *Coll Gwynra*, he would have seen even his own glowing conceptions, as to the capabilities of our language, surpassed by the felicity of that masterly version.—ED.

become natural to us (as it was usual with them) to confine all our learning to our own heads, and let posterity shift for themselves, as we have done before them.

Donnington, May 7, 1752.

GORONWY OWEN.

LETTERS ON BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

LETTER I.

*Name of the County—Its General Features—Inhabitants—
Towns—Rivers—The Usk.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Last summer you were pleased to insert my Letters on Radnorshire *, I now send you letters on the contiguous county of Brecon or Brecknock, which is supposed to derive its name from Prince Brychan, whereas previously to his time it was known under the name of Garthmadrin, or Garthmathrin. Brychan was the son of Aulach, an Hibernian prince, who had married Marchell, the sole heir of her father Tudric and by right of whom the lordship of Garthmathrin came to the prince, who gave it its present name towards the beginning of the fifth century. Much is said of the prolific family of Brychan, most of whom were promoters of Christianity and devoted to a religious life *.

The county of Brecon is but small, and contains a good deal of upland and mountainous tracts, with a considerable portion of arable and pasture land, part of which is very good. This admixture of hill and dale gives a diversified aspect to the scenery, forming that kind of romantic appearance admired by travellers and tourists, which this county possesses perhaps equally with any in South Wales, excepting Monmouthshire, which exceeds any county in the pict res e and sublime, softened by the milder feat res of general fe tility and fine wood-

* See vol. ii. p. 452. We feel much indebted to our esteemed correspondent for these Letters. We have received eight, four of which appear in this Number, and the remainder shall be inserted in our next.—ED.

† See "Horæ Britannicæ," vol. ii. p. 167, and Jones's Brecknockshire. [For a Triad relating to Brychan see vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON. p. 169.—ED.]

lands: The inhabitants of Brecknockshire are active, ardent, and industrious, and in a progressive state of civilization, the county being intersected by good roads, a navigable canal, and a rail-way. The town of Brecon, or Aberhonddy, is well situated in the centre of the county, the other towns are small; Hay, on the junction of the county with Radnorshire or Herefordshire, built on the edge of the former county; Trecastle on the Carmarthen road, and the pleasant town of Crickhowel on the Monmouth road.

The principal rivers are the Wye and the Usk; the former runs down from Rayader, having its source near to that of the Severn, in Plynlymon, and parts the counties of Radnor and Brecon from nearly the extremity of the latter on the north-west to the confines of Herefordshire. The Usk takes its rise at the western extremity of the county and runs by Brecon, where it receives the streams of Tarall and Honddy, and, then increasing as it proceeds eastward, it passes Crickhowel, soon after which, receiving the Grwynau and other streams, it enters Monmouthshire, by which time it becomes a fine river, though inferior to the Wye. It runs by the town of Usk or Brynbica, and passes through Caerleon, the ancient seat of Arthur's glory, the Silurian capital; it then becomes navigable, and from thence to Newport, and seven miles below, where it loses itself in the Bristol Channel, it forms a fine estuary, capable of conveying vessels of the largest burden, far superior to the Avon at Bristol.

Of the different parts of the county, its scenery, and peculiarities, with a description of the county town I shall take farther notice in my next, partly from local knowledge and partly from the ingenious history of Mr. Theophilus Jones, a name familiar to all lovers of Cambrian literature.

I am, Sir, respectfully,
IEUAN.

LETTER II.

Hay—Glasbury—Scenery on the Wye—Country Seats.

SIR,—I shall begin my description of Brecknockshire on the north-east, where you enter the county either by crossing the Wye from Radnorshire over a good stone bridge, or from the

Hereford road by crossing a small brook into the town of Hay, a scattered place, containing some good houses and in the midst of a fine country. The English farmers give it the name of the Welsh Hay, though I assure you the inhabitants have now no cause to be distinguished by such an appellation for any partiality to the Welsh language, which they have altogether renounced. The Castle was, at one time, a place of consequence, and has still an imposing appearance. The road to Brecon is highly improved, and coaches run from thence through this town to Hereford and Worcester for London.

About three miles from Hay is Glasbury, part of which lies on one side the Wye and part on the other. The view from either side is highly pleasing as you travel along. Turn off on the left hand, and you may pass the village of Llanigon and go by Tregoid, Lord Hereford's house, to Talgarth, or, if you choose to ascend to the Black Mountains, you have a fine view of the Wye with the fertile vale through which it sweeps its course, which is well worth a description from an able hand. When at Glasbury, cross the bridge, and pass through the main body of the village, which the river separates from the church on the Brecon road, and ascend the gently rising eminences and you can take a survey of the country from below Hay to the village of Lyswan. The scene is grand and sublime and the boast of this part of Wales, the soil not being surpassed by any in the Principality. "The prospect," says Mr. Jones, "from both sides of the Wye, particularly from Pénylan, and Maeslwhc (the seat of Walter Wilkins, Esq. M.P.), are as beautiful as imagination can paint; whether the eye be directed up or down the river, picturesque objects present themselves, though of a very different nature. Below, looking from Penylan, are the long wooden bridge at Glasbury, the luxuriant pastures and fertile banks of the Wye, and, at a little distance to the north-east, is a gentle rising ascent, thickly interspersed with wood, among which are apple, pear, and cherry trees, which, when in full bloom, improve the scene and complete the landscape of a highly-cultivated country. The view upwards, consisting of a long reach of the Wye, the village of Llysuan and the abrupt ascent to Craig Cai, with a distant view of the towering Brecon Beacons, forms a picture differing totally in the general features from the former, yet possessing great beauties, improved by the contrast."

Among the seats of the neighbourhood are—Gwernyvned, Col. Wood's, M. P., an old mansion of the Williams family, one of whom, Sir Henry Williams, had the honour of entertaining King Charles I., having conducted him from Brecknock Priory ; The Lodge, Henry Allen, Esq. Barrister ; Tylau Glas, an old mansion, now a farm-house ; and, by the water-side, the Dolphin, the residence of the benevolent Miss Hughes. On the bank, near the bridge, are Mr. Morgan's residence and extensive wool warehouse, and, near it, a charming spot occupied by Mr. Morgan, Jun. On the opposite side is Maeslwch, the seat of the opulent Walter Wilkins, Esq. M.P. for Radnorshire, and at a short distance to the west of it, in the bottom, Woodlands, the seat of Walter Wilkins, Esq. Jun. The church is equal to most country churches, but is particularly distinguished by the piety of its clergyman and a numerous and respectable congregation.

From Glasbury the traveller may proceed to Brecon, through Brynlllys village, or strike across the county, through Talgarth, Trevecka, and Langorse, by Llynsavaddan* ; a fine ride through a pleasant part of the country.

By pursuing that route you soon come into the great road from Brecon to Monmouth. Near to Brynlllys is Tregunter (Gunterston), once the residence of one of the Norman chiefs, and now the seat of W. A. Maddocks, Esq. M. P., who married Mrs. Gwynne, co-heiress with her eldest sister Miss Hughes. This is one of the finest seats in the county. On the Brecon road is Tre Philip and farther on Pontywall.

In proceeding along the banks of the Wye to Builth, the ride is highly interesting by Pipton and Llyswan, passing the Derw, or *Y Dderw*, absurdly spelt *Therow*. This last was formerly the mansion of the Morgan family, the heiress of which house was married into the Tredegar family, now represented by Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. M. P. A little farther on is Langoed, the seat of Mrs. Macnamara, as mortgagee in possession from the late Sir Edward Williams, Bart.

The view from the opposite side is exceedingly fine, but from either side of the Wye there are many things to admire, rocks, woods and water. The river, one while, forces its passage over the rocks and then fetches a curve, or glides along with a fine

* For an account of the "Legend of Llynsavaddan" see vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 400.—ED.

sweep. Drawing near to Builth, the view of Aberedw rocks, the scite of the old castle and the thickly wooded glen, may strike the modern tourist, but the Cambrian sighs when he recalls to his recollection the days of old and the fate of the unfortunate Llywelyn ab Gruffydd.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

IEUAN.

LETTER III.

Builth—Mineral Waters—Rev. Theophilus Evans—Celebrated Characters—Llywelyn last Prince of Wales.

SIR,—The approach to the little town of Builth is rather striking, and the place itself, contrasted with the generality of small places in the midst of an upland region, has rather a smart and lightsome appearance. Here is a good bridge over the Wye, which forms an addition to the landscape of the country, and gives a kind of dignity to the scenery, which is pleasingly diversified, but cannot boast of the fertility of some other parts of the county, though superior to the soil at the northern extremity, where barren mountains and russet plains continually meet the eye interspersed with a few spots more pleasant.

In the vicinity of Builth are the Park-wells, which afford a mineral water in three different springs, serviceable for internal complaints, and frequented by various invalids in the summer months. In the parish of Llanwrtid there is a spring running over a rich bed of sulphur, first discovered, in the year 1732, by the Rev. Theophilus Evans, author of *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, and maternal grandfather of the Historian of Brecknockshire.

As this part of Brecknockshire does not possess the most fertile, or the best cultivated, soil, it is pleasing to speak of its intellectual productions. In the parish of Llangammarch lived and died the gentleman just alluded to, and, out of respect to his memory, his ingenious grandson wished his remains to be conveyed there after his decease, (in which his friends complied with his request), and at the same time took care to erect a neat monument to commemorate his worth in the College Church at Brecon. In contemplating the approach of the ensuing *Eisteddvod*, his surviving friends, with regret, think of

him, who, if now living, would be the foremost in the cause; but at present we must break off from these reflections. The ancestors of Lord Cadogan were from this parish. Dr. Thomas Howel, Bishop of Bristol, in the time of Charles I., and his brother Thomas Howel, the historian, sprang from the same soil. *Ym mhob gwlad y megir glew*, says our ancient adage, or, to tell our English friends the secret,—The poorest soil may sometimes produce great characters. With this remark we should leave the Hundred of Builth, to find our way over an alpine region to the county town; but we cannot quit that portion of the country, without adverting to an important topic of ancient history,—The Fall of Llywelyn.

The spot in the parish of Llanganten, near Builth, where the Prince was slain, is called Cwm Llywelyn, and the place of his interment in common earth is known by the name of *Cewn y Bedd*, and *Cewn Bedd Llywelyn*, to this day. An old man affirms, that he has heard a tradition of the prince's horse having broken his leg, whereby he was dismounted, and, consequently, exposed to his enemy at a time when flight alone could have secured his life. Mr. Theophilus Jones has, in his second volume, discussed the subject at large; but still there is a degree of obscurity hanging over it. The unfortunate prince, seeing Edward in possession of Carnarvonshire, retreated towards the south; but Cardiganshire was garrisoned by the English, and the principal chiefs of Carmarthenshire were in the same interest. Radnorshire was under the controul of Mortimer, and the garrisons of Builth, and other contiguous places, were over-awed by him. Expecting to be reinforced by some great men in the Hundred of Builth, while he thus confided in those who either were prevented from assisting him, or were not disposed to render him any help, there is no difficulty in accounting for his discomfiture and fall, though we cannot adjust all the circumstances.

That the last of our native princes did not fall in Caernarvonshire, as some of the chronicles have asserted, is the uniform tradition of the Principality. I should be glad to see this subject taken up by an able hand; but, perhaps, this has been done by the learned and ingenious bard, the author of the Gwyneddigion Prize Poem of last year, a production not yet made known to us in this part of the Principality. Such

a composition will form a monument more durable than marble or brass, in commemoration of a chieftain, to whom no want of heroism can be attributed; but he fell, forsaken and betrayed, a victim to hostile force*.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

IEUAN.

LETTER IV.

*Castell Madoc—Charles Powel, Esq.—Brothwel Ysgythrog—
Sir David Gam—Owain Glyndwr.*

SIR,—I shall not detain you with many remarks on the dreary Eppynt hills, which lie between the Wye and the vale of Brecon. Leaving the mountains, and passing the chapel of ease, called the Upper Chapel, you descend into a country, which appears pleasant to the traveller after descending from these Pyrennean heights, and particularly in winter, when snow renders the road dangerous, though neither wolves nor robbers infest the country. Passing by an old mansion, called Baili Brith, so named from a neighbouring hill, you come to Castell Madoc, once a place of some consideration, but, like some other residences, forsaken by the proprietor. The late Charles Powel, Esq., a former owner, had much of the appearance of a Cambrian Chief of former days: he was a dignified magistrate and a good officer. This family bore the arms of Bleddyn ab Maenarch, the field azure, 2. Brychan, 3. Elystan Glodrydd, 4. Crest Rhys Goch, the wyvern's head argent. Mr. Jones's remark on the family is worth transcribing. "Their characteristic, for several generations, was that of plain unaffected country gentlemen, hospitable to strangers, neighbours, and friends, and charitable to the poor; but the last Charles Powel was a man of more than common talents, improved by an intercourse and correspondence with several of the learned of his day, and by great reading and much experience during the progress of a long life."

Near to Castell Madoc House is the Lower Chapel, and, about two miles farther, on the left side of the road, Llandeilog church, close to the wall of which is a very ancient monument, supposed to commemorate Brochwel Ysgythrog; but

* Two short English poems on this subject, with some notices, have appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, See vol. ii. p. 39, and the last Number, p. 378.—ED.

Mr. Jones thinks that Rhain, one of the sons of Brychan, was there interred. At the entrance of the church is a stone inscribed with the name C. A. T. V. C. the application of which Mr. Jones is at a loss to discover; but may we not suppose it to be one of the sons of Brychan of that name*?

On an eminence, to your left, over the Honddy, is Garthbrenny church, in which the famous Davydd Llywelyn, called Sir David Gam, had his residence and property, at a place called Peytyn Gwyn, there being a Peytyn Du and a Peytyn Glas†. The stern valour of this Chieftain, and his fidelity to King Henry the Fifth, in whose defence he fell at the battle of Agincourt, are well known.

Owain Glyndwr, the friend of the House of York, and Davydd Gam were perpetually hostile to each other. It is strange, that some of our historians should affirm, that the hero of Brecknock was nearly allied to Owain by marriage, for he married a Radnorshire lady; the mistake arose from this—that Owain's sister was married to Davydd ab Ednyved Gam, a nobleman of North Wales. His valour was of the turbulent kind, and his attempt to assassinate Owain fixed a dreadful blot on his character, which, however, the Lord of Glyn-dyvrwy, though he suffered him to escape at the time, resolved to avenge: this he did on his estate and his country in the most ample manner. Henry the Fourth being Earl of Hereford and Lord of Brecknock, previous to his coming to the crown, the gentlemen of Brecknockshire, and among them Davydd Llywelyn of Peytyn, were firm in the interest of that Prince, which farther accounts for the ravages of Glyndwr in this county.

After mentioning these scenes of bloodshed, I am thankful that we can now approach, in safety, to the town of Brecknock, and calmly survey the rivers, woods, and eminencies in its vicinity, and without obstruction from ancient portals or barriers. We shall once more pause awhile, and then resume. Meanwhile I remain, with due respects to the countrymen of Glyndwr,

Your Friend and Servant,

April 9, 1822.

IEUAN.

* Brychan had a son, named Cadog; but he died in France, where he was, most probably, buried. He had a son named Rhawin, as well as Rhain, above mentioned.—See p. 395 of this Number.—ED.

† Probably meant for *Peithyn Gwyn*, &c.—ED.

ETYMOLOGY.

ABER—CYMMERAU—ABERTH—ANVERTH— CUALL, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—Whenever I have the opportunity of travelling in the Principality, I derive great pleasure from observing the different dialects of the Welsh language, and also from noting down, in a common place-book, any peculiar expression I may chance to hear in going through the several counties. In my tour, which I make once or twice a-year, I meet generally with pleasant and intelligent companions, who feel great pleasure in conversing on the old Cymraeg, or, in giving me some account of old castles, ghosts, &c. I shall, therefore, with your permission, give a short narrative of what past between a learned friend and myself in going from Carmarthen on a visit to Cardiganshire.

We went on for several miles before we could fix on a subject for discussion, till, at last, the different names of places, as we passed along, afforded us some amusement, and gave rise to a long conversation on etymology. The first word, that suggested itself to us, was ABER, as *Aber Gwili*, &c. &c., which we derived from A, affirmative, and BER, a leg, a branch, which exactly agrees with Mr. Owen Pughe's definition of the word. For instance, ABER he explains as a confluence of water, the junction of rivers, the fall of a lesser river into a greater, or into the sea. See his Dictionary, under the word ABER. He derives the word, however, from AB. *Mi a dorav dy VERAU*,—I will break thy legs,—is a common expression*.

* We are far from thinking our correspondent's etymology as decisive as he conceives it to be. The prefix A, we believe, when used in an affirmative or augmentative sense, generally causes the first letter, if a labial, of the following syllable to assume its soft mutation, as in the words *avan* (a-ban), *avar* (a-bar), *avall* (a-ball), *avach* (a-mach), *avaddgu* (a-maddgu), *avaeth* (a-maeth), *aball* (a-pall), *abo* (a-po), *abwy* (a-pwy).—There are, indeed, instances of the contrary, as *abrcysg* (a-brcysg), *abrcyd* (a-brcyd), *abraid* (a-braid), in which the aspirate sound is assumed; but these are so rare with respect to the labial radicals, that they may be regarded as exceptions rather than as coming within the general rule. Indeed it appears to be the letter B only, of the three we have

Having settled this point, we arrived at a place called *Cymmerau*, which we also derived from CYD together, and BER. *Cymmer* signifies "a junction, a confluence." Mr. O. Pughe derives the word from CYD and MER*.

Thus we went on jogging and etymologizing all the way, till we arrived at a small village in Cardiganshire, where we met with an old patriarch, who had been keeping a classical school there for the last sixty years, and, after communicating to him the result of our labour, the following words came on the carpet, viz. *aberth*, *anverth*, *cuall*, &c.

Aberth, a sacrifice, we derived from A, aff: and BERTH,

above adduced, that admits of these exceptions; for we can, at this moment, think of no compounds, wherein M or P are so affected by the augmentative prefix A, as to adopt the aspirate mutation. *Afun* and *afwys* may, indeed, be regarded by some as of this nature; but they appear to us exceedingly doubtful, as we cannot discover any reasonable analogy between these words and their presumed roots, *pan* and *pwys*, especially in the augmentative sense of which we are speaking. Nor is it to the labial letters only that this peculiarity of taking the *soft* sound after the affirmative A is confined: the dental letters, D and T, almost invariably adopt it, as in the words *addysg* (*a-dysg*), *adref* (*a-tref*). The rule with the palatal letters, we admit, is different, and especially with the letter C, which, we believe, with two exceptions only (*agalen* and *agaws*), is always aspirated after the augmentative A. Now, the result of all this seems to be, as it affects our correspondent's etymology, that it is not founded on a general principle, but that the word, as he derives it, ought rather to have been *aver* than *aber*; and we must add, that we cannot discover the applicability of a *leg* to a *conflux*, which is the received meaning of *aber*. We are, therefore, rather disposed to consider the word, with Mr. Owen Pughe in his Grammar, as one of a primitive character, not now resolvable into its component parts. A writer in the first volume of the *Cambrian Register*, p. 240, in an "Account of the Parish of Fishguard," derives it, rather idly, from the Latin *aperio*; but it is unnecessary to dwell on the absurdity of this etymology. The word, be its origin what it may, is of great antiquity, and purely Welsh, as is to be proved by the names of so many places in Scotland, beginning with *Aber*, while the word is not to be found in the Gaelic or Irish tongues.—ED.

* If our correspondent wished to make BER the radix of *cymmerau*, he should not have joined it with CYD, which would make the word *cydverau*, as might be proved by abundance of instances, if it were not obvious from the general principle of the language. CYM and BER, indeed, would form *cymmerau*, and this, we presume, would answer our correspondent's purpose as well, CYM and CYD being synonymous prefixes. However, from what we have observed in the preceding note, it may be supposed that we cannot assent to the adoption of BER in this etymology. We should rather agree with Mr. Owen Pughe, (who, by the bye, says nothing of CYD, as above stated by our correspondent) that the word is de-

beautiful; pleasing, or acceptable*. *Anverth*, ugly, from AN, not, and BERTH, beautiful†. *Cuall*—this word baffled our etymological efforts, though in common use in and about Llwyn-rhydown. It is used there in the same sense as *angall*. When I requested the old patriarch to derive the word, he, being a poet, thus expressed himself—

“*Cuall yw deall y dyn*—”

pointing to a *stupid*, but conceited, man that was close by. “*Garw mor guall yw y dyn*”—See how stupid, or dull, the man is.

rived from MER, which there is good reason for presuming, had, originally, the general sense of water. Hence such words as *gover* (*go-mër*), a small brook, *merlys* (*mer-llys*), a water-plant, and *merllyd* (*mer-llyd*), abounding with water, as used by Aneurin, who says—

“*Mis Tachwedd moch mehinawr,
Llyvyn mor, merllyd pob callawr.*”

In the month of November the swine are fat,
Smooth is the ocean, and every cauldron is full of water.

The French, it is known, employ this very word, MER, to denote the sea, and it is not at all improbable, that the English *mere* may be traced to the same source. The Latin *mare* too, as formed of the cognate vowel, has a nearer affinity with MER than with *mor*, the Welsh word for sea. And it would not be too much, perhaps, to trace a resemblance in the Hebrew and Arabic word, *mar*, which signifies a dropping or effusion, as does *meria* in Welsh; and hence *diveru*, in our language, and *divera*, in Armoric, both signify to distil. Such are our grounds for believing, that *cymmerau* must be derived from MER, with the prefix CYM, and not from BER, meaning, as it does, a conflux of waters, and not a junction of legs or arms. In a word, we think, our worthy correspondent, on reconsidering these two etymologies, will find that he has “not a leg to stand upon.”—ED.

* For the reasons, assigned in the first note, we cannot concur in this etymology; since we think, that the word, thus composed, would be, more properly, *acerth*. And, where does our correspondent find “acceptable” as the sense of *berth*? We fear it is one adopted for the occasion; and, without it, the proposed derivation has little or no allusion to a sacrifice. Nor, on the other hand, can we, at this moment, see the propriety of *a-perth*, adopted by Mr. Owen Pughe, though, from the general analogy of the language, we conceive that to be the true etymology. Dr. Davies, without any apparent reason, derives the word from the Hebrew *zebach*. We take this opportunity of remarking, that the prefix, A, has a *privative*, as well as an *augmentative*, power in the formation of words; as, for instance, in *acrys*, slow, from *a-brys*, and *acarn*, a denial of justice, from *a-barn*. Yet, strange to say, none of our dictionaries notice this quality.—ED.

† We are not aware that this etymology was ever doubted. It may be found, at least, in Mr. Owen Pughe’s Dictionary.—ED.

Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, under the word *cuell* or *cuall*, has the following couplet:—

“ Cyllell hir *cuall* a lleu
“ Callestvin, holldrin, hyldrem.” Iolo.

The Doctor confesses himself ignorant of the meaning of *cuell*. After reading the lines to our worthy host, the patriarch, he gave us the following anecdote in explanation of it. “There was,” said he, “a noted *bully* in Carmarthen some time ago, who used to say in Welsh—“Am ddyn, nid oes arnav ovn dyn yn y byd, ond, am *fwled*, mae arnav ovn hono, canys *dwl* yw y *fwled*, ni waeth ganddi yn y byd i ba le yr eif.” So, “cyllell hir *cuell* a lleu” may signify “a long sharp knife that will go in any direction it is guided—being, as it were, blind*.”

Lest I should appear tedious, I shall close this letter with another remark of the old gentleman, which is, that the compounds of *facio* are Welsh, e. g. *perficere*, *perfaith*; *efficere*, *efaith*; *deficere*, *difaith*.

Your's, &c.

Oxon.

J. J.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—“Gogerddan” is a most beautiful air, truly Welsh, and highly characteristic. It has its name from a mansion in the neighbourhood of Llanbadarn, in Cardiganshire, which was the residence of the famous bard Rhydderch ab Ieuan Llwyd, about the year 1394, (vide Jones, vol. i. p. 127.)

“Mwynen Cynwyd,”—*The Melody of Cynwyd*.—This tune might pass very well for an Irish air: it has all the character of that country, and, if I mistake not, Mr. Moore has written words to it in a slightly altered manner.

* It appears to us, that our correspondent's “patriarchal” friend took a vast deal of pains to prove what nobody ever disputed—that *cuall* means a stupid dolt, or an idiot, particularly in South Wales. Of the etymology, however, we are unable at present to form any opinion. Mr. Owen Pughe derives it from *cu-all*, and gives it the sense of “a stranger at home,” in addition to the one above noticed.—ED.

“*Divyrrwch Gwyr Dyvi*,”—*The Delight of the Men of Dovey*,—is an air of the some stamp as the above, and has been repeatedly taken for an Irish melody; but this is by no means to be wondered at, if we consider the intercourse between the two countries in former days, when the minstrels wandered about with their

“Wild harps slung behind them.”

“*Serch Hudol*,”—*The Allurements of Love*. This is one of the most beautiful of the Welsh Melodies, and a great favourite with the singers. The same *pennillion*, as those sung to *Pen Rhaw*, suit this air, which modulates from major to minor, and *vice versa*, in the most natural yet scientific manner. The following is a stanza, written, in imitation of the Welsh *pennill*, by I. H. P. adapted to *Serch Hudol*.

“Come, sound the string,
And sweetly sing
Our native Cymru’s praise:
Pour for her the tranced measure,
Big with hope and promised pleasure,
Tell how vast, how rich, the treasure
Of her mountain lays.”

Four stanzas form the round sung by each singer, who commences at the third bars of the first and second parts of the tune.

“*Cerdd yr Hên Wr o’r Coed*,”—*The Song of the Old Man of the Wood*,—is a very peculiar air, consisting only of eight bars. Mr. Windsor, of Bath, harmonized it for four voices in an exquisite manner, and it was sung at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod to show how beautiful an old ditty may be made, when appropriately adorned.

“*Farwel V’Ieungtid*,”—*Adieu to my Juvenile Days*,—is a plaintive melody, with much of the national character about it, reminding us of Moore’s song of “Love’s young Dream.”

“Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart’s chain wove,
When my dream of life, from morn ’till night,
Was love, still love!”

New hope may bloom, and days may come
 Of milder, calmer, beam;
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!"

Your readers will be glad to hear, that a newly-invented Pedal Harp, with *two rows of strings*, was introduced at the last meeting of the Canorion. The idea of this very clever instrument, as now produced, originated with Mr. H. Williams, of Dean Street, though I ought here to observe, that Mr. James, of Oxford, who obtained the prize for the best *Englyn* on "*Awen*" at the Wrexham Eisteddvod, had long contemplated such an improvement. As I intend to describe the Cambrian Pedal Harp in an article preparing for the "Annual Report of the Cymmrodorion," I shall only add—that it will be found to possess all the requisites of the Welsh harp, together with the advantages derived from the pedals, which act twice, viz. they will raise any note half a tone, or a whole *. The appearance of the harp is very elegant, and the mechanism does great credit to the artists, Messrs. Schwieso and Grosjean, of Soho Square. As it is in contemplation to give a concert of Welsh music in the morning of the anniversary of the Cymmrodorion, on the 22nd of May, this harp will be introduced, and I hope that our fair countrywomen will be pleased with it, and give it the preference to any other, as it, most assuredly, is far superior to any *telyn* that has yet appeared. I shall do all in my power to have the Cambrian Pedal Harp introduced at the Eisteddvod in Gwent this year, and the performer on it shall be a young *Cymro*, who plays delightfully on the English harp, but who is so pleased with this new invention that he is determined to adopt it.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Newman Street,
 April 8th, 1822.

JOHN PARRY.

* The pedals, of course, supersede the middle row of strings; for all notes are produced by them. [We have been favoured with a perusal of the article on the Harp, to which Mr. Parry above alludes; and it is but common justice to add, that it will form a very interesting accession to the work, in which it is about to appear. Indeed it is the only treatise of the kind, in a separate form, of which we are at present aware.—ED.]

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR

OF MR. DAVID THOMAS, (DAVYDD DDU O ERYRI*.)

IT has frequently been remarked, that the lives of men, who have devoted themselves, in any particular manner, to the cause of literature, supply but little to interest the general reader, who enters not into the spirit of those enjoyments, which the pursuits of learning or science are calculated to afford. If this be true, even with respect to those individuals who have most eminently distinguished themselves in the walks to which we allude, how much more forcibly must it apply to their humbler followers, who, without aspiring to the heights of the Parnassian mount, are content to cull the flowers that enamel its base. Yet some there are, who can trace with delight the meanest candidate for literary renown through all "the noiseless tenour of his way," how little marked soever it may have been by the accidents or vicissitudes of the world. To such congenial minds it must always be a source of interest to watch the progressive expansion of intellect, or the gradual developement of genius, however contracted the sphere of its operation. It is for this reason that we offer no apology for submitting to our readers the few following notices of a Welsh bard, whose *awen* was nurtured and matured (where it has recently been doomed to perish) within the genial influence of his own native hills. Beyond them "his sober wishes never learned to stray," content, as he was, that the talent he possessed should confine its unambitious lustre to the spot wherein it was fostered. But, now that his earthly race is run, he deserves perhaps a higher meed; and at least, let us be allowed to say, without presumption, in the language of the great Roman lyricist,

———Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo.

David Thomas, better known to his countrymen by his bardic appellation of Davydd Ddu o Eryri, was born in the year 1760,

* With one or two trivial exceptions, we are indebted to P. B. W. for the notices upon which the following Memoir is founded, and the friends of our late bard, as well as the admirers of his poetical effusions, cannot but feel indebted to the kindness of our correspondent.

at a place called Pen y Bont, in the parish of Llanbeblig, in the county of Caernarvon. His father, whose name was Thomas Griffith*, was a weaver in poor circumstances, but was able to read and write his native language, a qualification at that time by no means common to persons of his condition in Wales. He possessed, also, the still rarer acquirement of understanding the intricate rules of Welsh prosody, and had himself made some progress as a votary of the *awen*; and to this circumstance must, most probably, be ascribed the first encouragement given to the subject of this memoir to cultivate an art, in which he afterwards so much excelled. For, such is the partiality with which the Welsh bard regards his mountain muse, that an initiation in the "idle trade" of poetry forms, too often perhaps, the only inheritance, which the gifted sire has to bequeath to his emulous offspring. However, Thomas Griffith was not merely a poet: he aspired to a higher and better fame; for he was distinguished by his habits of temperance, industry, piety, and integrity. And, whatever may have been the poetical instruction which he bestowed on his son, he felt the necessity of giving him an education of more practical utility. His circumstances, indeed, did not correspond with his wishes in this respect; but he had the good sense to avail himself of what advantage they offered by placing his son, then in his fourteenth year, under the tuition of a neighbouring clergyman. This gentleman was the Rev. John Morgan, Curate of Llanberris, with whom, however, from some unexplained cause, our poet remained only about eight months. Yet, during this short period, he contrived to acquire a competent knowledge of the rudiments of the English tongue and of the first rules of arithmetic.

It is to this epoch in the life of David Thomas that we must look for the foundation of his poetical fame on any substantial basis. For it appears, that he then, for the first time, made his offerings at the shrine of that goddess whose worship he never afterwards forsook; and the warm approbation, which his earliest effusions experienced, served still more to animate his zeal in the cause. Thus, at the foot of the majestic Snowdon, and surrounded by the grand works of nature in all their interesting

* This custom of taking the father's Christian name, instead of his surname, was anciently common in Wales, and is still partially retained in some parts of it, particularly in North Wales.

varieties, he caught and nourished that flame which was only extinguished with his life; and it cannot be doubted, that these local associations contributed materially to the fervour with which it subsequently glowed. In a word, the subject of this memoir became, from the period of which we are speaking, a professed devotee of the *awen*.

Soon after this he is known to have contracted a distaste for his father's business, a consequence which may reasonably be ascribed, in a main degree at least, to his poetical predilections. But, be this as it may, his mind at this time appears to have taken a direction decidedly literary; and, it not being in his father's power, as we have already intimated, to educate him for any station in which this propensity might be fully gratified, we find the young bard adopting the only alternative which circumstances seemed to present. He resolved to become a village school-master, and, while yet under twenty years of age, he entered on his new occupation, which he first filled, we believe, at Bettws Garmon in his own neighbourhood, and afterwards in other parts of the adjacent country. While engaged in this humble, yet useful, profession, he had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with several respectable clergymen, through whose assistance, and particularly in the use of their libraries, he contrived not only to attain considerable proficiency in English, but also to acquire some knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues, and even of Hebrew. Thus, while he had only planned the instruction of others, his project became incidentally the means of affording the same advantage, in a far greater degree, to himself; and the facility with which he profited by these opportunities, considering his very limited education, sufficiently prove the capacity with which nature had gifted him.

When about twenty years of age the subject of this memoir became acquainted with Robert Hughes, otherwise Robin Ddu o Geint Bach, one of the most celebrated Welsh poets of his day, a circumstance which we here record, as David Thomas always acknowledged himself to have been indebted to this intimacy for many valuable hints as to Welsh composition, as well as for a more critical knowledge of the twenty-four metres. And, from the reputation he afterwards acquired in this respect, our bard became the general oracle of all the

young poets of his acquaintance, who rarely ventured to submit their productions to the public, before they had experienced the benefit of his perusal.

How long David Thomas remained where he first settled as a village preceptor, we are not informed; but in the year 1796 we find him exercising the same calling at Pentraeth in Anglesey, whither, we believe, he had been invited by the late Paul Panton, Esq., of Plas Gwyn, to whom he proved of considerable use in arranging his valuable collection of Welsh MSS *. And it may, on the other hand, reasonably be inferred, that our bard took advantage of this favourable opportunity, still farther to improve his poetical talent, as well as to extend his acquaintance with the history and antiquities of his native country. Not long after the period, to which we have now adverted, he for a while adandoned his school, to accept the situation of coal-meter at Amlwch in Anglesey. This employment, however, appears to have been no more to his taste than that of his father's loom; for he soon resumed his original occupation, in which, with this single interruption, he persevered to the time of his death, principally in the parish of Pentraeth already mentioned, and in those of Llanddeiniolen, Llandwrog, and Llanrug in the county of Caernarvon.

Thus, then, passed away the greatest portion of the life of Davydd Ddu o Eryri, divided, as it was, between the discharge of his scholastic duties and the adorations, which he never ceased to pay to his muse. Like the rest of his bardic brethren, he suffered few topics of the day to pass without a poetical tribute; and the English muse was often courted with as much ardour as the *awen* of his native hills. Two of his English effusions, *The Thunder Storm*, and *The Banks of the Menai*, deserve to be here particularized. His productions, however, whether Welsh or English, verse or prose, were, generally, of a fugitive character, and appeared, for the most part, in the periodical publications of the day. Among other works of this character the Gentleman's Magazine has been indebted to his pen for several contributions of merit. A part

* This collection, we believe, consists, principally, of the MSS. belonging to the Rev. Evan Evans, author of *Dissertatio de Bardis*, at whose death they became the property of the late Mr. Panton, in consideration of an annuity of £20, which he had, for a short time, allowed Mr. Evans.

of his Welsh poems, consisting chiefly of religious carols, accompanied by the effusions of some other bards, were published by himself, in 1810, at Dolgellau, under the title of "*Corph y Gaingc**." The work contains a long list of subscribers, and is, we have reason to think, the only publication, which he ever gave the world in a separate form. His readiness to assist his countrymen in their literary labours, when in any way connected with Wales, we have already partially noticed; but it should here be more explicitly stated, that several works, not merely poetical, but also relating to the history or topography of Wales, experienced the benefit of his assistance. The last occasion of this nature, in which his services, at least in a public way, were called into action, was the late *Eisteddvod* at Caernarvon, when he was appointed one of the umpires (as he had before been at Caermarthen) to decide on the merits of the respective competitors for the prizes. Upon this occasion he recited a Welsh poetical address, which was much applauded. To this brief, and, no doubt, imperfect account of Mr. David Thomas's literary performances we may add, that he often proved the successful candidate for the prize-medal, offered annually by the Gwyneddigion in London, of which Society he had, in consequence, been elected an honorary member.

It becomes now our painful task to record the close of our poet's mortal career; and, however unvaried the previous part of it may have been by any incidents of a romantic interest, this last scene, at least, has a claim on our sympathy. Mr. Thomas had been, for some time antecedent to the afflicting event we are about to particularise, in a declining state of health, for which reason he had been recently induced to visit some friends at Bangor, in the hope that the change of air might produce some beneficial effect. On the 30th of last March he was on his return, on foot, from this visit, to the parish of Llanrug, his last place of residence, during very rainy and tempestuous weather, whereby the mountain torrents, which he had to cross on his way, had become exceedingly swollen. To this circumstance must, in all probability, be

* This work is dedicated to the present Mr. Panton, and contains 55 pieces by David Thomas, 5 by the late Goronwy Owain, and the remainder by twelve modern poets.

ascribed the lamentable catastrophe which ensued; for in the river Cegin, in the parish of Llanddeiniolen, near a place called Bwlch y Rifri, was found the lifeless body of the unfortunate traveller, about four o'clock on the evening of the day we have just mentioned. There being no bridge near the fatal spot, the only mode of crossing the stream is by a causeway, at any time dangerous, and rendered particularly so, at the time in question, by the state of the weather to which we have above alluded. It has, therefore, been very plausibly surmised, that Mr. Thomas's foot may have accidentally slipped, and that, stunned by the fall, he was thus precipitated to his untimely doom. A respectable farmer, who had accompanied him within half a mile of the place, proved most satisfactorily before the Coroner, that the casualty could not have been the effect of inebriety, a circumstance which we should not have noticed, but for a contrary and injurious impression, which some unfounded rumours have been the means of creating.

Thus died, in his 63d year, Darydd Ddu o Eryri, who has been regarded, and perhaps with justice, as the father of the present generation of Welsh bards. His remains were deposited in the church-yard of Llanrug on the 2d of April, and were followed to the grave by several clergymen, and other respectable individuals of his acquaintance, as well as by a number of his bardic cotemporaries, who, it may reasonably be presumed, felt, with mournful sincerity, the loss of one, to whose friendly instructions they had been so much beholden. Nor indeed was his death less a subject of regret to his other numerous friends, by whom he had been respected while living.

Of the literary attainments of the individual, whose life we here briefly record, we have already incidentally spoken. Considering the few advantages he had derived from birth or education, they were certainly of a remarkable character, and bore ample testimony to his natural powers, as well as to the assiduity with which he had cultivated them. Independent of his particular talent for poetry, and of the critical knowledge he had acquired, especially, of that of his own country, he was allowed to possess a considerable fund of antiquarian lore, relating both to Wales and to other nations. He was also well skilled in heraldry, and, more particularly, in the ge-

neological history of Welsh families, a species of learning, that has ever been in particular estimation among the nations of the Principality. With these acquirements, certainly no mean ones for a person in his condition of life, he united a fond attachment to the various and interesting studies of Natural History, and had, besides, stored his mind with much miscellaneous reading, which, with the qualifications we have previously specified, rendered his company even to persons of information always desirable. The popularity, in which his poetical productions have been held, is a sufficient proof of their merit. Their more prominent characteristics are a smoothness and accuracy of versification, in which, perhaps, he was not surpassed by any of his cotemporary bards. And, if the themes he selected were not remarkable for their sublimity, it deserves, at least, to be recorded in his praise, that his muse was never prostituted to the gratification of any sordid or malignant passions. In this respect, he forms an honourable contrast to some of his cotemporaries, whose strains have, too often, been rendered the vehicle of buffoonery, slander, and low ribaldry.

In his general habits and conduct the subject of this memoir is represented to have been a person of strict integrity: in his disposition and manners mild, peaceable, diffident, and unassuming. He was, in consequence, a welcome guest at the houses of many gentlemen of the first respectability, by whom he was noticed. In his political principles (if, indeed, in the case of so humble an individual, that be a matter of any interest) he was perfectly loyal,—a staunch friend of his king and country, and of our excellent form of government in church and state. And in an age of religious schism, and in a part of the kingdom particularly exposed to that evil, it deserves to be remembered to his credit, that he continued, to the last, a worthy and zealous member of the established church, in defiance of many efforts to enlist him under the banners of the sectarians. True to the religious creed, in which he had been educated, or which, on mature reflection, he had been induced to espouse, he was regular in his attendance on divine service, and discharged, with sincerity, the duties which he had undertaken from principle.

Such is the brief memoir we are enabled to give of Davydd

Ddu o Eryri, who, although eclipsed by thousands in the field of literary renown, has left behind him many claims on the respect of his country. As a cultivator of her national muse, he had few rivals in the present day; as a man of general and useful information, he was singularly gifted for an individual in his humble sphere; and, in the other parts of his character, whatever may have been his peculiar failings, his general conduct and principles, if we are correctly informed, were, by no means, such, as now to throw any shade over his posthumous reputation.

EXCERPTA.

I. THE WENDI.

IN a former Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON* we alluded to some "curious documents" which we possessed concerning this people, called in Germany *Wenden*, but better known to us, where known at all, under the name above adopted. The following extract is one of the documents in question, and is taken from a periodical work, entitled "Memoirs of Literature," published in 1711, and, we believe, the first work of that nature ever undertaken in England. The publication contains another account, considerably longer than the following, and for which we hope to have room next month. In the mean time, what we now publish cannot fail, we think, to prove of interest, as affecting the presumed affinity of the Wendi with the ancient Cymry, and the more so, as the writer of the account does not appear to have been aware of the circumstance, and, consequently, could have had no hypothesis to support †.

* No. 27, p. 289.

† In the first volume of "The Berlin Miscellanies," or Report of the Royal Society of Berlin, published in 1710, there is a very interesting article, by the celebrated M. Leibnitz, on the use of languages towards discovering the origin of nations, in which he classes the Wendish tongue with the Slavonic, which agrees with the arrangement adopted in the Cambrian Register, vol. i. p. 19.

“ *To the Editor of the Memoirs of Literature.*”

“SIR,—I shall give you, in a few words, the information you desire about the people called *Wenden* (in Latin *Heneti*), that are to be seen still in some parts of Germany. The Sclavonians, having made themselves masters of a great part of Lower Germany, as far as Bohemia, in the ninth and tenth centuries, were, at last, overcome by the governors of the frontiers. The *Heneti*, a branch of the Sclavonians, were also engaged in many wars with the Germans, and, by degrees, reduced to a small number, and made tributary. Though most of them professed Christianity, as appears from a history of the Sclavonians, written by Helmodus, a priest of that nation, yet they were very barbarous in their manners, and way of living. Those, that remain still in several villages of Lusatia and Brandenburg, and in the Duchy of Lunenburg, hate the Germans to this very day, and form a kind of nation distinct from them. I have seen those that live in Lusatia: their language is wholly different from the German, and they are so careful to preserve it, that one can hardly find one man among several families, that understands any thing of the German tongue. Their dress is also quite different, very odd, and almost ridiculous. As for what concerns their religion, they are generally Roman Catholics, and very zealous. In some few villages they profess the Lutheran religion. All of them have their own churches, not only in the villages, but also in Bautzen and Gorlitz, the two chief towns of Upper Lusatia, where divine service is performed in their own language. They have strange and ridiculous customs, and are very ignorant. Part of them are engaged in the service of the Lusatians; and those, who have something of their own, apply themselves to husbandry. They generally live in villages: those villages do not lie together, but in several parts among those of the Germans. The villages, inhabited by that people in Upper Lusatia, lie about Bautzen, Gorlitz, and Zittaw. There are some in Lower Lusatia, as far as Brandenburg. I must observe that the *Heneti*, that go by the name of *Wenden* in other parts of Germany, are called *Sorabians* in Lusatia, and their language *Sorabic*. It is well known, that the Sorabi were, formerly, inhabitants of Lusatia; and there is still a town in Lower Lusatia, called Sorau or Soravia.”

II. WELSH INDIANS*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—If the following extract, relative to the discovery of America by the Welsh, is of any interest, it is at your service. In "The Universal History, from the earliest account of time," published in 1747, in twenty volumes, octavo, you will find, in vol. 20, p. 193, the following paragraph.

London, April 20, 1822.

GWILYM.

"That the Welsh contributed to the peopling of America is estimated by some good authors, and ought to be considered as a notion supported by something more than bare conjecture. Powell, in his History of Wales, informs us that, a war happening in the country for the succession upon the death of their Prince *Owen Guinneth* (*Owain Gwynedd*), A.D. 1170, and a bastard having carried it from his lawful sons, one of the latter, called Madoc, put to sea for new discoveries, and, sailing west from Spain, he discovered a new world of wonderful beauty

* Our readers, we believe, are generally aware, that two individuals, of the names of Roberts and Perry, undertook, some time ago, to make inquiries in America respecting the descendants of Madoc and his followers, presumed to be in existence among the Indian nations in that country. Mr. Roberts has lately returned to Wales, and has published an account in Welsh of the investigation he made, but which is quite unsatisfactory, as he does not appear from it to have met with any decisive testimony on the subject. It seems, however, from a private communication, which we have received, that one circumstance occurred to Mr. Roberts worthy of notice, though he has not included it in his printed communication; which may be thought extraordinary, as it is perhaps the only incident, that could be said to relate to the object of his inquiries. We shall here subjoin the statement in the words of our informant, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

"The only thing that he (Mr. Roberts) learnt at St. Louis was from the perusal of Stodhard's Narrative, who asserts, that a few years back 60 Indians, speaking the Welsh language, visited Nackitoches, and that they were called Hietans, or Aliatans. An interpreter at St. Louis told him, he was acquainted with the language of the Hietans; but his version of it had no resemblance to Welsh. One thing struck Roberts during his stay there: he was buying whiskey from an American, and filling a cask with it; when full, the man said, *whiskey digon*. Roberts asked him, what he meant: he said, it was an Indian word, common among the Cherokees, meaning, *there was enough*. He then asked him, what was the expression when more was wanting: *whiskey neisiau* (*yn eisieu*, or *'n eisieu*) said he. The American told him he did not know that it was Welsh, as he had not heard any person remark it before."

We intend, some time or other, to enter into a systematic examination

and fertility. But, finding it uninhabited, upon his return he carried thither a great number of people from Wales. To this delightful country he made three voyages, according to *Hakluyt*. The places, he discovered, seem to be Virginia, New England, and the adjacent countries. In confirmation of this, Peter Martyr says, that the natives of Virginia and Gautimala celebrated the memory of one Madoc, as a great and ancient hero, and hence it came to pass, that modern travellers have found several old British words among the inhabitants of North America. The same author mentions the word Matoc Zunga, and Mat-Inga, as being in use among the Guatimalians, in which there is a plain allusion to Madoc, and that with the *d* softened into *t*, according to the Welsh manner of pronunciation*. Nay, Bishop Nicholson seems to believe that the Welsh language makes a considerable part of several of the American tongues. According to a famous British antiquary, the Spaniards borrowed their *L* (*LL*) from the people of Mexico, who received it from the Welsh, and the Dutch brought a bird with a white head from the Streights of Magellan, called by the natives Penguin, which word, in the old British, signifies white head, and therefore, originally, seems to have come from Wales. This must be allowed as an additional argument (to omit others that occur) in favour of Madoc's three American expeditions."

P. S. You may depend upon the correctness of the Breton alphabet. It does not now contain the letter *q*. It appears, according to Le Gonidec, that it was only a superfluous letter, when used by them. It has, as well as the letter *c'h*, given place to the *k* †.

of all the evidence, hitherto adduced in favour of the existence of the *Madogwys*, or Welsh Indians; but we feel, from its multifarious character, that the work would be one of some labour. We have already given a summary view of the testimony borne by the ancient poets and others to the emigration and disappearance of Madog. See vol. i. p. 57.—ED.

* The writer is here, evidently, under a mistake, as *d* forms the soft sound of *t*, and not *vice versa*, as he has stated it.—ED.

† This P. S. is in answer to an observation we thought it necessary to make on a part of GWILYM's letter in our last Number, p. 353. We were not aware, at the time, that the *q* had been expelled from the Breton alphabet, in all the old copies of which it certainly exists. If, however, it was a mere substitute for *k*, its rejection seems proper. It may be al-

Awen Cymru.*A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.*—EDM. PRYS.**PENNILL.****CIII.**

MERCH i bwy wyt ti, lliw'r manod?
 Merch vy nhad a mam o briod.
 O ba wlad y daethost allan?
 O wlad vy nhad a mam vy hunan.

ENGLYNION AR Y CILDANNAU*.

GYRAIS ddeunydd llais o'm llaw—i'ch anerch
 A chynnar don ddystaw;
 Nid yw llais fidl 'n lleisiaw
 Wrth hwn ond val bwrddn baw.

Llais eos y nos yn y wig,—a chydiad
 Gwych adar y goedwig,
 Araith bronvraith ar brenvrig,
 Neu vwyalch 'vae balch o'i big.

Cym'rwch ddivyrwch vorau,—a llesol
 Vydd llais y CILDANNAU:
 Melysach yw mwyn leisiau
 Na mel i'r gwevusaau mau.

lowed here to remark, that the letter *κ*, however expressive of the sound appropriated to *c* in Welsh, does not appear to have been used in our oldest MSS. According to Mr. Edw. Llwyd (*Arch. Brit.* p. 228), it was first introduced by the Normans in their old French, and was used by the Welsh about the year 1200, but only in the initial syllables of words. This use of it prevailed about three centuries, since which time it has given way to *c*, a letter, however, which, from its ambiguous character, is not free from objection.—ED.

* This effusion, it will be seen, is the work of that celebrated Welsh scholar, Mr. Lewis Morris. *Cildannau*, the English reader should be informed, implies the upper octave, or smallest, strings of the harp. Perhaps, among our poetical friends, some one will oblige us with an English version of these *Englynion*, adhering, as closely as may be, to the metre of the original. We should always feel much indebted for favours of this sort.—ED.

Nid oes 'n awr (dirvawr darvu!)—na maswedd,

Na miwsig yn Nghymru;

A diau oedd vod dydd a vu,

Telyn gan bob penteulu.

Gwau mil o leisiau melysion,—arav

O ryw euraidd cyson;

Dawnus gàn glustiau dynion

Er lles hir glywed llais hon.

Gorfenav, 9ed 1726.

LEWIS MORRIS, ei cant.

GWYL DEWI SANT*.

Cerdd ar y Mesur, "Scots, wha ha'e, &c."

Gymry dewrion, medd y bardd,

Gwisgwn heddyw genin hardd,

Cenin gwyrddav yn yr ardd,

Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.

P'le mae'r cenin gwyrddion ddail,

Bonau gwynion? 'does mo'u hail,

O! gwisgwn hwynt,—da yw'n sail,

Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.

Gymry dewrion! hwn yw'r dydd

Rhoddwyd ni yn berfaith rydd

Oddiwrth elyn gwlad a fydd,

Gan ein Dewi Sant.

Gymry! savwn val y Sant,

O blaid y fydd, ein gwlad, a'n plant,

Bydded arnom hyn o chwant,

Er mwyn Dewi Sant.

Buddugoliaeth lŵyr a llawn,

Gavas DEWI trwy ei ddawn,

Onid ydyw, Gymry, yn iawn,

I ni govio'r Sant?

O'i vlaen Morgan âi ar gŵl,

O'i vlaen cwmpai Saeson vil,

O'i vlaen tyvai hedd a'i hîl,

O! Wyl Dewi Sant.

* This *Cerdd*, or Song, on St. David's Day, was sung, we believe, at the last Annual Festival of the Subscribers to the Welsh Charity School. For notices of St. David, or Dewi, as he is styled in Welsh history, see vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170, and No. 25. p. 137.—ED.

Gymry dewrion, medd y bardd,
 Gwisgwn heddyw genin hardd,
 Cenin gwyrddav yn yr ardd,

Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.

Bloeddiwn bawb âg uchel lev,
 Nes in' siglo sêr y nev,
 Cavwyd buddugoliaeth grev,

Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.

TEGID.

English Poetry.

AIR—"The Men of Harlech."

WELSH MELODY:

INTENDED FOR THE "CANORION" SOCIETY.

I.

THOUGH far from the mountains of Cambria we dwell,
 Her melodies still o'er the heart have a spell—
 And it beats gainst the side, like a strange prisoned bird,
 That hears the wild notes which in youth it had heard;
 When the Bard strikes the harp—like that harp which, of yore,
 The Bard of old Urien so gracefully bore—
 And the dear native *awen* is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

II.

In torrid or frigid, wherever they roam,
 No clime can estrange an old *Cymro's* young home;
 And strong is the bent of the mountain-born flock,
 As the eagle on wing for Eryri's old rock—
 And our country shall smile on her children that rove,
 As the pelican bends o'er the offspring of love,
 When the dear native *awen* is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

III.

The fair, and the good, and the brave of our days,
 Shall blush and shall smile when they hear their own praise;

And the shades of old heroes shall flit round the board,
 When they hear their old war-notes to valour restored—
 While the Genius of *Cymru* shall flee with delight,
 From her Idris, to thank the sweet harp-string to night,
 As her dear native *awen* is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

AP SION *.

“OH! THE DAYS ARE PAST.”

(*A Cambrian Melody.*)

OH! the days are past, when beauty
 These aged eyes could charm;
 And the trumpet call to duty
 Warm'd my heart and nerv'd my arm.
 When my eye was bright, and my heart was light,
 And my now chill'd blood was warm.

The mem'ry is but left me
 Of all my soul held dear:
 Age has of all bereft me
 This many a long long year;
 But its thought is strong, and will dwell as long
 As that soul shall tarry here.

When these locks were like the raven
 In hue, my heart was strong;
 Nor feels it now like the craven,
 Tho' its stream moves faint along:
 Oft its warmth returns,—as in youth it burns,
 When it hears the minstrel's song.

Then farewell earthly pleasure,
 The joys that young hearts move:
 My soul hath had her measure,
 Her hopes are fix'd above;
 Yet my last faint sigh, when in death I lie,
 Shall be for the land I love.

S. R. J.

* We hope our correspondent will excuse us for mentioning, that this effusion is by the author of “*Lorin, or A Wanderer in Wales*,” of which a favourable notice has appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN*.

AIR—"All ye Cambrian Youth."

I.

WHERE are they, those Green Fairy Islands †, reposing
 In sunlight and beauty on Ocean's calm breast?
 What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
 Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest?
 Oh! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
 The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith;
 But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death!

II.

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
 Who steer'd for those distant green spots on the wave?
 To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
 In the fields of their country they found not a grave!
 Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze gathers,
 From the flowers of each vale, Immortality's breath;
 But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers,
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death!

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION.

It will be seen by an advertisement accompanying this Number, that the ensuing anniversary of the Cymmrodorion is

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's second Volume of "Welsh Melodies:" the words are by Mrs. Hemans.—ED.

† The "Green Islands of the Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the Triads "*Gwerddonau Llion*" (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales), were supposed to be the abode of the *Fair Family*, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian Heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this Paradise of their own. GAVRAN, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage, with his family, to discover these islands; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddyn Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madog, were called the Three Losses by Disappearance of the Isle of Britain. See the CAMBRIAN BIOGRAPHY; also CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 124."

likely to be celebrated with much spirit, as well as with those national festivities which have ever been the pride of the Cymry. For the first time, then, it may be said, the inhabitants of the metropolis will be gratified with the exhibition of a Bardic Congress; and the novelty of the scene, united with the acknowledged attractions of Welsh music, cannot fail to impart to the occasion a particular degree of interest. The advertisement, to which we have alluded, furnishes an outline of the intended proceedings; but, as fuller particulars have also been circulated, we shall take advantage of them to enter a little more into the details. We, therefore, extract the following passage, which may be of interest to those who have not access to the bills to which we have alluded.

“The Anniversary Meeting of this Institution, formed for the promotion of Welsh literature, poetry, and music, will be held on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1822, at the Freemasons’ Tavern, commencing at twelve o’clock at noon, when a selection of vocal and instrumental national music will be performed: also singing with the Welsh harps after the manner of the ancient Britons. The Society’s medals will likewise be awarded to the successful candidates for the prize Poems and Essays. A newly-invented Pedal Harp, with two rows of strings and double action, will be introduced, with a variety of other interesting novelties, which will be expressed in future bills. The instrumental department to be under the direction of Mr. E. Jones, Bard to His Majesty, and the vocal under the superintendence of Mr. John Parry, Editor of “Welsh Melodies, &c.”

We intimated last month, that the Librarian of this Society was then preparing a catalogue of the MYVYRIAN MSS. recently purchased from the widow of the late Mr. Owen Jones. This task he has since accomplished, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, with the success that always attends his literary undertakings. The compilation, indeed, is rendered as interesting as a mere catalogue can be, and particularly so by some “General Remarks” that are prefixed to it. Such of these as relate more immediately to the nature of the MSS. we shall take the liberty of transcribing, notwithstanding that the whole catalogue will shortly be published in the “Transactions” of the Institution.

“With respect to the 100 volumes of MSS,” says Mr.

Pughe, "the contents of which are generally detailed in the following Catalogue, it was thought advisable, so far as circumstances would admit, to separate those, wherein the poetry was comprised, from those which comprehended the prose documents of every description, and so to assign a distinct catalogue for each department. Under the arrangement, thus marked out, the Poetry catalogue comprises 47 volumes of various magnitudes, and those form a total of about 16,000 pages, wherein, including frequent repetitions, there are about 4,700 pieces of poetry, with the addition of upwards of 2,000 *englynion* or epigrammatic stanzas. The 53 MS. volumes of Prose form about 15,300 pages, containing a great many curious documents upon various subjects; and, of course, these, like the Poetry, are repeated in several copies. The fair copy, on vellum, of the Laws of Hywel, No. VIII. in the Catalogue, may be considered the most valuable of any one book in the whole collection; and next to this may be placed No. III., the Extent of Anglesey, taken under the reign of Edward III."

From this enumeration Mr. Pughe proceeds to offer some observations on the most eligible mode of rendering these stores available to the literary world; and, with this view, he recommends the addition, at first, of four poetical volumes to the Archaiology. Three of these, he thinks, would comprise all the unpublished Poetry down to the year 1500, and the fourth volume, he proposes, should contain a selection of "what may be deemed worthy of preservation of the more humble productions of the subsequent period." With respect to the Prose MSS., he conceives, that, as they would require more time for arrangement and for collating them with other documents, not at present within reach of the Society, the mode of publishing them should form a subject of future consideration.

From the foregoing remarks it is evident, that a fair opportunity is now presented to the Welsh Societies to achieve, in a great degree at least, the patriotic object for which they were formed. And, as the funds of the Cymmrodorion are certainly, of themselves, inadequate to the purpose, we repeat the hope, we took occasion once before to express, that the hearty and liberal co-operation of the provincial institutions will enable them to complete this national work. It is impossible that a better opportunity for evincing their zeal in the cause should

occur ; and *carpe diem* ought to be their motto on the occasion.

We have farther to add to this account of the Cymmrodorion, that their Second Report, under the title of "Transactions," will speedily make its appearance. It will comprise about ten or a dozen articles, some of them of considerable interest,—and will form a volume, about as large, we should think, as the Quarterly or Edinburgh Review. We hope to be able in our next to announce the time of its publication.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN DYVED.

In a late Number* we recorded some Resolutions which had been recently adopted by the Committee of this Society, the most important of which related to the obtaining of information respecting MSS. and scarce works on Welsh literature and antiquities. Since that time, a circular-letter, founded on the resolution, has been transmitted by the Secretary to the several members, and other persons, deemed either to possess or have knowledge of such MSS. or works, which, accordingly, as it evinces the laudable attention of the Committee in promoting a very important object of the Society, and contains information of no small general interest, we shall here transcribe, with the exception of such part only as relates to the private concerns of the Society, for the perusal of our readers.

" Carmarthen, January 25th, 1822.

" SIR,—I am directed by the Committee of the Cambrian Society in Dyved, to request you to favour me with your answers to each of the annexed queries †, if possible, but more particularly to the two first relative to MSS. of Welsh Literature, and if such MSS. be in your possession, whether in Latin or Welsh, to transmit a catalogue of them to the Society, accompanied with such remarks on their subjects and supposed authors, as may be deemed useful with a view to publication. It was proposed at the Primary Meeting of this Society, as soon as its finances should be equal to the charge, to collect a complete catalogue of all Welsh MSS. to be found in the several libraries in the Principality, and in England, or on the continent, both public and private ; and, now, since the establishment of the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, and the Societies of Powys, Gwyn-

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 26, p. 253.

† See id. vol. i. p. 73.

edd, and Gwent, it may be reasonably hoped, that, by the co-operation of the several Societies, this most interesting object may be effectually carried into execution. I beg, at the same time, most respectfully to observe, that it is in your power to further, in a great measure, the objects of this Society by exerting yourself to increase the number of its subscribers, and by collecting every information you may think necessary or conducive to the welfare of the Institution. Two volumes, consisting of the successful Essays and Poems recited at the Carmarthen Eisteddvod, together with a selection of other Poems, written on the same occasion, will be speedily published under the superintendence of the Committee, by Mr. Jonathan Harris, who has, very liberally and patriotically, undertaken the expence of printing them, and it is hoped he will be amply remunerated by the sale of them, which you may greatly promote by recommending them to your neighbours. From the acknowledged merit of the respective authors of the Essays and Poems, these volumes must prove a very desirable and interesting accession to Cambrian Literature.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JAMES GRIFFITH, *Secretary.*"

" P. S. All contributions sent to the Society are requested to be directed to the Rev. James Griffith, Carmarthen."

CYMMRODORION IN GWYNEDD.

Information has reached us that there are several candidates for the premium offered by this Society for the best Awdl on His Majesty's visit to Anglesey*, the decision on which was postponed at the Caernarvon Eisteddvod, and farther time allowed to the poets to send in their compositions; and we hear that some of the poems, written on the occasion, possess considerable merit. The Committee, being anxious that a just decision should be made, have submitted them to the examination of well-qualified judges, in whose hands they are at present; but, owing to their being resident at some distance from each other, no small delay has been occasioned, which, however, cannot be of much importance, as there is still ample time for the purpose, a Resolution having been passed that the successful can-

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 23, p. 57.

didate is to be invested with the Prize Medal at the next Eisteddvod, whenever it should be held—a circumstance which, it may be observed, will add not a little to the *éclat* of the ensuing Grand Meeting at Brecon. We are also particularly glad to hear, that the Report of the Caernarvon Eisteddvod may be expected to appear at no very distant period.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

IN our last we noticed the celebration of this national festival in London and a few other places. We have since received accounts of other honours paid to our tutelar saint both in and out of the Principality, which it may not be uninteresting here to record. The first relates to a Meeting at Cardigan.

The first day of March, being the Anniversary of the tutelar saint of Wales, was observed by a very respectable Society in the town of Cardigan, styling themselves "The Ancient Britons, or the Race of Gomer United," who assembled at the Angel Inn, and from thence proceeded to church, headed by music, and an elegant flag with a device emblematical of the day. Divine service was read on this interesting occasion by the Rev. John Lloyd, and an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Griffith Thomas, from Acts. xiii. 36. "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." After divine service the Society returned in regular procession to the inn, upwards of one hundred being present, and partook of a sumptuous dinner provided for them. After the cloth was removed, many appropriate sentiments in the Welsh language were drank by the company with the greatest enthusiasm, and the evening was spent with conviviality, harmony, and hilarity. The whole of the proceedings were conducted with the greatest decorum, and the company broke up highly gratified with the friendship and unity which had subsisted during the meeting.

The day was also celebrated at Bangor Ferry, and at Denbigh. In the last mentioned place the "United Cambrian Harmonic Society of Denbigh and St. Asaph" performed a grand selection of vocal and instrumental music, and welcomed the anniversary with other festive greetings, which it is unnecessary to particularize.

Nor was St. David without his due solemnities even in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where at the house of the Rev. W. Morgan, of Bradford, the Welsh clergy of that part of the county had their second annual meeting in honour of the occasion. The day was spent in a rational and patriotic manner, it having been devoted to the discussion of subjects connected with the language and literature of Wales.

Such an example as this is well worthy of emulation; and we sincerely wish it were in our power to induce Welsh gentlemen of education, in other parts of the kingdom, and especially the clergy, thus to unite to keep alive that *amor patriæ*, which, without some fostering care, is too apt to be extinguished. And, we would observe (if, indeed, by so doing, we can avoid the imputation of a bull), that their very separation from Wales ought, in reality, "to bind them to their native mountains more."

CHURCH UNION SOCIETY:

IN THE DIOCESE OF ST. DAVIDS.

THE Society's Subjects for Premiums for the year 1822, are as follow; and our readers will duly appreciate the patriotic attention which is therein paid to the cultivation of the Welsh tongue.

I. A Premium of Fifty Pounds (by benefaction) for the best Essay "*On the Limits of Reason in judging of Subjects of Revelation.*"

II. A Premium of Five Pounds for the best Sermon, in Welsh, on "*Holiness, without which no Man shall see the Lord.*" Heb. xii. 14.

III. A Premium of Five Pounds for the best Sermon, in English, on Rom. ii. 6, 7, "*Who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, eternal life.*"

IV. A Premium of Two Pounds for the best Welsh Translation of a small Tract, entitled "*The Way to be Happy.*"

Literary Announcements.

CYVRINACH Y BEIRDD.—This work, in consequence of the Editor being desirous of rendering it as complete as possible, will not be ready for publication as soon as was expected.

For, although the Treatise under the above title, which contains what is called the Glamorgan, or South Wales, System of Welsh Versification, is printed off; yet the Editor has determined to print the Carmarthen, or North Wales, System therewith, and has selected, for the purpose, the work of Simwnt Vychan, compiled for the great *Eisteddfod* at Caerwys, 1567, as being the most correct, scientific, and copious, and which was pronounced by the celebrated Welsh critic and scholar, Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, to be the best on the subject. The Glamorgan System, which is already printed, is stated to amount to about 176 pages; the Treatise of Simwnt Vychan will probably take up from 80 to 100 pages more. In addition to this, the Laws and Regulations of the Bards, the manner of holding their *Gorsedd*, and other things of importance, will be given, so that the whole is expected to exceed 300 pages. In publishing this curious and interesting work, the Editor is particularly anxious to give his readers the fairest means and opportunities of comparing and contrasting the two different systems, so as to enable them to form correct opinions of their respective merits; and students in Welsh versification may reckon on finding therein more information on the subject than has ever yet been before the public.

We are enabled to state, that the MEMOIRS OF OWAIN GLYNDWR, respecting which we have already mentioned some particulars*, are, after much unexpected delay on the part of the printer, at length on the eve of publication. It is much to the credit of the patrons of Welsh literature, that no less than 720 copies of this work have been subscribed for; and, as there are only 30 *extra* copies printed, such persons, as may be desirous of obtaining a copy, are recommended to lose no time in procuring it, as the work will shortly become scarce, and the printing of a new edition is not very probable.

Information has reached us, that Cambrian Meetings for the promoting of Welsh literature, and the excitement of national feeling to induce a general spirit of improvement in the Principality, have been held, during the winter, at Trecastle in Brecknockshire, Tredegar in Monmouthshire, Cribyn in Cardiganshire, and Merthyr Tydvil in Glamorganshire.

An advertisement on the wrapper of this Number announces the publication of a Poem, entitled HU GADARN, by IDRISON. This is the work, to which we alluded in our last as about to appear from the pen of Mr. Owen Pughe; and we mean next month to give a more particular account of it. Our readers are, of course, aware, that the subject of the Poem is the one adopted by the Cymmrodorion as its Prize subject for the present year.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 391.

THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

JUNE, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

As the present Number brings to a close the Third Volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, we seize, with pleasure, the opportunity it offers, to express our thanks to those readers and correspondents, to whose favour we have been indebted during its progress. Among the latter we might name many, to whom, for their valuable assistance, we feel ourselves under particular obligation; but, as this distinction (although adopted on a former occasion) might appear invidious to some, we refrain now from doing more than assuring our correspondents generally, that they will always possess our most grateful recollection of their friendly support. A work of this nature must ever derive its chief attraction from the variety of its contents; and this variety we hardly think it possible for any individual, single and unaided, satisfactorily to produce. It is, therefore, that we sincerely feel the value of the co-operation, to which we have alluded; and we think it right, on the other hand, to observe, that, whenever we have rejected any communications, it has been merely from an anxiety to maintain inviolate the principles on which the CAMBRO-BRITON was undertaken. And, although we may occasionally have erred in our selection of the contributions, we have thus felt it our duty to consign *emendaturis ignibus*, it has, in such cases, been an error of judgment alone, for which we have to account.

We regret to find, upon a re-perusal of S. R. J's "Remarks" on the cultivation of our national literature, that they are not sufficiently to the point for publication in the CAMBRO-BRITON. With a little compression, however, we think they might be improved.

G. G. & Tegyd have our best thanks for their Translations: they will both be found in the present Number.

"A CAMBRO-BRITON" is certainly "improved" since we last heard from him; but we still fear there will be found room for much greater amendment. At all events, we should not be doing *him* a justice by inserting his "Lines on the Eisteddvod" in company of those, that he will find in a subsequent page. "Here" and "lyre," we would observe, are not legitimate rhymes.

We believe IOLO's inquiry, as far as we understand it, (for the Latin is incorrect), may be answered in the negative.

We are sorry, that the press of matter, especially of that relating to the *Eisteddvod*, has obliged us again to exclude THE BIDDER'S SONG. It shall appear, however, in our next, *si fata sinant*.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

NO. XXVIII. PRELIMINARY NOTICES, l. 18. "P. W. B." (P. B. W.): P. 400, l. 18, of the notes "Ysgodaïd" (Ysgodiaid), p. 424, l. 32. "V'Ieungtid" (V'Ieunctid). p. 432, l. 2. "nations" (natives).

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

JUNE, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. *CICERO de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XXIII.

TRIADS OF THE MISER.*

WHOEVER is a miser will not be free from seven deadly sins, unless he be too old; and, however old he be, he will not forsake sin, until sin shall first forsake him; and this will be in two ways. One of the two is by the grace of the Holy Spirit coming upon him and predisposing what he may do or think; and, where it shall be thus, it is heaven to the soul. The other is by losing through old age or disease every power of sinning, and no thanks to any one in that case, and the only prospect to such a one is hell.

I. The three characteristics of a miser; namely, fearing the powerful, hating the poor, and threatening the weak.

II. There are three qualities in a miser; that is to say, a loving of funerals, a hating of births, and a coveting of the land of another.

III. The three things obnoxious to a miser: a tavern, a minstrel, and a marriage feast.

IV. Three things which a miser shall never obtain: the blessing of the weak, the praise of the wise, and the grace of God upon him in leaving the world.

V. Three things that do not befit a miser: respect from the generous, a belief in what he may say, and the thanks of him who succeeds to his property.

VI. Three things which a miser will eternally lose: his worldly goods, the love of the virtuously good, and gifts from God.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 244.

VII. Three things which a person that becomes a miser will do: give after he is gone to where there shall be no necessity for it, lose every good quality that might have been in him, and imagine himself to be wise whilst he is the simplest of the simple.

VIII. Three things which a person forsakes when he becomes a miser: his worldly fame, his sense of shame, and his conscience.

IX. Three things which gladden a miser: being frequently invited, being seldom visited, and having the poor under his gripe.

X. Three other things which make a miser glad: to abuse the liberal, to cause loss to the poor, and to cheat the just.

XI. Three things which make a miser sorrowful: the frequent seeing of those who make demands, the loss of work, and the war of chieftains.

XII. Three things which will make a miser ill: a multitude of beggars, cheapness of the markets, and the amusement of songs.

XIII. Three things which will make a miser well: an excess of work by his servants, his bellyful without cost, and dearth in the markets.

XIV. Three things lovely to a miser: getting by stealth, his wife drawing before the oxen, and his children dying.

XV. Three things which a miser is not ashamed of seeing: vermin on his clothes, the weak cursing him, and the wise deprecating his society.

XVI. Three things not easily obtained from a miser: victuals without price, a good word to his neighbours, and advice for good.

XVII. Three things that a miser will obtain when it is too late: understanding, conscience, and repentance.

XVIII. Three things that will never depart from a miser: the devil, for that is sin; the curse of the poor, for that is everlasting want; and the memory of conscience in the world to come.

XIX. Three things that will cause a miser to become mad: the praising of the generous, the exposing of cupidity, and being asked for gifts.

XX. Three things which a miser gains: the curse of the poor, the bad word of the world, and the wrath of God.

XXI. The three remunerations which a miser gets in this world for his goods: trouble in accumulating them, care in keeping them, and sorrow in being obliged to leave and lose them.

XXII. There are three social brothers: a grey friar, a traitor, and a miser.

XXIII. Three persons who turn the world upside down: the liar, the proud man, and the miser.

XXIV. The three primary feats of a miser: extortion, oppression, and the taking of his own property by stealth.

XXV. Three persons who will have their plenitude of old age before they obtain the good word of the world: the liar, the ill-natured, and the miser.

XXVI. There are three persons, of whom he that loves their society, by going to hell, will have quite enough: a perjured accuser, an adulterous priest, and a miser.

XXVII. Three things from which every person should keep himself: a mad dog, a slanderer, and a miser.

XXVIII. Three things that are not easily caught: a wild stag on a mountain top, a fox in a woody cliff, and the penny of a stingy miser.

XXIX. Three things that will not be often heard: the song of the birds of Rhianon,* a song of wisdom from the mouth of an Englishman, and an invitation to a feast from a miser.

XXX. Three things alike unseemly: the gabble of an old driveller, the spawn of a frog, and a miser.

XXXI. Three things that imagine themselves to be at the head of the world: a cur on his own dunghill, dirt on the top of an oak stump, and an old miser.

XXXII. The three devastations of the world: a liar, a slanderer, and a miser; and the miser is all three; that is, by being a miser, he cannot be otherwise than each of the other two.

XXXIII. The three impossibilities of God: satisfying the vanity of a woman, satisfying the presumption of pride, and satisfying the avarice of a miser.

* "Manawydan and his companions sat on the rock of Harddlech for seven years, listening to the melody of 'Adar Rhianon,' as they were bringing the head of Bran from Ireland, to be buried in the White Hill in London."—*Mabinogion*.

XXXIV. Three persons of whom it cannot be rightly known which the devil will take first: the deceitful, the proud, or the miser.

XXXV. Three things that will do no benefit to their possessors: the plans of the mischevious, the tongue of a woman, and the miser's money-bag.

XXXVI. The three recompences for his wealth that a miser will obtain in a world after this: being in a place where he cannot enrich himself, being in a place where every sentient being perceives the extremes of its mischief, and being compelled from afar to behold the generous in happiness unceasing and without end.

XXXVII. The three best neighbours in the world: the skilful of hand, the virtuous in life, and a miser on the gallows.

XXXVIII. The three things which it is best that they should be hung: a salted salmon, a wet hat, and a miser.

XXXIX. The three things which a miser loves in his heart: seeing the generous becoming poor, seeing a neighbour's house on fire, and seeing some neglect by which to obtain a hold by stealth of the property of another.

XL. Three things easily counted: the gifts to a minstrel at an Englishman's feast, the good qualities of an upstart gentleman, and the number of misers that will be found in heaven.

XLI. Three things which every person should pray never to befall him: to be hung, to be proud, and to be a miser.

So let it ever be: and so end the Triads of the Miser.

ETHICAL TRIADS.*

I. THE primary principles of wisdom: obedience to the laws of God; concern for the welfare of mankind; and enduring with fortitude all the accidents of life.

II. The three laws of men's actions: what he forbids in another; what he requires from another; and what he cares not how it is done by another.

* These are transcribed, with a few verbal variations, from Mr. E. Williams's "Lyric Poems," vol. ii, p. 249.—ED.

III. Three things, that, being well understood, will give peace: the propensities of Nature; the demands of Justice; and the voice of truth.

IV. Three ways that there are of searching the heart of man: in the thing he is not aware of; in the manner he is not aware of; and at the time he is not aware of.

V. Three things which he that loves will not be loved by God: to see fighting; to see a monster; and to see the ostentation of pride.

VI. Three things that produce wisdom: truth, consideration, and suffering.

VII. The three great ends of knowledge: duty, utility, and decorum.

VIII. Three men upon whom all ought to look with affection: he that looks, with affection on the face of the earth; he that is delighted with rational works of art; and he that looks lovingly on little infants.

IX. Three men that will not love their country: he that loves a luxurious diet; he that loves wealth; and he that loves ease.

X. Three things, of which when a woman loves the first she will not dislike the other two: her own face in a mirror; her husband's back at a distance; and a paramour in her bed.

XI. The three laughs of a fool: at the good, at the bad, and at he knows not what.

XII. Three things that corrupt the world: pride, superfluity, and indolence.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS *.

[Continued from p. 396.]

T.

TANWG, the son of Ithel Hael of Llydaw, and the brother of Baglan and Twrog. He was one of those who accompanied Cadvan into this island. Llandanwg in the vale of Ardudwy, Meirion, is dedicated to him.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 52-56.

TANGWN, the son of Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini, and the brother of Cadvarch and Maethlu. He was buried at Llangoed in Mon.

TANGWYSTL, one of the daughters of Brychan, the wife of Cyngen ab Cadell Deyrn Llug, and the mother of Brochwel Ysgithrog, Maig, and Ieuav.

TECWYN, one of the saints that came from Llydaw with Cadvan. Llandecwyn in Meirion is dedicated to him.

TEGAI, the son of Ithel Hael of Llydaw, and the brother of Llechid, Rhychwyn, and Trillo. In some copies he is called Tegai Glasog in Maes Ithan, and in others, Tegai in Maes Llanglasog, or Maes Englysog. Llandegai in Arvon is named after him.

TEGVAN, the son of Carcludwys ab Cyngu ab Ysbwys ab Cadrod Calchvynydd, and whose mother was Tena, the daughter of Tewdwr Mawr. Llandegvan in Mon is dedicated to him.

TEGIWG, the daughter of Ynyr Gwent, and the sister of Cynheidion, whose mother was Madrun, the daughter of King Gwrthwyr, or Vortimer.

TEGWY, the son of Dingad ab Nudd Hael. Llandegwy in Ceredigion is dedicated to him.

TEILO, the son of Enlleu* ab Hydwn Dwn ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wlegid, and his mother was Tegwedd, the daughter of Tegid Voel of Penllyn. Llandav, or Landaff, is dedicated to Teilo; and there are two churches named after him in Monmouthshire; two in Glamorganshire; two in Brecknockshire; two in Caermarthenshire; and one in Radnorshire.

TEYRNOG, the son of Arwystl Glof. See his brother Tudyr. Llandeyrnog in Denbighshire is dedicated to him.

TRILLO, the Son of Ithel Hael of Llydaw, and the brother of Gredivel and Llechid. Llandrillo Dinerth in Rhos, near Conwy, is dedicated to him, and also Llandrillo in Meirion.

TRINIO, the son of Divwng ab Emyr Llydaw, and the cousin of Cadvan. Llandrinio in Montgomeryshire is dedicated to him.

TUDVYL, one of the daughters of Brychan. "She is a saint at Merthyr Tudvyl in Morganwg."

* In different copies, Eusych, Cursith, Cyssith, Enoc, and Enos. In the *Liber Landavensis* Teilo is called Teliau.

TUDGLYD, the son of Seithenin of Maes Gwyddno, and the brother of Tudno.

TUDNO, the son of King Seithenin of Maes Gwyddno, whose land was overflowed by the sea. See his brothers, Gwynodl, Merin, Senevyr, and Tudglyd. Llandudno near Conwy is dedicated to him.

TUDYR, the son of Arwystl Glof, and the brother of Dier, Marchell, Teyrnog, and Tyvrydog, by Dwyvanwedd, the daughter of Amlawdd Wledig. He was buried at Darowain in Cyveiliog.

TWROG, the son of Ithel Hael, and the brother of Beglan and Tanwg. Llandwrog in Arvon, and Maen Twrog in Meirion, are named after him.

TYDECHO, the son of Anwn Ddu ab Emyr Llydaw, and the cousin of Cadvan. There was a chapel dedicated to him at Llandegvan in Mon.

TYDECHO, the son of Gildas ab Caw, and the brother of Gwynog and Noethan.

TYDIEU, one of the daughters of Brychan. She was buried in Caer Godolawr.

TYVRIOG, the son of Dingad ab Nudd Hael ab Senyllt ab Cedig ab Dyvnwal Hen ab Ednyved ab Maxen Wledig. His mother was Tonwy, the daughter of Llewddwn Luyddog of Dinas Eiddyn in the North. See his brothers, Baglan, Gwytherin, Lleuddad, Tegwy, and his sister Eleri. Llandyvriog in Ceredigion Iscoed is dedicated to him.

TYVRYDOG, the son of Arwystl Glof, and the brother of Dier, Marchell, Teyrnog, and Tudyr. His mother was Tywanwedd or Dwyvanwedd, the daughter of Amlawdd Wledig. Llandyvrydog in Mon is named after him.

TYNEIO, the son of Seithenin, King of Maes Gwyddno, and the brother of Gwynodl, Merin, Senevyr, Tudglyd, and Tudno. Eglwys Tynëio at Pwllheli in Arvon is dedicated to him.

TYRNOG, the son of Corun ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig, and the cousin of Dewi.

TYSILIO, the son of Brochwel Ysgithrog ab Cyngen ab Cadell Deyrnllug. His mother was Arddun Ben Asgell, the daughter of Pabo Post Prydain. Llandysilio in Denbighshire,

and other churches in Montgomeryshire, Anglesey, Cardigan-shire, and Pembrokeshire, are named after him.

TYSUL, the son of Corun ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig, and the brother of Tyrnog. Llandysul in Cydewain, and Llandysul in Ceredigion, are dedicated to him.

U.

UST and DYVNIG, "two saints at Llanwrin in Cyveiliog," whose origin are not given, any farther than that they are said to have come to this island with Cadvan.

Y.

YSGIN, the son of Erbin ab Cystennin Gorneu, and the brother Digain.

The End of the Genealogy of the Saints.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVI.

REV. GORONWY OWEN TO MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

DEAR SIR,—It is a sad case to be forced to begin a letter to a friend with an apology. I own I had need to do so, though at present I shall only beg your pardon for my dilatoriness, which I doubt not but you will grant without an apology. It is sufficient punishment to be deprived, by my own tardiness, of the pleasure of your letters.

I have not heard from Galltvadog since the beginning of October, though I wrote about a month since. Mr. Llywelyn Ddu* talked of going to London; and I fear he had set out before my letter reached Ceredigion. I have heard from the Navy Office not long since; and I am still a letter indebted to Mr. R. Morris, which I intend to discharge very soon.

Chwi á gawsech glywed oddiwrthv yn gynt ond odid, oni buasai y rhew tost à vu yn ddiweddar. Nid yw yr Awen ond ferllyd ac anystwyth àr yr hin oer yma. Ni chaif dyn chwaith mo yr amser i brydyddu gàn vyred y dyddiau, a chàn ymysgrythu ac ymwthio i gonglau: a pha beth á dal creft heb ei

* Mr. Lewis Morris.—ED.

dilyn? Pa wedd bynag, llyma ichwi ryw vath àr bwt o Gywydd o Gofa am yr hen Wraig dda o Bentrev Eirianell gynt. Hof oedd gènyv hi yn ei bywyd; a diau vod rhywbeth yn ddyledus i gofadwriaeth pobl dda, àr ol eu claddu; yr hyn, er nad yw vudd yn y byd iddynt hwy, á eill ddygwyddo bod yn llesol i'r byw, i eu hannog i ddilyn camrau y campwyr gorchestol, à lewychasant mòr hoew odidog yn y byd o'u blaen hwynt. Nid yw cymaint vy rhyvyg á meddwl y dichyn bod àr law bŷgyn o'm bath i ganu iddi vâl yr haeddaï. Beth er hyny? Melysav y cana ëos; ond nid erchis Duw i'r vran dewi. Yr asyn á godai ei droed àr arfed ei arglwydd; ac nid llai ei ewyllys da ev no'r colwyn, er nad hawddgar ei voesau. Galla Bardd Du ddangos yr ewyllys; ac nid eill *Bardd Coch* amgen, cyd byddai amgen ei Gywydd.

I do not remember that I ever saw a *Cywydd Marwnad* by any of the ancients (whom I would willingly imitate) and so cannot tell how such a *Cywydd* ought to be written: neither do I call this a *Cywydd Marwnad*, but *Cywydd Cofa*, &c. I did not rightly know how to go about it; for I could not form any proper idea of it in my mind, and so was obliged, as it were, to build without a plan. I saw myself under several difficulties. Poets, in these cases, are, (and I think are allowed to be, though they ought not,) very lavish of their praises, even to an hyperbole, and seldom free from flattery, even of the grossest kind, i. e. hard lying. I proposed to myself to keep a strict eye upon *truth*; but then I saw that my *truth* would of necessity be so like other men's lies, that the counterfeit would hardly be distinguishable from the sterling; and for that reason I was afraid to say what my love of truth would needs force me to say. I saw that I could say nothing of that excellent woman (though perhaps true of her only, and peculiar to herself,) but what had been ascribed before, by the prostituted breath of some execrable poetaster or other, to, perhaps, the most worthless miscreants that ever death spewed at the cooking of. I am sure my main endeavour was to avoid all appearances of flattery, and that, at the expence of suppressing some truths; and, if any thing looks like it, it is foreign to my intention; and I utterly disclaim the meaning of whatever may be perverted to such a construction. These were some of my main difficulties; and whether I have surmounted them I leave you to judge.

I have one favour to ask you; and that is, that you would present this *Cywydd* in my name to your father (whom I am really sorry for,) and send me a copy of *Bardd Coch's Cywydd*—i gael gweled pa ragor rhwng *coch* a *du*. But, for love's sake, don't you take example by me, in deferring to write. I beg I may hear from you as soon as conveniently may be, and I shall never any more be faulty in point of expeditiousness.

Os gwyddoch pa le mae, rhowch vi àr sathr y brawd Ll. Ddu : yr yw yn tybio eì vyned i Lundain cyn hyn ; ac, os velly, yn iach glywed na siw na miw oddiwrtho hyd onì ddychwelo.

My compliments to Mr. Ellis : and, if he chooses to join in the publication of the *Cywyddau*, he shall be very welcome, and have my thanks too. But I am afraid the *Cywyddau* will never be printed ; because I doubt the money cannot be raised. The rate of printing at Salop is two Guineas a sheet for 1000 copies, which is three times too much to bestow upon them : and there would not go above two or three at most on a sheet. For my part I am very indifferent whether they are printed or not.

Ai byw yr hen Gristiolus wydn byth ? Is the curacy of Llanrhuddlad disposed of ? What other curacy is vacant ? For I am sure I shall never better myself by staying here. I have already sufficiently tried the generosity of my Scotch Patron, and find it too slender to lean on. He is the hardest man I ever dealt with.

Gwaethwaeth yr â y byd wrth aros yma. Prìn y gellir byw yr awrhon (a phia vodd amgen, tra byddo y brithyd am goron y mesur Winchester, ac yr ymenyn am 7 geiniog, ac y caws am dair a dimai y pwys ?) a pha sut y gellir dysgwyl byw tra cynnydda y teulu, ac na chynnydda y cyvlog ? Y llanciau á ànt vwyvwy y clwt, vwyvwy y cadach : ac ymbell y bwyv, (ia pellach o Von nag ydwyv) os gwn i pa'r vyd a'm dwg. Nis gwybum vi mo ym geni, er clywed gàn vy mam gànwaith, nes dawed i vysg y Saeson drèlion yma. Och vinnau ! mi á glywswn gànwaith son am eu cynneddvau ; a mawr na fynnasai gènyv eu gochel. Gallac ddywedyd amdanynt vâl y dywedai Brenines Sheba am Solomon.—“ Gwir yw y gair à glywais yn vy ngwlad vy hun amdanynt ; eto ni chredais y geiriau nes imi ddawed ac i'm llygaid weled ; ac

wela, ni vynegasid imi yr *hanner*." Nid oes gènyv vi lid yn y byd i'r Dr. Ellis: mae yn rhydd iddo vo *ddictatio* vâl y myno; onid bod yn rhydd i minnau wneuthur yn vy newis ai canlyn ei *ddictats* ev ai peidio: a pheidied o â digio oni chanlyn; ac yno, ve vydd pob peth o'r goreu. Cenawes ysdyllynig ydyw yr Awen: ni thry hi oddiar ei llwybr ei hun er ungwr; ac yn wir, nid yw ond digon anrhesymol i wr na vedd nac awen nac ei chysgod, gymeryd arno ddysgu un a'i medd, pa vodd i'w harver ac ei rheoli. Gellir gwneuthur pwt o bregeth àr y testyn à vyno un arall; ond am Gywydd, ni thala ddraen oni chaif yr Awen ei phèn yn rhydd, ac aed lle myno. A phwybynag à ddywedo amgen, gwybydded vod ganddo awen ystwythach na'm hawen i, yr hon ysgatvydd sy môr wâr-galed, o ddifyg na buaswn yn ei dovi yn ieuengach. Cènad i'm crogi, onid wyv yn meddwl bod yr Awen vâl llawer mirein-verch arall, po dycnav a diwytav y'i cerir, murseneiddiaev a choecav byth y'i cair. Nis gwn, pe'm blingid, pa un weathav a'i gormod goval ai gormod diovalwch.

We have here, in this parish of Wroxeter, some very curious pieces of antiquity lately found. They are three Roman Monuments, set up, as appears by the inscriptions, (which are very plain and legible, and the stones entire,) about the time of Vespasian. One being for one *Caius Mannius*, a prætorian legate of the 20th legion; and another for *Marcus Petronius*, an ensign or standard-bearer of the 19th legion.—N.B. Wroxeter was once one of the finest cities in Britain, (though now but a poor village,) as appears by the ruins of it, that are now to be seen, and are daily more and more discovered, and the vast number of Roman coins, that are yearly and daily found in it. It was called by the Romans *Uriconium* and *Viroconium* (perhaps from Gorygawn or Gwrogon) and probably destroyed by the Saxons; for we have here a tradition that it was set on fire by a flight of sparrows that had matches tied to their tails for that purpose by the enemy.*

GORONWY OWEN.

Donnington, Dec. 6, 1752.

* The ancient Uriconium, now Wroxeter, in Shropshire, was the capital of the Cornavii. In the Catalogues of Bp. Usher and Dr. T. Williams, it is called *Caer Wrygon*, and is, no doubt, to be identified with *Caer Gwrgon* in the Triads of the Isle of Britain. Llywarch Hên, who spent a portion

LETTER XVII.

JAMES HOWELL, Esq.* TO THE EARL R——.

MY LORD,—Your desires have been always to me as commands, and your commands as binding as Acts of Parliament; nor do I take pleasure to employ head or hand in any thing more than in the exact performance of them. Therefore, if in this crabbed, difficult, task, you have been pleased to impose upon me about languages, I come short of your Lordship's expectation, I hope my obedience will apologize for my disability. But, whereas your Lordship desires to know what were the original mother tongues of the countries of Europe, and how these modern speeches, that are now in use, were first introduced, I may answer thereunto, that it is almost as easy a thing to discern the source of the Nile as to find out the original of some languages. Yet I will attempt it as well as I can; and I will take my first rise in these islands of Great Britain and Ireland; for, to be curious and eagle-eyed abroad, and to be blind and ignorant at home, (as many of

of his life in Powys, has the following allusion to this ancient city under the Saxon name of Wrecon.

Neu'r syllais o ddinlle Wrecon,
Freuer werydre;
Hiraeth am dammhorth brodyrdde?
Have I not gazed from the high city of Wrecon,
The region of Freuer;
With longing for the guardian of the commonwealth?

Elegy on Cynddylan.

This name of Wrecon is still retained in the Wrekin Hills in the vicinity.—ED.

* This Letter is extracted from a work published in 1645, entitled "*Epistolæ Hoeliana: Familiar Letters, Domestick and Foreign*, by JAMES HOWELL, Esq." and, perhaps, as having been already in print, it ought more properly to have come under the head of EXCERPTA. However, we are sure, the reader will overlook this little irregularity.—Mr. Howell was a native of Wales, where he was born in 1594. He served in Parliament for Richmond in Yorkshire, and was one of Clerks of the Privy Council both under James I. and Charles I. He died in London in 1666. He appears to have been a man of varied and extensive erudition, in which his Letters abound: they are also particularly interesting for the historical information they contain relating to that age. There are one or two other Letters, concerning Wales, which we mean to transfer to our pages hereafter; and we may possibly draw out a brief memoir of Mr. Howell, from the notices he has left. We are not aware, that any such at present exists.—ED.

our travellers are now-a-days,) is a curiosity that carrieth with it more of affectation than any thing else.

Touching the Isle of Albion or Great Britany, the Cambrian or *Cymraocan* tongue, commonly called the Welsh, (and Italian also is so called by the Dutch,) is, without controversy, the prime maternal tongue of this island, and connatural with it. Nor could any of the four conquests, that have been made of it by Roman, Saxon, Dane, or Norman, ever extinguish her, but she remains still pure and incorrupt; of which language there is as exact and methodical a Grammar, with as regular precepts, rules, and institutions, both for prose and verse, compiled by Dr. David Rice, as I have read in any tongue whatsoever. Some of the authentickest annalists report, that the old Gauls, now the French, and the Britons understood one another; for they came thence very frequently to be instructed here by the British Druids, who were the philosophers and divines of those times. And this was long before the Latin tongue came this side the Alps or books written; and there is no meaner man than Cæsar himself records this.*

This is one of the fourteen vernacular and independent languages of Europe, and she hath divers dialects: the first is the Cornish, the second the Armorican, or that of the inhabitants of Britany in France, whither a colony was sent over hence in the time of the Romans. There was also another dialect of the British language among the Picts, who kept in the north parts, in Northumberland, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and some parts beyond Tweed, until the whole nation of the Scots poured upon them with such multitudes, that they are utterly extinguished, both them and their language. There are some, who have been curious in the comparison of tongues, who believe that the Irish is but a dialect of the ancient British; and the learnedest of that nation, in a private discourse I happened to have with him, seemed to incline to this opinion. But this I can assure your Lordship of, that, at my being in that country, I observed, by a private collection which I made, that a great multitude of their radical words are the same with the Welsh both for sense and sound. The tone

* See Bell: Gall:—lib. 6. c. 13.—ED.

also of both the nations is consonant; for, when I first walked up and down Dublin Market, methought verily I was in Wales when I listened unto their speech; but I found, that the Irish tone is a little more querulous and whining than the British, which, I conjectured with myself, proceeded from their often being subjugated to the English. But, my Lord, you would think it strange, that divers pure Welsh words should be found in the new-found world in the West Indies. Yet it is verified by some navigators; as *grando* (hark), *nev* (heaven), *lluynog* (a fox), *penguin* (a bird with a white head), with sundry others, which are pure British. Nay, I have read a Welsh Epitaph, which was found there, upon one Madoc, a British Prince, who, four years before the Norman Conquest, not agreeing with his brother, then Prince of South Wales,* went to try his fortunes at sea, imbarcking himself at Milford Haven, and so tarried on these coasts. This, if well proved, might well entitle our crown to America, if first discovery may claim a right to any country.

The Romans, though they continued here constantly above 300 years, yet could they not do, as they did in France, Spain, and other Provinces, plant their language as a mark of conquest; but the Saxons did, coming in far greater numbers, under Hengist, from Holstein-land in the Lower Circuit of Saxony, which people resemble the English more than any other men upon earth; so that 'tis more than probable that they came first from thence. Besides, there is a town there called *Lunden*, and another place named *Angles*, whence, it may be presumed, that they took their now denomination here. Now, the English, though, as Saxons (by which name the Welsh and Irish call them to this day), they and their language are ancient, yet, in reference to this island, they are the modernest nation in Europe, both for habitation, speech, and denomination; which makes me smile at Mr. Fox's error in the very front of his Epistle before the Book of Martyrs, where he calls Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, the son of Helen an *English* woman, whereas she was purely *British*, and that

* This must be a mistake, as Davydd, Prince of North Wales, was the brother of Madog, and not Rhys ab Gruffydd, at that time on the throne of South Wales. The writer appears to have gleaned his information respecting the Welsh words in America from Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels, published, we believe, about ten years before.—ED.

there was no such nation upon earth called English at that time, nor above 100 years after, 'till Hengist invaded this island, and, settling himself in it, the Saxons, who came with him, took the appellation of Englishmen.

Now, the English speech, though it be rich, copious, and significant, and that there be divers Dictionaries of it, yet, under favour, I cannot call it a regular language, in regard, though often attempted by some choice wits, there could never any Grammar of exact *syntaxis* be made of it; yet has she divers sub-dialects, as the Western and Northern English; but her chiefest is the Scotick, which took footing beyond Tweed about the last conquest. But the ancient language of Scotland is Irish, which the mountaineers, and divers of the plain, retain to this day. Thus, my Lord, according to my small model of observations, have I endeavoured to satisfy you in part. I shall, in my next, go on*; for, in the pursuance of any command from your Lordship, my mind is like a stone thrown into a deep water, which never rests till it goes to the bottom. So, for this time and always, I rest, my Lord, your most humble, and ready servitor,

Westminster, Aug. 9, 1630.

J. HOWELL.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

TRUISMS OF CATWG†.

- God will never be displeased at your asking for justice:
- God is never the poorer for always giving:
- No one goes to Heaven on account of his pedigree or his valour:
- Happiness is not the nearer for any man's gaiety:
- The wise man will never turn from the right how great soever the difficulty:

* There are five other Letters, relating to the other languages of Europe, but, however interesting, of too general a nature for this publication.—ED.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 6. The three following collections of "Truisms" comprise all the axioms under that title, ascribed to Catwg in the Archaiology.

Heaven is never the more confined on account of the numbers that go there :

He, that keeps not the little, will never arrive at much :

The sweet cannot be obtained without the knowledge of the bitter :

Health is only sweet in the presence of sickness :

It is not with the mild that you will find the most kindness :

It is not from the fluent tongue that the greatest wisdom proceeds :

It is not in mirth that the lightest heart will be found :

A kingdom will never be obtained by idle dreams :

It is not among the poorest that you will find the greatest want :

Excuses will not be easy on the Mount of Light,
When Conscience shall be displayed in all its nakedness,
In the presence of God the Ruler, and the Supreme Hosts,
And Christ judging it in the light of Justice.

OTHER TRUISMS*.

AN honest man will keep his word upon every occasion :

A wise man will give you his counsel without disputing with you :

A prudent man will act his part and be content :

A just man will do his duty in spite of threats :

A brave man will go forward notwithstanding the worst efforts of the enemy :

Truth will find its way in spite of all obstacles :

The lover of peace will himself be beloved by all men :

Those of gentle disposition will procure respect wherever they go :

The silent man will be accounted the wisest of the wise :

The liberal man will be praised in the songs of the bards :

The handicraftsman will live where others starve :

The diligent man will rise to the rank of the great :

The polite man will have his station amongst those of the first rank :

The resolute man is submissively feared by all :

The man of firmness is loved by the brave :
He that loves inquiry will become one of the learned :
The meek will find protection both from brothers and
strangers :

The peace-maker shall be numbered as one of the angels :
The cheerful will be light-hearted :
The godly will have his station among the celestials.

MORE TRUISMS.*

NEVER is a truth spoken without glory to God the Father :
Never is a lie told without containing treachery and deceit :
Never is there a good deed without a ready requital :
Never is there a bad deed without vengeance in wait for it :
Never is pride without humiliation :
Never is the want of it without exaltation :
Never is a forward man without shame at last :
Never is a modest man without respect :
Never is an honest man without endless joy :
Never is a dishonest man without escaping punishment :
Never is a just man out of security :
Never is the guilty without falling into complete misery :
Never is a generous man without a happy conscience :
Never is a miser without his load of trouble :
Never is diligence without a crown to reward it :
Never is idleness without a thousand anxieties :
Never is discreetness without the blessing of God :
Never is mischievousness without misfortune :
Never is humility without rising to eminence :
Never is ostentation without a great downfall :
Never is righteousness without distinction :
Never is unrighteousness without reproach and sorrow :
Never is any thing just without justice about it :
Never is wrong without wrong to ensue :
Never is discretion without attaining distinction :
Never is indiscretion without sinking from worse to worse :
There is none but the godly that shall see, at the end,
A Heaven to reward all the good of their lives.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 10.

LETTERS ON BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

LETTER V.

Town of Brecon—The Castle—Bridge over the Usk—Inns—Churches and Dissenting Chapels—Language—Walks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—When within a mile of the town you have a full view of the Priory Church, close to which and the Priory House the road leads over the Honddy into the main street on that side, which goes by the name of the Struat, and appears to have a Welsh origin, as if *Ystrywad**. The Hay Road, or that from Hereford, comes in here, and leads you on by the side of the river in view of the romantic walks of the grove on the opposite side. Going up the Struat street you soon pass into the middle of the town, or, instead of crossing the bridge, take the new road to the Castle Inn, an edifice erected within these few years by Sir Charles Morgan, who is the proprietor of the Castle and a great part of its ancient domains. The old Castle appears to have been large and magnificent, and well adapted for defence. The ancient gateway was demolished to form the present opening, which the antiquary cannot avoid regretting; for, though the present alteration may be in some respects an improvement, yet there is that mixture of ancient and modern that forms rather a grotesque appearance. The ancient entrance ought not to have been taken down, especially as there is no proper carriage road from the town, the bridge being too narrow, besides other obstructions, which, owing to the obstinacy of individuals, Sir Charles was not permitted to remove. This constitutes the last improvement of the kind, all the old gateways being now taken down, and the town thereby made more lightsome as well as more convenient.

The Castle of Brecknock was the work of Bernard de Newmark, the Norman conqueror of Brecknockshire. The Priory owes its origin to the same potent lord. Ely Tower is still suffered to continue, as well as a small fragment of the ivy-mantled turrets, that once formed part of the residence of

* More properly, perhaps, *ystrad* or *ystrawd*. We are not aware, indeed, that there is in the language such a word as *ystrywad*.—ED.

Bernard and De Breos. It was in the Tower just mentioned that Morton, Bishop of Ely, was confined, being committed here by Richard the Third, to be kept in close custody by Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, Lord of Brecon: Richard having displeased the Earl, that nobleman entered into a conspiracy with the Bishop, which terminated in the dethronement of Richard, by the victory of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth.

From the Castle is a fine view of the river, the western part of the town, and the Beacons lifting up their summits in the clouds. The bridge over the Usk appears, from an old *englyn*, to be as old as the year 1563, and was improved after the great frost of 1795, by its enlargement and the widening of its entrance. From this bridge there is a pleasing landscape of sloping fields, woods, and eminences; above it the wood of Benni, surmounting the fine cultivated land, has a very romantic appearance, and on the other side is Pen y Crûg, with its bare top; down the river the walk is pleasant on either side, the land rising finely, and particularly on the right, where Clos y Coed Wood has a fine effect. The town is thus surrounded with sloping eminencies, while the Beacons, called Bannau Brycheiniog, and the highest peak, Cadair Arthur, proudly elevate their heads over all. The summit, commonly called Bwlch y Van, is 850 yards above the bed of the Usk, and 1000 above the level of the Bristol Channel. The road to Merthyr formerly lay over the Bwlch, more classically called Cadair Arthur, but now a good turnpike road lies in a different direction to that populous place, from whence there is a beautiful road to Cardiff.

The appearance of the town is, upon the whole, interesting to a stranger, and, more minutely surveyed, it will appear to possess in variety what it wants in uniformity. The Town Hall, erected at the expence of the late Charles Morgan, Esq. of Derw and Tredegar, is a handsome building, and contiguous to it is the Golden Lion, until of late the head inn, but now ranking only as a respectable second inn. The Bull, the Bear, the Swan, and the Sun, are also good inns. The Town Church, or St. Mary's, is a good structure, and rendered very commodious for the living, but it has no accommodation for the dead: St. John's, or the Priory, being the Parlish Church where our

forefathers rest. There is St. David's, or Lanvace Church, over the water, for the inhabitants of that part of the town, and there is service once every Sunday in the College. This town contains many Dissenters, and they have four places of worship, which are well attended; the service is mostly in Welsh, except among the Wesleyans. In the churches the service is generally English, in St. Mary's entirely so, and in St. John's and St. David's alternately. Here, as in some other towns of South Wales, the English language has increased of late, although it cannot be admitted, that the Welsh has diminished to the extent that has been affirmed, though it has few admirers among the more respectable part of the inhabitants*.

There are pleasant walks about Brecon, either down the Watton Street out of town, along the Monmouthshire road, or by the side of the Navigation. *The Captain's Walk* is a fashionable promenade, but in summer time the walks in the Priory Grove are the general resort. The river Honddy gurgling below, the road on the other side, and the ground irregularly rising above, add to the pleasantness of the walk, and take off from the solitariness. Proceeding forward, the scenery varies, and the roaming student may lose himself in total exclusion from society, until he arrives at the Old Forge, and he may then cross the water, and walk by the side of the Pond, or return to Brecon a different way over the fields.

We shall at present defer our observations, until we have noticed those parts of the County which as yet we have not adverted to.

I remain, Sir,

With great respect,

IEUAN.

LETTER VI.

Vicinity of Brecon—Gaer—Caer Bannau—Roman Bath—Cistvaen—Cadair Arthur—Penpont—Einion Sais—Trecastle.

SIR,—The vicinity of Brecon, which way soever you turn, is interesting. We have already noticed the Priory Grove, but, if the stranger wishes to visit the village of Battel, he

* We regret to hear this unnational account of the good people of Brecon, but hope, that the ensuing *Eisteddfod* will introduce our native tongue a little more to their favour.—ED.

should notice the seat of the Rev. Thomas Watkins, which, after his father Penoyre Watkins, Esq. he has called Penoyre. Battel is pleasantly situated, and has a chapel of ease under Aberystin. In this neighbourhood is Gaer, a Roman station, the *Parent of Brecon*, and supposed to be the residence of Bleddyn ab Maenarch, the Lord of this Country, previous to the Norman Conquest. Gaer was a Roman station of some importance, as appears from the trace of Roman roads leading to it, and Mr. Jones, in his history, has noticed some antiquities contiguous to it. The estate of Gaer continued, it would appear, in the possession of the lineal descendants of Bleddyn ab Maenarch, until the year 1561, soon after which it was sold by the daughter and heiress of William John Prosser to Roger second son of Sir David Williams the Judge. The last of the Williams's of Gaer was Miss Rachael Williams, who married Mr. Meyrick, Solicitor, of Merthyr.

Caer Bannau, two miles below Brecon, in the Parish of Llanvrynach, was, if not a station, a place of some note. In the year 1783 the remains of a Roman Bath were discovered upon Pen y Pentre Farm in that neighbourhood, and in the history of Brecknockshire a fine plate is given of it, from a drawing made by Captain Hay, of Brecon, as well as of a considerable number of Roman coins. On the discovery of a remarkable *cistvaen* there Mr. Jones has given the following parody* :—

Perhaps in this neglected spot was laid
A heart once pregnant with heroic fire ;
A hand, which Cambria's sceptre erst has sway'd,
And roused indignantly the Briton's ire.

Perhaps a Cradoc, who, with dauntless breast,
The mighty tyrants of the world withstood,
Who sunk, though not inglorious, here to rest,
And nobly seal'd his duty with his blood.

* Mr. Jones, in the following parody, appears to have thought that the *cistvaen* was used for sepulchral purposes. The fact, however, we believe, is extremely doubtful. Mr. Llwyd, in his "Additions" to the Welsh Counties in Camden's *Britannia*, notices several *cistveini* in different parts of Wales, but expresses his doubts as to their primitive use, yet does not seem to consider them as sepulchral. He mentions one, indeed, in Caermarthenshire, in which some bones were found, but supposes they were only "brought there by foxes." Whatever was the original design of the *cistvaen*, it is, no doubt, a monument of high antiquity, and to be referred, most probably, to the Druidical ages.—ED.

The traveller in Spring or Autumn may join a party and mount to the top of Cadair Arthur, from whence, if the day be favourable, he will be amply gratified for his fatigue in ascending the Alps of South Wales. The whole of ancient Siluria, the Bristol Channel, from King Road, or Severn Mouth, to Mumble Head near Swansea, will appear before him. Bristol is not discernible, although part of Somersetshire may be seen. In a contrary direction the attention is drawn to the Malvern Hills. The ascent is not extremely difficult, and some persons ride all the way. On descending to the town and reposing there, an excursion may be taken along the Caermarthenshire road, the scenery of which part of the country abounds with fine views. Passing through the village of Lanspythid *, and mounting an elevated part of the road, Penpont house and grounds appear to great advantage, particularly after the improvements made by the present proprietor, Philip Williams, Esq. Near here lived Einion Sais, the ancestor of the Gams or Gameses, once the most powerful family in this country, but now there is no gentleman of the name. On the side of the road is Penpont Chapel, a neat structure, decorated in a style of rural elegance; and farther on is the house of the Rev. Canon Williams, of Abercamlais, a branch of the Penpont family, descended from Sir Lawrence Bullen, who may be traced to Sir Thomas Bullen, one of the knights who accompanied Bernard de Newmark into this country, and from whom was descended Sir Thomas Bullen, of Norfolk, the ancestor of Queen Ann Bullen, the mother of Queen Elizabeth.

The traveller may proceed to Trecastle, ten miles from Brecon, when he enters upon a ruder track of country, and still more so until he comes near to Llandovery, near to which this county reaches. From Trecastle the pleasant village of Devynog or Devynnoc may be visited, and from thence the most romantic excursions may be made over the hills to Ystradvelly and Pontneathvaughan †, on the confines of Gla-

* Here tradition states that Brychan, Prince of the Country, was interred, and the stone is shewn in the church-yard, under which he is said to have been buried.

† Is this correct, or ought it not rather to be *Pont Nedd Vechan*? As we do not speak, however, from any local knowledge, we may be wrong.—ED.

morganshire, where rude romantic rocks and water-falls present themselves, until the roaming tourist, tired of highland scenes, may pass through the vale of Neath into Glamorganshire, or go over to see the works of Merthyr Tidvil, and return from thence to Brecon. I refer the reader to Mr. Jones and to the tourists for farther observations on that part of the county, and shall in my next conduct him from Brecon to the extremity of the county on the eastern side.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

IEUAN.

LETTER VII.

Mountainous Country—Town of Brecon—Ancient State—Modern Improvements—The King's Visit.

SIR,—In coming into Brecon from Merthyr, or from Neath, there is a pleasure felt by one not fond of Alpine scenes, especially in stormy weather, to find himself once more in a low-land district. The sons of the valley shudder at the storm, and dread the spirits of the mountain, and gladly welcome the fire-side. Even at this season of the year, we are pleased with a mountain ride rather for the pleasure of surveying the cultivated country, and admiring the contrast of hill and dale. Whatever objection be made to a mountainous country, it has certain advantages, as it respects both pleasure and health, and, what most esteem a matter of consequence, opulence; for among our hills are found Shepherd Kings and Iron Kings, as well as persons of inferior note, who are healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

To speak once more of the town, Brecon is a borough town, from the first date of the incorporation of England and Wales. For ages it had been a separate jurisdiction, subject to its own Lord Marcher, the last of whom fell by his ambition, or at least by fondly presuming on his claim to the gratitude of the Tudors, on his father's account. A similar instance was exhibited in the son of Sir Rhys ap Thomas. Both of these young noblemen fell victims to the displeasure of the tyrannic Henry the Eighth, whose father had been raised to the throne by the exertions of their family.

The improvements made in the present town within the last thirty or forty years, whether as to general appearance or pub-

lic convenience, are very considerable; for within that period a great part of it has been rebuilt. Besides the Navigation which communicates with the port of Newport, and the Railway into Herefordshire, it has coaches to and from the capital, both through Worcester and Gloucester, besides regular Stage Waggons.

Many gentlemen of property, and of genteel professions, reside here, and many respectable tradesmen. Two or three are engaged in the woollen manufactures: good narrow cloths, as well as blankets and flannels, are made here; for such a trade this town is well situated as to water and other conveniences.

Last September the town was honoured with the presence of our gracious Sovereign, his present Majesty, in his way from Milford. The evening turning out to be wet, and the King having been much harassed, the inhabitants were disappointed of seeing their Prince and their Sovereign: only a few who presented themselves before the window of the dining room, had that honour. His Majesty partook freely of the *dinner*, hastily got up for him, at the Marquis of Camden's house at the Priory, Colonel Wood, the Member, having the honour of performing the duty of master of the house. The town was illuminated, and the King was pleased with the attentions, which, he understood, the gentlemen and the inhabitants at large wished to shew, had circumstances permitted. A respectable cavalcade was formed at an early hour in the morning, to escort the King into Monmouthshire, for which they received his Majesty's thanks at parting, expressed with his usual affability. The colonel's ancestor, Sir Henry Williams, had the honour of paying his respects to a former Monarch, under circumstances less propitious. What could be more pleasing than to see the greatest Prince in Europe travelling unprotected, except by the loyalty of his subjects.

I shall now take no farther notice of the town of Brecon, taking a respectful leave for the present, and in my next letter shall conclude my observations on the County.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

IEUAN.

LETTER VIII.

Vale of Usk—Country Seats—Ancient Monument at Allt-yr-Esgyr—Bwlch—Crickhowel—Llangadoc—Seats—Conclusion.

SIR,—On the road from Brecon, down the Vale of Usk, the country is good and the landscape exceedingly pleasant, abounding in fine meadows, as well as corn land on every side, while the chain of lofty hills to the South give an air of grandeur to the scenery, and the woodlands diversify the prospect. The Usk affords the angler the greatest attraction for his favourite amusement, as no fish can surpass the trout of this river. About two miles from Brecon you may turn on the left, and the road leads to Lanvihangel Tal-y-llyn, Talgarth, Trevecca, and Langorse, near to which is the famed Lake or Mere called Llyn Savathan, where the tradition of the country states an ancient city stood, and was swallowed up by an earthquake, at a season of dissolute festivity*. Turn to the right, and the road leads to the village of Lanvrynach, near to which stood Caer Bannau; and it is now dignified with an elegant modern mansion recently erected by Captain Clifton. The style is Gothic, with castellated turrets, and the inside corresponds with the exterior form of the building, but the situation on a flat is not so well adapted to display this elegant structure, while at the same time it is exposed to all winds. In a few years the plantations and shrubberies will afford it both ornament and shelter. On a sloping ground is Maes-y-derwen, or Oakfield, the handsome Villa of John Parry Wilkins, Esq. There is a road on this side of the river by Pinkelly Castle, which gives name to the Hundred, but returning to the main road you go through Llanhamlach, and leaving Peterstone, the seat of T. Harcourt Powel, Esq. on the right, you soon come to Llansaintfread Church, not far from which on an eminence is a remarkable *cromlech*, as represented by some antiquarians, but which in fact is but a small one compared with many that are to be seen. Farther on is Skethrog† once of great note, and near to it is an ancient

* The particulars of this legendary tradition may be seen in vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 400.—ED.

† Qu: Ysgithrog?—ED.

stone monument on the right side of the road, inscribed with the name of Victorinus*.

To the North of Llansaintfread Church is an abrupt eminence, called Allt-y-Esgyr. "From this summit," says our County Historian, "the prospect is worth examining. Upon the South lies the vale of Usk with its serpentine river: to the West is Brecon and the adjacent Country, terminated by Bwlch Aberbraw (on the Caermarthen road): on the North you catch a glimpse of the country about Talgarth, and in the back-ground the Radnorshire hills. Contracting the view to the foot of the hill, the beautiful Lake of Llyn Savathan appears surrounded by the pleasing village of Lanvihangel, the churches of Llangarty and Cathedin, the ruins of Blanollyn Castle and the church and village of Langorse." As you mount the Bwlch hill, you have Buckland, a fine seat, on your right, and by which the road ought to go for the ease of the traveller; but, in ascending the hill, you can take a fine retrospect of the country you are leaving, and, in descending on the other side, you are struck with a charming landscape, superior to that you have just left, and which cannot be surpassed for either richness or variety. The lofty hills on the other side of the Usk form a fine contrast to the fertility and beauty of the vale, wearing the fairest and most enchanting form of nature.

The little town of Crickhowel derives some importance from the fine country in which it is situated, and from the iron works among the neighbouring hills. Near it is the delightful village of Llangadoc, and the mildness of the air and the pleasantness of the surrounding scenery, hill and dale, woods, meads and water, form a powerful attraction for genteel resort. There are several fine seats, Sir William Ouseley's, Mr. Hodgkiss's, and others. Near Crickhowel is Lanbeder, the residence of the Rev. Canon Payne, the particular friend of the Historian of Brecknockshire. Through Lanbeder to the confines of Herefordshire is a romantic ride of indescribable beauty, and, coming down from this village to Crickhowel, you have a

* The monument, here alluded to, is a stone pillar erected in the highway with the inscription "N— filius Victorini." Notwithstanding the name, Mr. E. Llwyd considers it to be later than the time of the Romans.—
ED.

charming view of the Usk and its fertile bottom, with the hills rising aloft to screen and defend it.

About two miles from Crickhowel you enter Monmouthshire. Now we may take our choice, whether to enter that enchanting country, or roam among the Iron Works of Beaufort and Lanelly, or else return to Brecon along the turnpike road. I may, at a future time, add something by way of supplement to this sketch.

Hoping I have not tired the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON*,

I remain, Sir,

Yn dra serchog,

Your Friend and well-wisher,

April 10th, 1822.

IEUAN.

EXCERPTA.

THE WENDI.

“AN ACCOUNT of the People called WENDEN in Germany; in a Letter written from Berlin to JOHN CHAMBERLAYNE, Esq. by Dr. JABLONSKI, and translated out of Latin by the Author of the *Memoirs of Literature*†.”

“SIR,—Among the several books, which you have been pleased to send me, and for which I return you a thousand thanks, I have read, with great pleasure, the design of the Rev. John Richardson for promoting the conversion of the Irish Papists with the help of books, printed in their own language. He has wisely joined together two things, which cannot be divided without great prejudice to so good a cause: I mean that he intends to carry on his pious undertaking with proper and lawful means. And I am persuaded, that, when he shall put them in execution, they will be attended, through God's blessing, with a very happy success.

* We are sure we can answer for our readers, as well as ourselves, that, far from being tired with IEUAN's agreeable Letters, they would hail with delight his “supplementary sketch.”—Ed.

† This is extracted from vol. iv. p. 191 of the “Memoirs,” and is the account which we promised last month to insert in the present Number.—Ed.

"I hope, Sir, that neither you nor Mr. Richardson will be displeased with me for sending you a short account of a people in this country, who seem to have a great affinity with the Irish Papists. There are to this very day in Germany considerable remains of the ancient *Venedi* (commonly called *Wenden*), who formerly inhabited along the Vistula, but now along the Oder and Sprehe. Their habitations begin about three German miles from Berlin, and from thence, through the Upper and Lower Lusatia, reaching on the one side into Misnia, and on the other into Silesia. They are partly subject to the Emperor and the Elector of Saxony, and partly to the Elector of Brandenburg. It is not easy to know the numbers of the people. There are in that part of Lusatia, belonging to the Elector of Brandenburg, 124 villages of the *Wenden*, divided into 24 parishes, besides many others in that part of Silesia, which belongs to the same Elector, and in other territories, whose number is unknown to me, as well as that of those situated in the Emperor's and the Elector of Saxony's dominions. This people, being originally Sarmatians, speak the *Slavonian* language*; and, though they have been surrounded by the German nations for so many ages, yet they are still very fond of it. Part of them, having crossed the Elbe in the time of Charlemagne, settled themselves in the territory of *Luxembourg*; and, because they were not very numerous, they forgot their own language in time. Several ways have been tried to use those, that live among us, to speak no other language but the German. To that end, a German school was set up in every parish: besides, German ministers, who did not understand the *Slavonian* language, were appointed in most churches, and no books were printed in that tongue, in hopes that by such means the *Wenden* would be forced to learn the German language.

"But none of these expedients had the desired effect. The schools proved of no use, because the *Wenden* do not live in cities and towns, but only in villages, being generally husbandmen; and, therefore, young people, who lived in far distant villages, could not easily go to school, especially in the win-

* This agrees with the classification of the *Wendish* tongue adopted by Leibnitz as well as the *Cambrian Register*, to which we alluded in a Note in the last Number, p. 433.—Ed.

ter, which was the only time for it, since their parents wanted their assistance in the summer. Thus, children were glad to forget in the summer what they had learnt against their will in the winter; and their parents were well pleased with it, being unwilling to change their mother tongue for that of Germany.

“The German ministers, set over the churches of this people, proved very unsuccessful; for, not being understood by the congregations, they could not edify the greatest part of them, especially the women. And it appeared by experience, that, after the space of thirty years and above, the pastor did not understand his flock, nor the flock their pastor. Whereupon, by order of the supreme magistrate, most of the German ministers were removed from the churches of this people, and others, of their own nation, appointed to instruct them. Lastly, it was found, that want of books did rather keep up their ignorance than make them desirous to learn the German tongue; for they despised those books, the excellency whereof was unknown to them.

“Thus, Sir, you may easily judge of the unhappy condition of this ignorant people, who have no books, no spiritual food, and no other help towards devotion, but some few prayers and hymns, which they learn by heart. Never was there any part of the the Sacred Writings printed for the use of so many churches; but every minister alledged the Scripture in his sermons, as well as he could translate it out of the German into the language of the Wenden*.

“At last, King Frederick, of glorious memory, resolved to remedy so great an evil, being assisted in that excellent design by the Rev. Mr. Gottlieb Fabricius, a pious and very zealous minister of the *Wenden*. This minister, having learnt the language of this people not without great labour, and published a Catechism translated into their language, went about a larger work, and in the year 1709 sent out the whole New Testament in the same tongue; and now he is about an edition of the Psalms and Hymns. When that good man came first of all to his parish, consisting of six villages, he found no school there; but, notwithstanding the opposition he met with even from his

* The evil, here alluded to, has since been partly, if not entirely, remedied, and, in some measure, we believe, through the laudable exertions of the Church of England Bible Society.—ED.

parishioners, he settled a schoolmaster to teach the youth of two of those villages; by which means it quickly fell out, not only that those two villages were well pleased with the school, but also that the inhabitants of the other villages desired to have schoolmasters, and three were appointed for their instruction. Mr. Fabricius taught all these schoolmasters to read the language of the *Wenden*, and how to instruct the youth; which he could not do without great labour. But the seed he had scattered, produced a plentiful harvest; for not only several hundreds of young people learnt to read; but their parents, who thought their children might very well be as ignorant as themselves, being at last affected with a sort of jealousy, desired to learn to read of their own children, and continue to do so every day. It happened in some places, where there was no schoolmaster, that, when young people led the horses to the pasture, if any of them had been taught to read, the others learnt of him while the horses were grazing.

“Such was the effect of the piety of one man, supported by the authority of a most pious prince, who shewed how well he stood affected towards so good a design by his Rescript to the Regency of the New March, dated September 22, 1708, wherein he says—‘The Church in Grapke and Dubro is afraid, that, if the minister of that place be removed, they shall have a minister, who does not understand the language of the *Wenden*, as you may see from their Petition.—Forasmuch as we do not remember, that the use of that language has been forbidden by any Edict or Royal Mandate, but, on the contrary, think it a glory to us to have a people of a foreign language among our subjects,—You shall take particular care that the aforesaid congregation may not have a pastor, who, for want of understanding the above-mentioned language, would not be able to instruct the flock committed to his care, in all the duties of the Christian Religion, &c.’ Thus far the King, who desired that God should be glorified by men of different languages*.

* There is something extremely noble and patriotic in the spirit, which dictated this Royal Rescript, and is well worthy the consideration of those, who, from motives of a very different character, have, in these days, presumed to raise a senseless outcry against the cultivation of the *Welsh* tongue.—ED.

“ But your country, Sir, has also contributed something towards it. For the illustrious Mr. Halles, being some years ago in that part of Germany, caused an English book, entitled ‘ *A Pastoral Letter from a Minister to his Parishioners,* ’ to be translated into the language of the *Wenden*, and to be printed at Bautzen, a town in the territories of the Elector of Saxony ; and he took care to have the copies dispersed not without the great advantage and edification of that ignorant people. There are in the territory just now mentioned many *Wenden*, who profess the Popish religion ; and we hope to bring them over to the Protestant religion by teaching them to read and with the help of printed books. ’Tis certain, that some *Wenden*, having learnt to read, are grown curious, and apply themselves, of their own motion, to learn the German tongue, that they may be also benefited by the books written in that language. Thus what was thought to be an obstacle to the spreading of the German tongue among this people will, in a great measure, contribute towards it.

“ But it is time to conclude this long letter with assuring you, that I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Berlin, May 5th,
N. S. 1714.

“ DAN. ERN. JABLONSKI.”

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

PASSAGE IN THOMSON'S SEASONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—It has lately occurred to me that the difficulty of composing fluent verse in Welsh, arising from the scarcity of words that have the accent on the last syllable, might be easily avoided. Let the Trochaic foot be adopted instead of the Iambic, and the difficulty will at once disappear. This verse, besides its being more congenial with our Language, approaches nearer than the Iambic to the heroic metre of the Greeks and Latins, the accent with them scarcely ever falling on the last syllable in the line, but mostly on the penultima. I have made the attempt ; and, though the poetry is

indifferent, through my inexperience and inability in the art, yet I can see that this verse is more suitable than the other to our language. The following is a translation of a paragraph in Thomson's Seasons, where he makes some serious reflections on Winter.

Darvu! taena'r gaua' ei gaddugav
 Leni, tan ei vaeddol law y vlwyddyn.
 O, mor varw ydyw'r dyvol deyrnas!
 Mud y geinciol! Estyn rhyn erchyllod
 Ei ddivrodus deyrnedd. Fol ddyn, edrych,
 Yma gwel dy cinioes; wedi treulio
 Rhai blynyddau, ar ol blodeu'th Wanwyn,
 Nerth dy Hav, daw arnat henaint Hydrev,
 Ac, o'r diwedd, Anav oer divrodol
 A dervyna 'th vyd. O! b'le ehedodd
 Dy vreuddwydion am uchaviaeth, dy obaith
 Gwag am wynvyd, dy vawr wanc am enw,
 Dy ovalon, dy draferthus ddyddiau,
 Dy nosweithiau gwledda, chwilveddyliau
 Golled rhwng y drwg a'r da yn dy vywyd?
 Divlanedig oll! oll onid rhinwedd,
 Vyth gyveilles dyn, defael, difuant,
 Ei dywysydd i hyvrydwch.—Wele!
 Daeth y gogoneddus vore, eilved
 Endigaeth Nev a dae'r; clywa anian
 Efro 'r gair creedig; neidia i vywyd
 Ar bob dull uchelig, rhydd o angeu,
 Rhydd o boen.—Yn vuan yr amlygir
 I buredig lygad Pwyll, y dreven
 Fawr dragwyddol; cynwys oll, ac una
 Oll yn raddol mewn cyfanswm perfaith.
 Chwi wag ddoethion! dall ryvygwyr! gw'radwydd
 Sy ar eich pen; y Gallu nawr addolwch,
 A'r Ddoethineb, aml gablasoch. Gwelwch,
 Pam by vyw yn ddirgel vab rhagoriaeth.
 Pam ei varw velly,—pam derbyniodd
 Y gwr da drallodrin yn ei vywyd,—
 Pam dihoenai'r weddw a'i hamddivaid
 Mewn bwth newin, tra bai gloddest
 Mewn palasau yn gwarthus ymorchestu
 Greu angenion fugiol,—pam y gwisgodd
 Gwir o Nev, a thlysaidd gymedrollder,
 Nodau slangell coelgred,—pam y chwerwodd
 Poen genhadid, hwnw clyn mynwes,

Ein holl wwyniant.—Chwi'r advydus gyviawn!
 Chwi urddasol niver! a gynheliwch
 Yma lwyth o ovid, deliwch eto
 Ronyn; 'r hyn a dybiwch nawr yn ddrygau,
 Onid rhan tra gwelir, nid mwy velly.
 Pasia 'n vuan holl dymhesltoedd ganav;
 Ac amgylahir pawb a Hav didervyn.

Make what use you please of these lines. If the subject is likely to lead to something that is useful, let them appear, or else introduce it to the public in some other form that is more calculated to insure attention.

Yours's,

I. O. C.

CEINION Y GREAL.—No. II.

PETTY MEMORIALS*.

TUDYR HEN ab Gronw ab Ednyved Vychan built the Priory of Bangor in the year 1299, and died in 1311. Iolo Goch wrote an Elegy on his death 89 years before the war of Owain ab Gruffydd of Glyn Dyvrdwy, which happened in the year 1400; and it is probable, that Iolo was, at least, 110 years of age at that time. Nine years after this Iolo laments Owain's retirement or defeat, in a poem beginning

“Y gwr hir, ni'th gâr Harri.”

Maelgwn Gwynedd, king of the Britons, lies buried in Ynys Seirioel: he built the Priory of Penmon, and the Cloister of Holyhead,

Llywelyn ab Iorwerth Drwyndwn, Prince of Gwynedd, built the Monastery of Aber Conwy and the Priory of Llanvaes.

The children of Maxen Wledig were Cystennyn, Peblic, and Owain Vinddu, which last was buried at Nanwhwynyn, in the

* The word in the original is *Man-govion*, of which we are not aware that a nearer English translation can be given than what we have above adopted. See No. i. of the Greal, p. 18. Such readers, as are not apprised of the nature of the article under the head of CEINION Y GREAL, are referred to No. 28 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 358.—ED.

wood of Faräon. This Owain slew Eurnach Gawr; and in the very same wood Earnach slew him*.

Ivan Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, built Llangollen bridge, in the time of Owain Glyndwr.

Gwenhwyvar Holbais ordered the bridge of Owrtyn (Overton) to be built in the year 1430.

Five causes for preserving genealogies and coats of arms: namely, the first is for forming suitable marriages; the second, for preserving the legal inheritance of land; the third is a jury; the fourth cause is hatred and murder; the fifth is, that, if a man go at the summons of the king, and ask arms for the combat, in order to shew that he is not a mere plebeian in his own country.

Hywel ab Gruffydd ab Iorwerth ab Matusalem ab Hwva ab Cynddelw broke the horse-shoes †.

Rhirid Vlaidd was lord of the five parishes of Penllyn, Lleyn, Eivionydd, Pennant Melangell, and Glyn-yn-Mhowys, and of eleven towns in the county of Salop. The arms of Rhirid were, in a field *vert*, three wolves' heads *erased argent*, and an open hand *dexter* above three heads for a crest.

The mother of David Milton, the tax-collector of Edward IV. in the county of Denbigh, was Gwenhwyvar, daughter of Davydd Vychan ab Ieuan ab Davydd Goch ab Ieuan ab Tudyr Vychan ab Tudyr Goch ab Tudyr Llwyd ab Davydd ab Gwyn ab Ednywain (according to others Owain) ab Bradwen ‡, one of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales, of the county of Merioneth, ab Idnerth ab Davydd Esgid Aur ab Owain Aurdorchawg ab Llywelyn Aurdorchawg ab Coel ab Gweryd ab Cynddelw Gam ab Elgyd ab Gwerysnadd ab Dwey Llythyr Aur ab Tegawg ab Dyvnvrath ab Madawg ab Madogion ab Sanddev Bryd Angel ab Llywarch Hên.

Five of the mansions that fell to the lot of Rhisiart ab Hywel ab Ieuan Vychan. The first is Pengwern, in the Com-

* For a notice of Ednywain ab Bradwen see vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, in the note.—ED.

† This must have reference to some mortal duel, in which both the combatants met with their fate at the same instant.—ED.

‡ Hywel was, most probably from the circumstance here recorded, called Hywel y Pedolau: he was noted for his remarkable bodily strength. He was foster-brother of Edward II., by whom he was knighted.—ED.

mot of Nanheudwy, which had belonged to Adda ab Iorwerth Ddu and Elsbeth, daughter of Grufydd Vychan ab Grufydd of Rhuddallt; this Elsbeth was sister, by the same father and mother, of Owain Glyndwr, and was the wife of Adda ab Iorwerth Ddu. The second is Trev Castell in the Commot of Tyndaethwy in Môn, and near it Trev y Gwehelyth in the Commot of Llivon in Môn, and they had belonged to Angharad, daughter of Ednyved ab Tudyr ab Gronw, which Angharad was the wife of Ieuan ab Adda ab Iorwerth Ddu, and was the mother of Ieuan Vychan ab Ieuan ab Adda. The third is Mostyn in Tegeingl, which was the property of Angharad, daughter of Hywel ab Tudyr ab Ithel Vychan, and who was the mother of Hywel ab Ieuan Vychan. The fourth is Trevgarnedd in the Commot of Menai in Môn, and Trev y Nant Bychan in the Commot of Twr Celyn, which belonged to Morvudd, daughter of Sir Grufydd Llwyd, Knight*, and who was the wife of Madawg Gloddaith, and the mother of Grufydd ab Madawg Gloddaith. The fifth is Cloddaith in the Commot of Creuddyn, which was the property of Mahared, daughter of Grufydd ab Rhys ab Grufydd ab Madawg Gloddaith, and which Mahared was the mother of Rhisiart ab Hywel ab Ieuan Vychan, and also of Harri Goch of Salbri ab Harri ab Tomas Hên ab Harri Salbri ab Rawlin Salbri ab William Salbri ab Harri Ddu †.

The inheritance of Ithel Velyn ab Llywelyn Aurdorchawg of Iâl was,—in Iâl, Llys y Cel, Allt Gymhebyr, Bod Anwyd-awg, and Coedrwc; in Dyfryn Clwyd, Nantclwyd and Garth Neuadd; in Ystrad Alyn ‡, Llwyn Egryn, Gwern Afild, Cil

* To this place is subjoined, in the Greal, the following note:—"Sir Grufydd Llwyd, knight ab Rhysab Grufydd ab Ednyved Vychan was the same that fought against Edward I.—ED.

† A great portion of the property alluded to in this genealogical notice is now in the possession of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. who is a lineal descendant of Rhisiart ab Hywel ab Ieuan Vychan above-named. And we may add to this, that the old family name of the Mostyns was Vychan, or Vaughan, as it is now called. The Greal states this "Memorial" to be taken from a paper belonging to the celebrated Tudyr Aled, who live at the close of the 15th century. See a short notice of him in the CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 211.—ED.

‡ Ystrad Alyn is the present Vale of Mold, in Flintshire, including also, we believe, the adjacent valley called Hopesdale.—ED.

Rhedynen, and Hendrev Isav; in Tegeingl, Caer Allwch, Hendrev Vigill, Pentrev Hyvaidd, Castell Meirchion, a third part of the district of Whittington, and a part of the district of Oswestry and Glyndyrdwy. The wife of Ithel Velyn was Elen, the daughter of Gruffydd ab Cynan.

The children of Llywelyn Aurdorchawg were Ithel Velyn, Iorwerth, Idris, Dolphin, and Ednywain.

The children of Ithel Velyn were Hwva and Llywelyn.

The children of Hwva were Gwion, Caswallon, Ionas, Gronwy, Hywel Voel, Meredydd, and Ieuav.

Ednyved Vychan of Mon, son of Cynvrig ab Iorwerth ab Gwgan ab Idnerth ab Edryd ab Nethan ab Iaseth ab Carwed ab Marchudd ab Cynan ab Elvyw ab Mor ab Mynan ab Ysbwys ab Cadrod Calchvynydd ab Cynwyd Cynwydion, Earl of Dunstable, ab Cynwelyn ab Arthwys ab Morydd ab Ceneu ab Coel Godebog, king of the Britons; and Morydd, above mentioned, was Earl of Gloucester, and was one of the chieftains of King Arthur. Ednyved was chief counsellor to Prince Llywelyn in the year of Christ, 1199. The brothers of Ednyved were Heilin Sais, Gronw Voel, and Einion Ddu, who was a bastard.

The children of Ednyved Vychan, who shared his inheritance: 1. Sir Tudyr had for his property Nant yn Llangynhaval; 2. Llywelyn had Creuddyn; 3. Rhys had Garth Garmon; 4. Gronwy had Trev Castell in Mon; 5. Gruffydd had Henglawdd and its appurtenances; 6. Iorwerth had Abermarlais in Glan Tawy; 7. Cynvrig shared (according to one book) with his brother Llywelyn in Creuddyn; 8. Howel was Bishop of St. Asaph in the year 1285. Their mother was Gwenlliant daughter of Lord Rhys*; and with her Ednyved Vychan had Abermarlais. Garth Garmon was divided amongst six of Ednyved's sons. The portion of Sir Tudyr came to Gwilym ab Rhys, and afterwards to the wife of Cadwaladr ab Morys. The share of Llywelyn was sold by Meredydd ab Llywelyn ab Gronwy ab Ednyved ab Gronwy ab Llywelyn ab Ednyved

* This was Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, commonly distinguished by the name, here given him, of Lord Rhys. He succeeded his father in 1136, and died in 1196, after having secured the reputation of being one of the wisest and most liberal of the Welsh princes.--Ed.

Vychan to the heirs of Llywelyn ab Cwnws ab Bleddyn ab Madawg ab Gronwy ab Llywelyn ab Ednyved. The portion of Rhys went to Robert Llwyd ab Llywelyn ab Ivan ab Madawg ab Rhys ab Davydd ab Rhys Vychan ab Rhys ab Ednyved Vychan. The share of Gronwy went to Robin ab Llywelyn ab Gronwy Vychan ab Gronwy ab Ednyved Vychan, and he lost it on account of the murder of Gruffydd Goch ab Davydd ab Madawg; and it was bought by Harri Hên, who afterwards sold it to Sion Moel Hên, and Huw ab Gwilym ab Sion ab Rhobin had it with his wife, the daughter of Sion Moel. The portion of Gruffydd became the property of Davydd Anwyl ab Ieuan ab Rhys ab Gruffydd Llwyd ab Rhöbin ab Rhys ab Rhotpert ab Gruffydd ab Hywel ab Ednyved Vychan. The share of Cynvrig went to the heirs of Hywel ab Einion ab Tudyr ab Hywel Goch ab Cynvrig Vychan ab Cynvrig ab Ednyved Vychan*.

ANTIQUITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I have been, for some time, seeking among the periodicals, with which our literature abounds, for a congenial soil, where such lucubrations, as have for their object the illustration of our history from existing remains, would meet with a cordial reception and encouragement; but, like the diluvian dove, "I sought for a resting place but found none," till I alighted on the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON; and the apparent good sense, candour, and impartiality, with which it is conducted, have induced me to trespass on your kindness, and that of your readers.

I remain your obedient Servant,

MEMNON.

* We ought, perhaps, to apologize to our English readers for the insertion of this article, relating, as it does, so exclusively to Welsh families. But, since it is the first of the kind we have admitted into the CAMBRO-BRITON, we hope to be excused for thus administering to the well-known genealogical prejudices of our countrymen.—ED.

STONEHENGE.

OF all investigations into the manners and customs of primeval times, the deduction of its probable state from existing remains, although perhaps the most futile, is certainly the most pleasing, more particularly when directed towards our own country, and it may be indebted to its obscurity for a charm, which it might not be in the power of its certainty to afford. It is not until a country has attained considerable eminence that an inquiry into its original state is considered to be of sufficient importance to be investigated. It is then, unfortunately, that the "stream of time" has swept away its most unquestionable documents; the gloom and mysticism of ages have enveloped its records; and but little is left us to perpetuate the past, save the voice of tradition equally perplexing and contradictory.

These remarks in part apply to ourselves, and, happily, but in part; for, although obscurity is the common lot of all ancient records, we have many unquestionable vestiges yet remaining, and, in proportion as they are free from these charges, the inquiry becomes more interesting.

My object at present is to direct the attention of your readers to that endless subject of inquiry "Stonehenge," which has perhaps afforded more speculation than any other existing national monument; and, although I have no new hypothesis to offer, still conjecture, as a correspondent of your's has justly remarked, though it will never supply the place of truth, may promote it. The questions, into which the investigation has at length resolved itself, are, principally, whether these masses of stone are *real* or *factitious*; if *real*, whence brought—and how—by whom—at what time—and for what purpose? Now, Mr. Editor, please to remark, the nature of these latter interrogatories are all dependant upon the assumption of the first, thus adopting that which is, and probably ever will be, irreconcilable, and rejecting the other, which I conceive to be worthy, if not of adoption, at least of inquiry. The received notion among the learned, of their being of Phœnician, rather than of British, origin, so far from being impaired, is strengthened and corroborated by

the latter of these two suppositions. The Phœnicians were, (probably at the time that Druidism was the prevailing religion of our island), a race of men, among whom the arts and sciences had been encouraged, and attained pre-eminent distinction. Not content with making their country the *emporium* of the then civilized world, their colonies were ingrafted on every country whose natural productions were of sufficient importance to make them an object of commerce. From this view Britain early engaged their attention; their settlement in Cornwall, which would be proved by the remains of that language, in absence of other testimony, and their subsequent extension along the southern and western coasts of this kingdom, where these vestiges are principally found, and their total absence in the eastern parts, make the route known. The construction of these temples are decidedly symbolical; and there are that adaptation and design exhibited in them, which are totally at variance with the state of art and science as then known by the Britons: added to which circumstances, the design can only be explained by having recourse to Eastern mythology.

After this slight view of the case, the assumption of their being factitious, or artificial, stone does, to my mind, by no means appear improbable. That the Phœnicians should be acquainted with the art I think may be presumed upon since it was known and in use in the Dictatorship of Sylla*. It is perhaps only by adopting the most probable supposition that we can arrive at any conclusion on the subject;—if they are not artificial, whence were they brought, by what means, and how comes it that an Eastern symbol is found in the obscurity of Britain? The materials for manufacture were abundant; the after changes in the government may account for its loss at any other period; and the only difficulty appears to be, the ascribing to the artificers of Solomon's Temple an art with which, it may be presumed, they were acquainted.

I submit these suggestions, Mr. Editor, to the considera-

* The residences of the Patricians of Rome in the island of Puteoli were formed of artificial stone, from a celebrated material found there.

tion and discussion of yourself and readers, and I am not affecting candour when I say, if it serve the cause of truth, I shall be equally happy in the adoption or refutation*.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XX.

I. LINES BY MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In your CAMBRO-BRITON of this month I observed a request of yours, that some of your friends should attempt a translation of Mr. Lewis Morris's *Englynion ar y Cildannau*. If the following hurried and imperfect attempt will answer your purpose, it will give me great pleasure, that I am able to contribute, however little, towards a work which deserves the encouragement of every lover of his native language, and of his country. The version is not so literal as I could wish; but you know how difficult it is, in a translation, particularly from Welsh Poetry, to adhere to the beauties of the original, and at the same time to avoid those idioms and peculiarities which the English language will not admit of.

TO A FRIEND ON PRESENTING HIM WITH A HARP.

ACCEPT a charmer from a friend,
On whose soft tones the joys attend;
Compared with which the notes, you trace
On fiddle-strings, are vile and base.

'Tis Philomel's—the voice of love,
Join'd with the warblers of the grove;
The thrush's oration on the spray,
Or blackbird with his beak so gay.

† Although we cannot subscribe to all the opinions of our correspondent, and for which we have neither time nor space at present to specify our reasons, we still think his communication worthy of attention, and shall be glad to insert the remarks of any other writer upon the subject. We shall also be pleased to hear again from MEMNON (he must pardon the curtailment of his signature) on any subject connected with the ancient remains of the country.—Ed.

At early dawn to this repair,
Her chords will banish sordid care;
In sweetness, Oh! her notes surpass
The mead within the circling glass.

'Tis gone! 'Tis gone! the day is fled!
Music in Cambria—Ah! 'tis dead!
The times no more!—the catch, the glee—
The harp in every family.

Ten thousand tones, no tongue can tell
How lovely, in her bosom dwell;
Still may her strings sweet strains impart,
In Cambria's ear—to Cambria's heart.

G. G.

II. COELBREN Y BEIRDD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—A friend called on me a few days ago begging of me to give him the history of the Alphabet called *Coelbren y Beirdd*—he wishes to know how it was preserved and by whom. But finding myself incompetent to give him the necessary information, I shall be glad if you, or any of your correspondents, will favour us with some notices on the subject. But, however, we both agree in this—that it is best adapted to our language of any alphabet with which we are acquainted, and, if genuine, we greatly wonder that it is not generally adopted.

Your's, &c.

HOLYDD*.

III. LINES ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—Since you were so obliging as to admit my Welsh verses on St. David's Day into your publication, I beg leave to present you with a translation of them in the same metre—" *Scots wha ha'e*," to be inserted in your next Number should it meet your approbation.

Your's, &c.

Oxford.

TEGYD.

* We hope some of our readers will favour HOLYDD with a satisfactory answer to his inquiry; and in the mean time we refer him to an article on the subject, in the first volume of the CAMBRO BRITON, which contains all the information we were able to collect at the time.—ED.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

Cambrians brave ! the Bard commands
To wear leeks in glorious bands,
Leeks—the greenest in the lands,

On St. David's Day.

Where are the leeks of foliage green ?
Them excelling nought is seen,—
Wear them—good our cause has been

On St. David's Day.

Cambrians brave ! this day is ours,
Now are crushed all hostile powers ;
Let us then enjoy the hours

Of St. David's Day.

Like the saint, brave Cambrians ! fight,
Church and state demand the right ;
Let the brave in this unite

On St. David's Day.

We were freed—our foes were chain'd
By victory which David gain'd,
The noble victory obtain'd

On St. David's Day.

By him Morgan * could not stand,
By him fell the Saxon band,
By him peace o'erflow'd the land,

O ! St. David's Day.

Cambrians brave ! the Bard commands
To wear leeks in glorious bands,
Leeks—the greenest in the lands,

On St. David's Day.

Let us shout with voices high,
'Till we rend the starry sky,
We gain'd a glorious victory

On St. David's Day.

* Called also Pelagius, an eminent preacher amongst the Britons during the fourth century. His theological tenets, which were tinged with the Bardic doctrines, were condemned by the Church of Rome as heretical.—
Ed.

IV. WELSH NOTICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In the earlier volumes of the *Archæologia*, published by the Antiquarian Society, may be found some curious papers on Welsh Antiquities, well worth the notice of the historian. Mr. Edward Llwyd's *Itinerary through Wales*, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, also deserves attention. Mr. Gough's *Anecdotes of British Topography* will acquaint the reader with many rare and curious traits in print and manuscript, relating to Wales, which are but very imperfectly known. Mr. John Wilkins, goldsmith to king James I., furnished Drayton with many of those curious particulars relative to Wales, which are not to be met with elsewhere.

Malkin's "South Wales," 8vo. vol. i. p. 112.

In the *Retrospective Review*, No. 10, see an account of Richard Burton's *History of the Principality of Wales*, (published May 1st, 1822*.)

OBSERVATOR.

V. EISTEDDVOD AT CAERWYS, FLINTSHIRE,

In May, 1798†.

IN consequence of a notice published by the gentlemen of the Gwyneddigion, or Venedociat Society, in London, the Eisteddvod commenced at Caerwys, on Tuesday, the 29th day of May, 1798. The ancient Town-hall was properly prepared for holding the meeting by the judges appointed by the Society to decide on the merits of the performances, whose activity and public spirit on the occasion deserved the highest praise.

The first day was taken up in reading and comparing the poetical Compositions of the several Candidates for the *Gadair*, or Chair of Honour. The *Thesis*, previously fixed upon by the Gwyneddigion, for the Bards to display their powers, was

* We are much obliged to an old correspondent for these hints. The article in the *Retrospective Review*, to which he alludes, is, we have reason to know, the production of a gentleman, to whom the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON have been, on several occasions, indebted for many valuable contributions.—ED.

† We are indebted to our friend OBSERVATOR for this notice, which was supplied by Mr. Henry Parry of Holywell to Warner's "*Valk in Wales.*" At the present moment it may be thought interesting.—E.

“The love of our Country, and the commemoration of the celebrated Eisteddvod held at the same town, and under the same roof, by virtue of a commission from Queen Elizabeth;” and, the subject being congenial to the spirit of the ancient Britons, the productions were both numerous and animated. After a close examination of the merits of the several compositions, and mature deliberation, the Judges determined in favour of Robert Davydd of Nantglyn, in Denbighshire, known among the bards by the name of *Robin Ddu o Nan-glyn**. The composition, next to his in merit, was adjudged to be that of Mr. Thomas Edwards, usually called *Tom o'r Nant*, and sometimes styled the Welsh Shakespeare, on account of the number and excellence of his dramatic pieces in the Welsh language.

Towards the close of the evening, the bards, when their native fire and genius was kindled by good fellowship, and stimulated by rival exertions, poured forth, with surprising fluency, their extemporaneous effusions on subjects started at the moment, and produced pieces truly excellent of their kind. Of these productions, the *Englwmion*, or Epigrammatic Stanzas, on Mr. Owen Jones of London, who principally promoted the meeting, having contributed Twenty Pounds for distribution in prizes to the different competitors according to merit, were the more particularly noticed.

On the second day, the vocal and instrumental competitors exhibited their skill, and, after a contest of upwards of twelve hours, Robert Foulks, of St Asaph, was declared to be the *Pencerdd Davod*, or the best vocal performer, and William Jones, of Gwytherin, the *Pencerdd Dant*, or the best performer on the harp. Several *connoisseurs* in music, who were present, declared that they never recollected a contest of this nature better maintained or to afford more amusement.

The *Eisteddvod* was well attended by proficient in poetry and music—the number of Bards amounting to twenty, of the Vocal Performers to eighteen, and of the Harpers to twelve; and the company, assembled on the interesting occasion, was both numerous and respectable.

* This is the same person that gained the Chair Medal at Wrexham Eisteddvod, 1857. See the second volume of CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 91,

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HU GADARN, Cywydd o III. Caniad: Gan IDRISON.
LLUNDAIN, 1822.

WHEN "Hu Gadarn" was first proposed as the subject for the Prize Poem of the Cymmrodorion, we offered a remark upon the judgment evinced in selecting it, as it would "exclude from the arena of competition all those votaries of the *awen*, whose poetical pretensions were not accompanied by some knowledge of the ancient history of their country." The poem before us, in which Mr. Owen Pughe has anticipated the successful candidate for the Cymmrodorion prize, proves the converse of our assumption, by shewing how well the task may be executed by one possessing the requisite qualifications. The production is, indeed, in every way worthy of Mr. Pughe's pen, combining, as it does, with a considerable portion of poetical merit, all the historical notices relating to the celebrated patriarch of the Cymry *. It is also particularly distinguished by that classical purity of style, and accuracy of orthography, for the introduction of which our national literature has, on various occasions, been so much indebted to the labours of Mr. Pughe; and we wish we might add, that the patriotic example, he has thus set, had been generally followed. But it may be hoped, that the prejudices existing on this point, however unyielding at present, will yet give way to the influence of time and to the force of a maturer reflection. This Poem is accompanied by a prefatory Address "to the Bards," the concluding observations of which we shall here transcribe, as being in unison with the one we have just ventured to make.

"Ac yma govynav ichwi eich hunain, pa sy hacred ag yw tòri a drylliaw geiriau, neu newidiaw eu llythyriad, allan o bob trevn, er mwyn cadw cynghanedd ac odlaeth i luniaw bànau cerdd, heb son am y geiriau llanw ac y geiriau llediaith, a welir ynddi mòr dryvrih, màl y canlynolion, o blith cantoedd tebyg iddynt.

* For most of the historical particulars relating to Hu Gadarn, we refer the reader to vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 59.

"Saeth darai nod—Gwilym ro'wd—D'od i fa's—'R wy'n ed-rych—Tru'nusol ydyw'r noswaith—Trwy'r enaid tery'r annuw—Fi' ma'n dwym wyf am y dydd—I'w glwyswych bebyll gleis-iawn—Bendithiawn a radlawn rodd—A'u golwg gan ei ga'lyn—Nesha'dd yn gydradd â gwr—Trwy 'hyfryd ysbryd a'i air—Gyd â'r gair f'â'r ddisglair ddau—Ni chredais nes im'ato dd'od—'Does ddawn all adrodd haner maint—B'le mac barn 'chaws i estron—F' a mewn fel dyn f'a maes fel nifel.—A llu'r nef heb ddowt nac ofon—Im cymfforddi am protectio—A'n prins a'n gwlad, a'n da, a'n dynion—Pet fae'r Twrc a'r Pab a'r Spanis—Yn dofi a'n difa'n anffafriol—

Trwy'r gwynt, a'r glaw, trwy'r aer,
Trwy'r sphêrs i gyd a'r holl blanedo."

"Os yw raid goddevu neu arveru ymadroddion briwion hylled ag y rhai hyna, i anavu a gwaelâu ein hiaith, da pe berwesid cy-nghanedd ac odlaeth dros byth â'r waelawd pair Cyridwen Wrach, medda—

IDRISON."

It is impossible not to concur in the observations contained in this passage: the only matter of surprise is that there should still prevail so corrupt a taste as to employ such unsightly contractions as those above specified.

The Poem is divided, as has already been seen, into three Cantos, and commences with the following passage.

"W! nwyv alaw nevolion
Rhwydded ac ebrwydded vrôn
Awyddus am ei hoewddawn
Yn glau i lwyddâu yr iawn,
Er i vyd y dygwyv varn
Vygedawl am HU GADARN!
Am HU yw hael ymholi,
O gau agorâu ei vri,
Ac i hael ei wehelyth
Swydd yw bod na soddo byth;
Am ei vod anorvodawl;
Cad er dwyn a brad â'r dawl;
Gwiw yna gweu gyvunwedd
Gwe ei glod er hyd o hedd:
Dir ini y derwyna
I we goeth gyvoethi da;

I wiw gov âr gerdd gyviawn
 Glau vod i lwyddâu yr iawn.
 I ninnau iawn ennynu
 O dan cyvanian â Hu:
 Eve gân rad o gad yn rhydd
 Arweinïai war awenydd,
 Tros diroedd rhag trais tæcïon,
 Tros y dyli du ei dôn,
 I BRYDAIN gain ei brodir,
 Hedd er ei veddu yn hir.
 Iawn yw son am ei ddonïau,
 Ac ei glod ei bod yn glau:
 Mi yna â wnav unyd
 We rydd awenydd i vyd;
 Cyveiliav gan o volawd
 Er y gwir, gorarwydd gwawd,
 Mâl i Hu y bu ei hynt,
 Maith hwyl a difaith helynt.

“ Ond o gudd orchuddïad trwch,
 I gael y diogelwch,
 Trwy gel y niwl anolau,
 Abraiddd hed i ebrwyddâu,
 Rhaid dâl heb anwadalû,
 Attro daith er at rwy du,
 Rhag y blaen drwy y gaen gerth
 O unyd gynvyd anverth
 Heb gov er iawn ymovyn,
 Trwy vaint swyd anwydau syn
 A ddenynt anwar ddynïon
 I waelâad âr rad yr Ion,
 Mâl hyn neud hawdd ymhoni
 Gau yn evryddâu âr vri
 Hanesïon yr hen oesoedd,
 Ac eu hawl had hywel oedd!”—P. 5.

The following brief extract is from the same Canto.

“ Ond hon ged wynvydedig
 Trosai drais y traws a dig
 Ar WLAD YR HAV aravaidd,
 Yn vlvng eu blys vâl y blaidd;
 A hedd â lwyr enhuddid
 Gân gelanedd llym eu llid.

Oedd unyd yr anhunedd
 Dros y lwys ger-difwys ledd;
 Gân amryw ymdrech amdroi
 Neud pob friw yn ymgfröi
 O werinach war einioes,
 Na oddevynt lev o loes
 Hwylt ymovynynt yna
 Er rhyw dro o hyn o dra.
 Eu glyw o gân erglywed
 Maint o ludd â oedd â led,
 Yn dra syn ymsyniai ev
 O doli â eu dolev.
 I nev ei ddevawd gywir
 Oedd gweddu i veddu gwir:
 Dygyrchai gyrch yn ddiflais,
 Mad er eu llad, â y LLAIS,
 Ac ymovynai hyny
 Ar hoedd weddi hoew a hy.
 Ac iddo yr agwedddai
 Rwyddaw o vawr drwydd heb drai:
 Y geiriau grym orchymyn,
 Hael vodd, oedd eu hwyl vâl hyn."—P. 26.

The second Canto begins in the following manner

"Maws agwedd y ddafogan
 I Hu môr oedd glwys a glân,
 A chynhes oedd achaniad
 Goreu modd y geiriau mad;
 Addolai eve, o ddyled,
 O hael nev am gael y ged:
 Ai â led y ged o gaeth
 I bawb er bob gwybodaeth,
 Pa oreu modd yn eu mysg
 I lwyddaw yr oleuddysg.
 Ar ddull y LLAIS yn llesawl
 Mynai hoedd arhaeddu hawl,
 Pa ryw o vodd â vuddiai
 Er uwch wedd yr awen chwai;
 Rhag gal er diogelu,
 Rhag o dro i drywedd dru,
 Er argae pob gorergyd,
 Noeth nen gudd, o gawdd a gwyd;

A gwysiai eve yn gyson,
 Hyn o bryd, i vod ger bròn
 Eu lu, trwy benteuluoedd,
 Er eu hawl i roi àr hoedd
 Y geiriau gwar o gariad
 Gàn y LLAIS rhag trais er llad;
 Ac o gynghor gwiw gynghaws
 Ar i HU arweddu haws
 O drevn drwy ervawr dravnau
 Bu eu rhodd er eu rhyddâu:
 O rwysg gàn ei orwisgaw,
 Ar y brad i yru braw;
 Ac er da yr ardwyai
 Ar ei drig rhag drwg o rai,
 Na vyddynt yno voddion
 O nwyd i niweidiaw hon."—P. 34.

We shall conclude our notice of this interesting production with our other extract, though we are sure the admirers of Welsh poetry would gladly accompany us through several more. But we must have some consideration for our English readers, and more particularly as the present number contains more than the usual proportion of Welsh matter. We take the following passage, which is the commencement. Hu's address to the Deity at the close of the Poem, and throughout which he takes a prophetic view of the events that were to befall the Cymry in after ages.

"Ti, Ior y moroedd mawrion,
 "Iolav di àr ael y dòn,
 "Ar hon y bu ein hirnawv
 "Ar ein bro er ini brawv.
 "Am vlys àr lwys velysion,
 "Tra y bryd, O! brwd yw bròn,
 "O son am dy haelioni
 "Mòr vawr o rym erom ni:
 "Dyval drwy anial dyviant,
 "Trwy avonydd hychwydd chwant,
 "Tros hygrog greigiau hagron,
 "Tros vynyddau bawdd eu bon,
 "Ar ol-gov, gwedd uch gweilgi,
 "Gwelwn led hwn lydan li,
 "Blwng i gyvyngu rhyngom
 "Sydd à gwlad er brad yn som.

“ Hiraethwn oror ethawl,
 “ Oer i ni hwnt eirian hawl!
 “ Honyma yw ein hammod—
 “ Da ein byw a hon yn bod!

“ Bellach, chychwi á bwyllav,
 “ Er divadu GWLAD YR HAV,
 “ Y byddwch yn vwy buddiawl
 “ Ichwi hon yn eirian hawl
 “ Heb ormail byd, heb ormes,
 “ Heb o dro á wnelo dres.
 “ Yr helaeth lòn haelioni
 “ Bydd ár chwyl tra byddoch chwi
 “ I geisiaw á yw gyson
 “ A gwiw hawl, er mawl yr Ion,
 “ Am hon ogoneddused
 “ Gwiw er byth ár gov o ged.
 “ Mál hyn y bydd eich heinioes
 “ Heb o ladd, neu ludd, neu loes,
 “ O war, o arav arwydd
 “ Bod eich gwaith byth ger eich gwydd;
 “ Na wneloch chwyl annilys,
 “ Neu o blaið er boddiaw blys.”—P. 69.

We are under the necessity of breaking off somewhat abruptly here on account of the space to which we are *limited*, and which has also compelled us to omit some *interesting* and *learned* notes, illustrative of the passages we have cited. Similar illustrations, indeed, are judiciously interspersed throughout the work, and more particularly such as are derived from the ancient records of the Cymry. The critical reader will perceive, from the foregoing specimens of “Hu Gadarn,” that the poem is particularly distinguished by the qualities, to which we alluded at the commencement of this notice. And, whether it be from the nature of the subject or the character of the metre in which it is written, this offspring of Mr. Pughe’s genius strikes us as more nationally characteristic than either *Coll Gwynva* or *Palestina*, however excellent in their way. Upon the whole we have no hesitation in considering this Poem as giving new lustre at once to Welsh literature and to the well-earned fame of the writer: and of both let us say, as we believe we have said before, ESTO PERPETUA.

Awen Cymru.

A'th rodd gw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

ODLIG I GYMMMLWYDDIANT AIL Y CYMMRODORION*.

Mai 22, 1822.

NEUD dawn y dydd dadeni,—AWEN gu,

Wyt yn gweled iti,
Gàn hawl àr hwyl haelioni,
O gedu nwyv gyda ni!

Mâl cynt, er helynt hylon—alaw maws,

Elw y mwys dderwyddon
Areilir o wir olion
Ar wiw sail yn yr oes hon.

Diòmedd deuant yma—wyr ein bro

Er ein bri i wleda,
Yn gymdeithion doethion, da,
Ger i law gwir à lywia—

A lywia i oleuad—hanesion

Hen oesau glwys ein gwlad:
A ninnau, o ennyniad,
Hyd byth hanvyddwn yn vad:

O gyva vod argovion,—trwy ein gwaith,

Trwy o goeth amcanion:

Tra oes byd â syw o son

Er dawr y CYMMRODORION.

IDRISON.

ENGLYN.

Provais wau pur wevus—iaith

Priv ieithoedd prawf o wythiaith;

Ni phrvoais dan furvaven

Wê mor gaeth â r Gymraeg wen.

EDM. PRYS.

* This is the short Welsh ode, which is noticed in the ensuing account of the Cymmrodorion Eisteddvod, as having been omitted to be recited

English Poetry.

LINES

ON THE EISTEDDVOD OF THE CYMMRODORION,

May 22, 1822,

By MRS. HEMANS*.

WHERE met our Bards of old—the glorious throng,
 They of the mountain and the battle song?
 They met—Oh, not in kingly hall or tower,
 But where wild Nature girt herself with power;
 They met—where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves,
 They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves,
 And where the torrent's rainbow-spray was cast,
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast;
 And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
 The crested Roman in his hour of pride;
 And where the *Carnedd* on its lonely hill
 Bore silent record of the mighty still;
 And where the Druid's ancient *Cromlech* frown'd,
 And the oaks breath'd mysterious murmurs round.
 There throng'd the inspir'd of yore—on plain or height,
 “In the Sun's face, beneath the eye of light †,”
 And, bearing unto heaven each noble head,
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.
 Well might their lays be lofty! soaring thought
 From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught:
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains.
 Whence come the echoes to those numbers high?
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by;—
 And from the tombs of heroes laid to rest,
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
 Sever'd by cloud and storm from all below;

on that occasion. We should feel indebted to any of our correspondents, that could favour us with a poetical version of it.—ED.

* These are the English verses which were recited on the occasion mentioned in the subsequent account of the Cymmrodorion Eisteddvod.—ED.

† This is a literal translation of the Bardic expression, “*Yn wyneb haul a llygad goleuni*.”—ED.

And the turf-mounds, once girt by ruddy spears,
And the rock-altars of departed years.
Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
The winds a thousand wild responses bore;
And the green land, whose every vale and glen
Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,
On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.

For us,—not ours the festival to hold
'Midst the stone-circles hallowed thus of old;
Not where great Nature's majesty and might
First broke all glorious on our wond'ring sight;
Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave,
Not near the mountain *Uyn*, the ocean wave,
In these last days we meet,—dark *Mona's* shore,
Eryri's cliffs, resound with harps no more;
But as the stream (tho' time or art may turn
The torrent bursting from its cavern'd urn,
To the soft vales of pastures and of flowers,
From Alpine glens and awful forest bowers,)
Alike in rushing strength, or sunny sleep,
Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep;
Thus, though our paths be chang'd, still warm and free,
Land of the Bard, our spirit flies to thee,
To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song:
Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling less
To the green memory of thy loveliness,
Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every height
“ In the Sun's face, beneath the eye of light.”

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION.

THE Second Anniversary of the Cymmrodorion was celebrated, on the 22nd of last month, at the Freemason's Tavern, and that too with an *éclat*, which affords the best possible

earnest of the "All hail hereafter." And, if the zeal of the future is to bear any proportion with the apathy of the past, a splendid day indeed has already shed its dawning light on the land of the Cymry. To the patriotic example of those distinguished individuals, who have formed so honourable an exception to the general indifference of their countrymen on this occasion, must this result be mainly ascribed; but it must not be forgotten, how much is also due to the varied fascinations of the Cambrian Euterpe, who was never seen to more advantage than at the recent Cymmrodorion *Eisteddfod*, where, under the more refined graces of modern times, she often revealed the homely, yet captivating, charms of her primitive mountain attire.

The Anniversary may be described, generally, as having been devoted to three objects:—musical festivity, business, and conviviality. The first of these was the chief aim of the *Eisteddfod*, which took place in the morning;—the second of the General-Meeting, by which it was succeeded;—and the third of the Annual Dinner in the evening. We shall give as full a report of these several meetings, as our space will permit.

Soon after eleven o'clock the arrival of company at Freemasons' Hall, denoted the near approach of the *Eisteddfod*; and, before half-past twelve, that spacious apartment was nearly filled with a most respectable assemblage, including a considerable portion of rank and fashion, but more distinguished, perhaps, by the female beauty which diffused over the interesting scene its own peculiar lustre and animation. About the period just mentioned the commencement of the *Eisteddfod* was announced, in the temporary and unavoidable absence of the President, Sir W. W. Wynn, by Lord Kenyon, who briefly and neatly explained the objects of this national festival. A few observations of the same tenour were then made by Mr. Humffreys Parry, as "Conductor of the Cymmrodorion Transactions," and were succeeded by a short address in Welsh to the same purpose, and remarkable for the fluency and propriety with which it was delivered, by Mr. Griffith Jones, Sub-Librarian of the Society. After him Mr. Humffreys

Parry again appeared before the Meeting, and gave, extempore, an historical outline of these national assemblies from the most ancient notices of their existence under the Druids, through the various periods of their revival by the Welsh Bards, whether as *Gorseddau* or *Eisteddvodau*, down to the æra of their present auspicious re-establishment under the patronage of the Cymmrodorion and the Societies in Wales *. This being done, the same gentleman read a copy of beautiful verses, written by Mrs. Hemans, for the occasion, and which we have inserted in a foregoing page. To this would have succeeded the recital of some Welsh compositions in prose and verse, had it not been considered advisable not to detain the company, by any farther preliminary proceedings, from the particular object of the *Eisteddvod*. In a preceding page may be found a short ode, one of the pieces thus withheld, and which we particularly recommend to the notice of the Welsh reader. It is from the pen of Mr. Owen Pughe.

The festivities of the morning now commenced. But, ere we describe them, we should first state, that the chair † had been some time previously taken by the President, Sir W. W. Wynn, who had only been prevented from being earlier at his post by his patriotic attention to the interests of Wales in another place ‡. His arrival was hailed by the company with long and loud cheering, and more especially, as the particular cause of his absence had been explained by the noble lord, who announced the opening of the *Eisteddvod*.

We are not aware that we can give a more satisfactory report of the musical performances than by first particularising

* In p. 108 of this volume (No. 24) may be found a paper on the same subject, but which admits of considerable enlargement.

† The chair, in which Sir W. W. Wynn sat on this occasion, was the one belonging to the old Cymmrodorion, established in 1751, and was presented to that Society by the Sir Watkin of that day, grandfather, we believe, of the gentleman who, at present, so worthily bears the name. This chair is now the property of the Gwyneddigion, from whose rooms it was moved for this *Eisteddvod*.

‡ As far as we could catch the explanation, publicly given, on this subject, both by Lord Kenyon and Sir W. W. Wynn himself, the cause of this gentleman's inability to be present at the opening of the *Eisteddvod* was his attendance upon Lord Liverpool, to endeavour to procure a remission of the duty on coal carried coast-wise in Wales, and in which, we understood him to say, he was successful.

them as they appear in books of the day, and by subjoining a few remarks on their most prominent features. The entertainments, then, of this Cambrian Concert were divided into two Parts, and embraced, it will be seen, a happy variety of vocal and instrumental airs, accompanied by the national strains of the Cymry. The following was the arrangement.

PART I.

1. GLEE AND CHORUS—"On the landing of the Romans in Britain."—Air—"Capt. Morgan's March." (*The words by Mrs. Hemans.*)
2. SONG by Mr. Parry.—Air—"Good humoured and merry." (*The words by Mr. Parry.*)
3. AIR, with variations, on the newly-invented Cambrian Pedal Harp, by Mr. Davies.
4. DUET, by Mr. J. Smith and Mr. Collyer—"Owain Glyndwr's War-song,"—Air—"The rising of the Lark." (*The words by Mrs. Hemans.*)
5. PENNILLION, accompanied on the Welsh Harps after the manner of Wales.
6. SONG, by Miss Williams.—Air—"Lady Owen's Delight."
7. WELSH AIR, with variations, on the Harp, by Mr. Edward Jones, Harper to the King.
8. SONG, by Master Smith.—"The Cambrian Minstrel Boy." (*The words by Mr. Parry.*)
9. A DRUIDICAL SONG, and Chorus, by Mr. Tinney, &c. accompanied on the Harp and Piano Forte. (*Arranged by Mr. Edward Jones.*)

PART II.

1. A DOUBLE GLEE, and Chorus, accompanied on the Harps and the Piano-Forte.—Air—"The Welsh Ground." (*The words by Mrs. Hemans.*)
2. TRIO, by Miss Williams, Miss Hall, and Master Williams.
3. A WELSH AIR, ("Margaret's Daughter") with variations for the Harp, Piano-Forte, Double Flute, and Quadrille Flageolet, by Mr. Parry, Miss Morgan, and Master Parry.
4. SONG, by Mr. J. Smith.—"The Heroes of Cymru."—Air—"Meillionen, or Sir W. W. Wynn's Delight." (*The words by Mr. Humffreys Parry.*)
5. DUET, by Master Smith and Master Parry.—Air—"Nos Galan, or New Year's Eve."

6. AIR, with variations on the Harp, by Mr. Davies.
7. SERENADE, by Mr. Collyer—"Ellen Dear."—Air—"Venture Gwen." (*The words by Mr. Jones, of Swansea.*)
8. DUET, by Mr. Parry and Miss Williams.—Air—"Hob y deri dando." (*The words by Mr. Jones, of Swansea.*)
9. PENNILLION, accompanied on the Welsh Harps.—Air—"Serch Hudol, or the Allurements of Love."
10. FINALE—"God save the King," with a Welsh Stanza written by Mr. Owen Pughe.

It may be invidious perhaps to particularize for its merit any portion of the performance, where none was unworthy of praise; but we must be allowed to specify such parts as afforded us the highest gratification, leaving to others full liberty to form a different opinion. Among the vocal performance, the songs, that pleased us most, were, (according to the preceding arrangement), in PART I., No. 2, by Mr. Parry, No. 6, by Miss Williams, No. 8, by Master Smith, and No. 9. The Druidical Song, by Mr. Tinney; in PART II., No. 5, by Masters Smith and Parry, No. 7, by Mr. Collyer, and the Finale, especially the Welsh Stanza, which is finely written, and was judiciously sung by Mr. Parry*. Of the instrumental music, the airs on the Harp by Mr. Edward Jones and Mr. Davies, and that on the Flageolet by Mr. Parry, had, decidedly, the greatest charms for our ear. Not that we mean to say they were the most national; for, in this point of view, the performance on the Welsh Harp, by Messrs. Pritchard and Thomas, should have the first place. Yet we must be allowed to observe, that, altogether, we were disappointed by the effect of our national instrument on this occasion, and more especially by that of the *Pennillion*, sung with it. Whether it arose from the spaciousness of the room, the diffidence or inexperience of the performers, or from any other cause, it is, however, true, that the effect was not so impressive as had been anticipated. We trust, therefore, that whatever may have been the impediment to the full success of this part of the performance will be removed on any future occasion. The new "Cambrian Pedal Harp" appeared to possess the most power-

* We take this opportunity of remarking, that the several airs and songs, written by Mrs. Hemans, deserved every praise as poetical compositions; and we were particularly pleased also with the sweet Air of "Ellen Dear" by Mr. Jones, of Swansea.

ful execution, and was admirably played by Mr. Davies. A diversity of opinion, indeed, has been expressed as to the merits of this instrument; but the prevailing sentiment was decidedly in its favour, both as to the fulness of its tones, and the compass and variety of its execution. We have no doubt, therefore, that it will become a favourite with those who delight in this species of music*. It would be an injustice to close this short and imperfect report of the musical festivities of the Anniversary, without noticing the judicious and well-executed arrangements made by Mr. Parry, whose indefatigable zeal on this occasion, as on every other of a similar nature, cannot be too greatly, nor too gratefully, felt by his countrymen. And we may add, that the general and high satisfaction, with which this Cambrian Concert was received, cannot fail to ensure its repetition hereafter. Among the company present on the occasion were, besides the President, Dowager Lady Wynn, Miss Williams Wynn, and several other ladies of distinctions, Lord Kenyon, Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart. Sir E. P. Lloyd, Bart. J. W. Griffith, Esq. M. P., J. W. Hanmer, Esq. and many gentlemen of the first consequence, whom we really have not space to enumerate. The company amounted nearly to four hundred†.

It only remains, with reference to this portion of the day's proceedings, to state, that between the two *Parts of the Concert* the names of the successful candidates for the *Prize-Poem* and *Essay*, (who are therefore entitled to a *Medal* and *Ten Pounds* each), were announced, and proved to be as follows.

I. The Welsh Poem, or *Cywydd*, on "Hu Gadarn."—Adjudged to the Rev. EDWARD HUGHES, Bodvari, Flintshire‡.

II. The English Essay on "The general cultivation of the Welsh tongue and its particular use with reference to the poems of

* We refer the reader to our last Number, p. 425, for a brief account of this newly invented instrument by Mr. Parry.

† The terms of admission to all such, as were not members of the Cymrodorion, were seven shillings each ticket.

‡ There were eight other candidates for this prize; and one of whom, Mr. Thomas Jones (*Bardd Ciof*) who gained the prize last year, honourably withdrew his composition, between which and that of Mr. Hughes the Judges would otherwise have had great difficulty in deciding.

the Welsh Bards, in illustrating historical occurrences.—
Adjudged to Mr. HUMFFREYS PARRY*.

We now arrive at the second division of this Anniversary of the Cymmrodorion; we allude to the business transacted at the General Meeting, which took place between the Concert and Dinner. About forty members were present upon this occasion, and Lord Dynevor was in the chair. The first proceeding was the perusal of a well-written letter from Mr. Hughes, author of "*Horæ Britannicæ*," requesting the favour of the Society to transmit a copy of his work, under the sanction of their name, to the Antiquarian Society of France. The request was, of course, received with unanimous assent; and the Rev. Mr. Rees, of Cascob, who was present, and was about to visit Paris, undertook the execution of the commission. This gentleman, who has since set out, has taken with him a letter on the occasion, from the Cymmrodorion to the French Institution. This circumstance, although of no great importance in itself, cannot fail to keep alive that harmony between the two Societies, which it is so desirable to maintain, and which must tend to promote the peculiar interests of each.

The next proceeding was the proposal of a Resolution, which, as it is of some moment to the interests of Welsh literature, and more particularly for the dissension it is likely to create, we shall here transcribe *verbatim*.

"*Resolved*,—That this Society will henceforth, by all the means in its power, recommend and promote the substitution of the letter v for f, and of the letter f for ff, in Welsh orthography, as an alteration, sanctioned, as well by the practice of all other tongues, as by the ancient mode of writing the Welsh language itself; and, as being moreover consonant with the value universally appropriated to the letters in question, with the exception only of the present anomalous usage in Wales, and which is, accordingly, productive of a confusion decidedly inimical to the interests of our national literature."

The Resolution, which had been previously recommended by the Council, was proposed from the Chair, and acceded to, as far as we could discern, without one dissentient voice. At least no one had the boldness to oppose it, although it was expressly desired, that, if such opposition was felt, it might

* For this prize there were only two other competitors; but both the rejected Essays were stated to be of considerable merit.

be expressed. But, indeed, it must have required some ingenuity to defend a corruption, of which people are at length beginning to see the inconvenience as well as the absurdity. May the efforts of the Cymmrodorion have, in this instance, the desired effect*!

When this Resolution had been adopted, the Society proceeded to the election of Officers for the year ensuing, when The Right Hon. Lord Dynevor was kind enough to accept the office of **PRESIDENT**; upon which the Thanks of the Institution were unanimously voted to Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. for the zealous assiduity with which he had discharged the duties of that situation during the two preceding years. The Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Societies in Wales were then elected **VICE-PRESIDENTS** of the Institution, together with several distinguished members of the Cymmrodorion. Some changes were also made in the members of the **COUNCIL**; and Mr. Humffreys Parry was elected **CONDUCTOR** of the **TRANSACTIONS**, and Mr. Griffith Jones, **SUB-LIBRARIAN** of the Society, an office peculiarly suitable to the talents of that gentleman, which promise to be hereafter of material benefit to the cause of Welsh literature. The other Officers of the Institution were unanimously re-elected.

Of the Dinner we have not much to say, notwithstanding that by many it may have been considered as *the most important* part of the Anniversary. And in some respects it undoubtedly was so; for it has ever been found, in this country at least, that the convivialities of the social board have been essential to the well-being of a public institution. Be the object politics, literature, society, or even religion itself, an annual dinner is become indispensable to the prosperity of the cause; and it may therefore be regarded as fortunate for the public interests of the country, that some of the sumptuary laws of ancient Rome have no operation here. However, to return to our subject, the festival of the Cymmrodorion was numerously and respectably attended. Lord Dynevor presided on the occasion, and was supported by Lord Bulkeley, Sir W. W. Wynn, Sir Edward

* We shall be excused, we hope, for taking to ourselves some little credit for the share we have had in the production of this result. For, although we were not the first to abandon the general practice in this respect, we believe we are entitled to a precedence in the open exposure of its amazing absurdity.

Pryse Lloyd, and several other gentlemen, connected with Wales, of the highest respectability. The number, that sat down to dinner, was eighty-four, which, we believe, considerably exceeded that of last year, and is, consequently, a proof that the cause gains ground in the estimation of the country. Not to dwell upon the attractions of the table, (which were in the wonted liberal style of the Freemasons' Tavern), the evening was enlivened by the customary alternation of toasts and songs, accompanied by the occasional strains of the harp and piano. *Pennillion* were also again sung at intervals, and had evidently a more pleasing effect than in the morning; which may be ascribed, in some degree, to the dispersed situation of the singers, and also perhaps to the less powerful tones of the harp. But, be this as it may, this national custom had now more of its mountain characteristics than on the former occasion above noticed. The *Cerddorion* were obviously in higher tune, and exerted their powers with more spirit; and it may be, that they felt the same influence, which the elder Cato is reported to have experienced on a similar occasion:—

Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

In fine, the musical entertainments of the evening were scarcely inferior in number to those of the morning, and proved most substantially, that the *decies repetita placebit* was, in this respect, a favourite axiom of the Cymry.

We would beg to suggest, however, whether it might not be of benefit to the interests of the Cymmrodorion, to allow something to be occasionally said, at their Annual Dinner, by the way either of Report or Address, on the particular objects of the Society, in imitation of the practice of other literary institutions. We think it would be of service if this were done; as strangers, who have no other means of being informed on the subject, might thus be induced to lend their aid to the cause. It would also have the effect of eliciting that talent, which may now lie dormant for want of encouragement. Nothing of this sort, however, was attempted at the feast of the Cymmrodorion; though in every other respect it is impossible to speak too highly of the patriotic spirit, with which their Second Anniversary has been celebrated.

CYMREIGYDDION IN SWANSEA.

A SOCIETY has recently been established in Swansea under the title of "CYMDEITHAS CYMREIGYDDION GORWENYDD," the particular object of which appears to be the cultivation of a pure and critical knowledge of the Welsh tongue; in accordance with which they have declared their intention to co-operate with the Societies already established under a similar name in London and Liverpool: we heartily wish success to this infant association, and hope it will strictly adhere to the principles, upon which it professes to be formed. It affords, we trust, an additional proof of the patriotic spirit now abroad for the promotion of the great national cause.

CYMMRODORION IN CHESTER.

AN advertisement has recently appeared in one of the Chester Papers, inviting the formation of a Society in that ancient city, under the title prefixed to this notice, "for the purpose," as the advertisement states, "of stimulating and assisting each other in the research and preservation of the knowledge of the origin, antiquity, history, customs, and literature of their ancestors, the Cymry, and also to retain a correct, familiar, and *facile utterance* of their native language." The projectors of the institution have already taken a commodious room for the occasion, and appear to anticipate every success. They declare themselves to be "invited by the example of their countrymen;" and sincerely do we hope they may prove themselves to be animated by the better feeling, (for, unfortunately, there are feelings of a different character) which has at length been awakened amongst our mountain solitudes. The intimate connection of Chester with the Principality, and the number of Welshmen that are enclosed within its venerable walls, render it peculiarly adapted to the formation of such a Society as the one, now contemplated.

Literary Announcements.

Part VIII. of the HISTORY of NORTH WALES, by Mr. Cathrall, has just made its appearance. It concludes the Life of Owain Glyndwr, and enters upon the examination of the Welsh language.

The work, entitled MEMOIRS of OWAIN GLYNDWR, by the Rev. Thomas Thomas, so long announced, is at length published. Of the character of this production we can offer no opinion within the limits of this brief notice; we are happy to find, however, from the long list of subscribers, that the author has wisely provided against the consequences of a failure. Like a prudent sportsman, he has not ventured to take the field, without first making sure of his quarry.





FEB 14 1938



